

THE WORKS OF
GEORGE BORROW

EDITED, WITH MUCH HITHERTO
UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT, BY

CLEMENT SHORTER

NORWICH EDITION

VOLUME XV

GEORGE BORROW

MISCELLANIES



VOLUME I

LONDON: CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.

NEW YORK: GABRIEL WELLS

1924

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Printed in Great Britain by T. and A. CONSTABLE LTD.
at the University Press, Edinburgh

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE first volume of Borrow's Miscellanies contains three of his earliest published books—'Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful' (1825), 'Faustus' (1825), and 'The Talisman' (1835). All have an interesting history. It will be remembered that in 'Lavengro' Borrow tells of a certain 'Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell, the Great Traveller,' the purchase of which at the last moment by a publisher saved him from starvation and enabled him to take to the road and to meet the many adventures that have become immortal. Dr. Knapp in his biography declared, contrary to the then accepted view, that there really was a 'Joseph Sell'—that it was not a book, but a tale 'in a collection or series of such . . . Christmas stories, possibly. Mr. Borrow did not see the work . . . he sold the manuscript and left town, and did not return to London for more than a twelvemonth.' I have always inclined to the belief that Borrow's references to 'Joseph Sell' referred to his translation of 'Faustus,' issued in the year 1825. But another book has now been revealed by the luck and enterprise of Mr. Walter Jerrold. This gentleman, in the *Cornhill Magazine* for January 1921, placed on record his discovery of a little volume of stories entitled 'Tales of the Wild and

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the Wonderful,' issued in 1825, and bearing strong internal evidence that it was the work of Borrow. No Borrovian who reads the preface can have any doubt that the book is indeed by Borrow. Borrow was wise to hide from the world these early efforts. He would scarcely have been employed by the Bible Society had it been known that he was responsible for 'Faustus,' which the *Literary Gazette* of July 16, 1825, said was 'a work to which no respectable publisher ought to have allowed his name to be put.' The same Journal observed: 'We have occasionally publications for the fireside—these are only fit for the fire.'

Who that reads the introduction to 'Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful' can fail to see Borrow's style in the following sentence:—

I, moreover, designed to have given thee a little poetry for thy money, gentle Reader, but the booksellers shook their heads when I mentioned my design, and told me it was out of fashion; so I returned my treasures in that way to my desk, there to remain, among many other excellent things, I assure thee, until it should again be the taste in England; and, in the meantime, offer these Tales of *diablerie* for your amusement.

When it is remembered that these two books were translated by Borrow between his twentieth and his twenty-second year one can but be struck by the vigour of their style.

The 'Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful' were reprinted in Milner's 'Cottage Library,' and there were three editions of 'Faustus.' This last book appeared with W. Simpkin and R. Marshall

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in 1825, with Simpkin, Marshall and Co. in 1840, and with W. Kent and Co. in 1864. It is not probable that Borrow had any supervision of these three issues. He probably sold the manuscript outright, and it is equally probable that the twenty pounds he claims, in 'Lavengro,' to have received for 'Joseph Sell' was all he got out of his two publications of 1825.

Although 'Faustus' is described on the title-page of the three successive editions as 'translated from the German,' there is no evidence that Borrow even knew who the author was. There *is* evidence that he made his translation from the French version. The author of 'Faustus' was the once celebrated Friedrich Maximilian von Klinger (1772-1831) who by one of his many plays, 'Sturm und Drang,' gave his name to an important period of German literature. Both 'Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful' and 'Faustus' are fully typical of the school which influenced 'Monk' Lewis and Sir Walter Scott and Ann Radcliffe. The preface to 'Faustus' is dated 'Norwich, April 1825.' Borrow refers condescendingly to the French translation. He says nothing of the fact that he must have made his version from that translation, and probably never had an opportunity of seeing the German original. The fact that he refers to the engravings of the French edition, one of which he reproduces, although these engravings appeared also in the German original, makes me the more certain that he had never seen the German original. Two points may be noted — that

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Borrow in his translation substituted on page 350 'an English town called Norwich' for the city of Nuremberg, and that he ignores the obvious anachronism of the whole book. His confusion of Johann Fust, the printer, who lived in the fifteenth century, with Dr. Faustus, the semi-mythical magician, who lived early in the sixteenth century, is interesting.

The second volume of Borrow's *Miscellanies* has perhaps less of justification than the first, in that it alone of the series of sixteen volumes contains material that Borrow did not himself publish or prepare for publication. This intruding matter is to be found in certain manuscript diaries which Borrow carried on his journeys. One of these diaries, that concerned with the Isle of Man, I have no hesitation in including, for it was borrowed from me by the editor of 'Mannin,' the *Journal of the Manx Language Society*, and created great interest in the island; while those diaries concerned with Borrow's visits to Scotland created equal interest when partially published in the *Fortnightly Review*. Borrow has given us in 'Lavengro' a picturesque record of his early experiences in Scotland. He, however, published no account of his two visits to the North in his maturer years. He preserved in little leather pocket-books or leather-covered exercise-books copious notes of both tours, and of two of them I have been able to make use. Although undecipherable in many places they are interesting as revealing the

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methods which produced for us 'The Bible in Spain' and 'Wild Wales.' Exactly similar notebooks are extant recording, in like telegraphic language, the 'first impressions' which went to build up those works. Some there may be who, in spite of the intolerances of the author and the defective vision of the transcriber, may enjoy this glimpse into Borrow's workshop. The tour in Scotland can, to those interested, be supplemented by the letters from Scotland to his mother which will be found in my book 'George Borrow and his Circle.'

The first volume of these Miscellanies concludes with 'The Talisman': the second opens with 'Targum.'¹

These two books, issued in St. Petersburg in 1835, are a reflection of Borrow's early passion for translation. Borrow was in Russia for the purpose of superintending the translation of the Manchu Bible and seeing it through the press. The work threw him into business relations, on behalf of the Bible Society, with Schulz and Beneze; and doubtless this firm printed a few copies of his two little books free of charge. So much, at least, they owed him; for Borrow, we know, assisted them with the mysteries of the Tartar alphabet; taught them to set up the type of the Manchu Scriptures; made himself more indispensable to the printers than any author (except, perhaps, William Morris) has ever done

¹ 'Targum,' as Mr. Edmund Gosse has pointed out, is a Chaldee word meaning 'interpretation.'

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before or since. I do not suppose that Borrow sold any of the hundred copies of 'Targum' that were printed. He probably carried them all back with him to England, and years later, when he had become famous, sent them to his friends. They were then in the mood to praise him. Dr. Hake, referring to William Bodham Donne, wrote to Borrow :

Donne is greatly delighted with the 'Targum.' He says the language and rhythm are vastly superior to Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' which created such a sensation.¹

'Targum' was issued in plain paper wrappers of a bright green colour, and has since been reprinted by Jarrold and Sons of Norwich in an edition of 250 copies.

Borrow had to wait long years before any more of his translations saw the light. In 1860 John Murray issued 'The Sleeping Bard,' translated thirty years before from the Welsh of Elis Wyn, in magenta-coloured cloth boards in an edition of 250 copies. The book was printed by Denew of Yarmouth, and Borrow bore the cost. 'The Turkish Jester' (translated from a book issued in Constantinople in 1834) and 'The Death of Balder' were both published after Borrow's death—the first in 1884 by Webber of Ipswich, the second in 1889 by Jarrold of Norwich. The business of Webber was purchased after his death by Jarrold and Sons, and I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. William Jarrold, the present

¹ *Life of George Borrow*, by William Knapp.

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head of that firm, for permission to include these two works in this edition.

'The Death of Balder' was written in 1829. In that year Borrow wrote to Sir John Bowring: 'I wish to show you my translation of "The Death of Balder," Ewald's most celebrated production, which, if you approve of, you will perhaps render me some assistance in bringing forth, for I don't know many publishers.' In 1857 Borrow included 'The Death of Balder' among the series of Works advertised at the end of the second volume of 'The Romany Rye' as 'ready for the press.' But the book had to wait until long after his death before it was given to the world. It had been set in type three years earlier, previous to its actual issue in 1889 by Webber of Ipswich, who had intended issuing it through Reeves and Turner. The manuscript of 'The Death of Balder,' once in the possession of Dr. Knapp, passed with his other documents to the Hispanic Society of New York.¹

To the long defunct periodical, 'Once a Week,' Borrow contributed three 'Russian Popular Tales'—'The Story of Tim,' 'Emelian the Fool,' and 'The Story of Yvashka.' All three have been printed, privately and separately, by Mr. Thomas Wise, in editions of thirty copies only, 'Tim' and 'Emelian' in 1913, 'Yvashka' in 1914.

'The Zigany' and 'The Young Boxer' are now printed for the first time from the manu-

¹ Thomas Wise's *Bibliography of Borrow*, pp. 111-112.

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scripts of Mr. Thomas Wise, as are also 'An Exploit of Vidga,' 'Völundr the Smith,' 'Velint the Smith,' and 'Algar and Eliza.'

The hitherto unpublished essay on 'Danish Poetry and Ballad Writing' I owe to the zeal of Professor Wright of Bangor. It appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* in 1823. 'A Sequel to Vidocq' is the one fragment of the four little volumes of the translation of Vidocq's 'Memoirs' of 1830 that can with certainty be attributed to Borrow.

C. K. S.

February 19, 1924.

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TALES

OF THE

WILD AND THE WONDERFUL

‘Messer, dove avete pigliato tante coglionerie?’
quoth the Reader.

CARDINAL IPPOLITO D’ESTE TO ARIOSTO.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.

5 WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL MALL;

AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

M.DCCC.XXV.

TO
JOANNA BAILLIE
AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION
TO HER RESPLENDENT TALENTS
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR

TO THE READER

PAUSE one moment, gentle Reader—only one little moment will I detain you, while I reply to the question which I have supposed you to ask in the title-page. Blame not me, I beseech you, if you are compelled to make the usual accusation against authors, that there is nothing new in the pages which I diffidently present to you : I am sorry for it, but I cannot help it. Solomon asserted that all things under the sun were aged in his time ; and if the wisest of old gentlemen could find nothing new in that early stage of his empire, what can be expected from a poor scribbler like me, near three thousand years after him ? Consider too, dear Reader, that this is the first time I have appeared before you in the character of a story-teller ; and that I am a timid, nervous subject, and very easily discouraged. Accept me then upon the score of wishing to amuse you, and permit me to say something for my Tales, after having said so much for myself.

Of the stories, ‘ Der Freischütz,’ as everybody knows, is from the German. ‘ The Fortunes of De la Pole ’ is original ; so is ‘ The Prediction,’ and ‘ The Yellow Dwarf,’ if I may be allowed that claim for such a ‘ thing of shreds and patches ’ ; it is an *olla podrida* of odds and ends, a snip of the garment of every fairy tale written since the days of King Arthur. The last story, ‘ The Lord of the Maelstrom,’ is also original, though, as in that of ‘ The Yellow Dwarf,’ I have

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raised my structure upon an old nursery foundation ; but it appeared to me an excellent vehicle for the beautiful mythology of the North, and the introduction of Odin and his exploits—whose history, by the way, I believe, has been extracted from the Talmud, or from the rabbinical traditions of the events previous to the Creation, and the deeds of Moses and others. I, moreover, designed to have given thee a little poetry for thy money, gentle Reader, but the booksellers shook their heads when I mentioned my design, and told me it was out of fashion ; so I returned my treasures in that way to my desk, there to remain, among many other excellent things, I assure thee, until it should again be the taste in England ; and, in the meantime, offer these Tales of *diablerie* for your amusement. Entreat me kindly, gentle Reader, I beseech you, for two reasons ;—first, because it will entirely depend upon your reception of this, whether I shall ever write a second volume—and secondly, because there has been a sad sweep lately among those who used to cater for your diversion : many who were most deserving have been snatched from your admiration and regard. ‘ Shelley is not—Lord Byron is not—and Maturin have they taken away.’ For myself, I am not a long-lived man, and therefore advise you to make much of me while I am with you ; and as an example, look upon these ‘ *coglionerie* ’ with a milder eye than their merits may seem to deserve from your judgment.

I am, dear Reader, truly yours,

THE AUTHOR.

THE PREDICTION

‘Let’s talk of graves.’—SHAKESPEARE.

ON the south-west coast of the principality of Wales stands a romantic little village, inhabited chiefly by the poorer class of people, consisting of small farmers and oyster dredgers, whose estates are the wide ocean, and whose ploughs are the small craft, in which they glide over its interminable fields in search of the treasures which they wring from its bosom ; it is built on the very top of a hill, commanding on the one side, a view of an immense bay, and on the other, of the peaceful green fields and valleys, cultivated by the greater number of its quiet inhabitants. The approach to it from the nearest town was by a road which branched away into lanes and wooded walks, and from the sea by a beautiful little bay, running up far into the land ; both sides of which, and indeed all the rest of the coast, were guarded by craggy and gigantic rocks, some of them hollowed into caverns, into which none of the inhabitants, from motives of superstition, reverence, and fear, had ever dared to penetrate. There were, at the period of which we are about to treat, no better sort of inhabitants in the little village just described, none of those so emphatically distinguished as ‘quality’ by the country people ;

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they had neither parson, lawyer, nor doctor among them, and of course there was a tolerable equality among the residents. The farmer, who followed his own plough in the spring, singing the sweet wild national chaunt of the season, and bound up with his own hands his sheaves in the autumn, was not richer, greater, nor finer than he who, bare-legged on the strand, gathered in the hoar weed for the farmer in the spring, or dared the wild winds of autumn and the wrath of the winter in his little boat, to earn with his dredging net a yet harder subsistence for his family. Distinctions were unknown in the village, every man was the equal of his neighbour.

But, though rank and its polished distinctions were strange in the village of N——, the superiority of talent was felt and acknowledged almost without a pause or a murmur. There was one who was as a king amongst them, by the mere force of a mightier spirit than those with whom he sojourned had been accustomed to feel among them : he was a dark and moody man, a stranger, evidently of a higher order than those around him, who had but a few months before, without any apparent object, settled among them : he was poor, but had no occupation—he lived frugally, but quite alone—and his sole employments were to read during the day, and wander out unaccompanied into the fields or by the beach during the night. Sometimes indeed he would relieve a suffering child or rheumatic old man by medicinal herbs, reprove idleness and drunkenness in the

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youth, and predict to all the good and evil consequences of their conduct ; and his success in some cases, his foresight in others, and his wisdom in all, won for him a high reputation among the cottagers, to which his taciturn habits contributed not a little, for, with the vulgar as with the educated, no talker was ever seriously taken for a conjurer, though a silent man is often decided to be a wise one.

There was but one person in N—— at all disposed to rebel against the despotic sovereignty which Rhys Meredith was silently establishing over the quiet village, and that was precisely the person most likely to effect a revolution ; she was a beautiful maiden, the glory and boast of the village, who had been the favourite of, and to a certain degree educated by, the late lady of the lord of the manor ; but she had died, and her pupil, with a full consciousness of her intellectual superiority, had returned to her native village, where she determined to have an empire of her own, which no rival should dispute : she laughed at the maidens who listened to the predictions of Rhys, and she refused her smiles to the youths who consulted him upon their affairs and their prospects ; and as the beautiful Ruth was generally beloved, the silent Rhys was soon in danger of being abandoned by all save doting men and paralytic women, and feeling himself an outcast in the village of N——.

But to be such was not the object of Meredith ; he was an idle man, and the gifts of the villagers contributed to spare him from exertion ; he knew,

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too, that in another point of view this ascendancy was necessary to his purposes ; and as he had failed to establish it by wisdom and benevolence, he determined to try the effect of fear. The character of the people with whom he sojourned was admirably calculated to assist his projects ; his predictions were now uttered more clearly, and his threats denounced in sterner tones and stronger and plainer words ; and when he predicted that old Morgan Williams, who had been stricken with the palsy, would die at the turn of tide, three days from that on which he spoke, and that the light little boat of gay Griffy Morris, which sailed from the bay in a bright winter's morning, should never again make the shore ; and the man died, and the storm arose, even as he had said ; men's hearts died within them, and they bowed down before his words, as if he had been their general fate and the individual destiny of each.

Ruth's rosy lip grew pale for a moment as she heard of these things ; in the next her spirit returned, and ' I will make him tell my fortune,' she said, as she went with a party of laughers to search out and deride the conjurer. He was alone when they broke in upon him, and their mockeries goaded his spirit ; but his anger was deep, not loud ; and while burning with wrath, he yet could calmly consider the means of vengeance : he knew the master spirit with which he had to contend ; it was no ordinary mind, and would have smiled at ordinary terrors. To have threatened her with sickness, misfortune, or death,

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would have been to call forth the energies of that lofty spirit, and prepare it to endure, and it would have gloried in manifesting its powers of endurance; he must humble it therefore by debasement; he must ruin its confidence in itself; and to this end he resolved to threaten her with crime. His resolution was taken and effected; his credit was at stake; he must daunt his enemy, or surrender to her power: he foretold sorrows and joys to the listening throng, not according to his passion, but his judgment, and he drew a blush upon the cheek of one, by revealing a secret which Ruth herself, and another, alone knew, and which prepared the former to doubt of her own judgment, as it related to this extraordinary man.

Ruth was the last who approached to hear the secret of her destiny. The wizard paused as he looked upon her—opened his book—shut it—paused—and again looked sadly and fearfully upon her; she tried to smile, but felt startled, she knew not why; the bright inquiring glance of her dark eye could not change the purpose of her enemy. Her smile could not melt, nor even temper, the hardness of his deep-seated malice: he again looked sternly upon her brow, and then coldly wrung out the slow soul-withering words, ‘Maiden, thou art doomed to be a murderer!’

From that hour Rhys Meredith became the destiny of Ruth Tudor. At first she spurned at his prediction, and alternately cursed and laughed at him for the malice of his falsehood:

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but when she found that none laughed with her, that men looked upon her with suspicious eyes, women shrunk from her society, and children shrieked at her presence, she felt that these were signs of truth, and her high spirit no longer struggled against the conviction ; a change came over her mind when she had known how horrid it was to be alone. Abhorring the prophet, she yet clung to his footsteps, and while she sat by his side, felt as if he alone could avert that evil destiny which he alone had foreseen. With him only was she seen to smile ; elsewhere, sad, silent, stern, it seemed as if she were ever occupied in nerving her mind for that which she had to do, and her beauty, already of the majestic cast, grew absolutely awful, as her perfect features assumed an expression which might have belonged to the angel of vengeance or death.

But there were moments when her naturally strong spirit, not yet wholly subdued, struggled against her conviction, and endeavoured to find modes of averting her fate : it was in one of these, perhaps, that she gave her hand to a wooer, from a distant part of the country, a sailor, who either had not heard, or did not regard the prediction of Rhys, upon condition that he should remove her far from her native village to the home of his family and friends, for she sometimes felt as if the decree which had gone forth against her could not be fulfilled except upon the spot where she had heard it, and that her heart would be lighter if men's eyes would again look upon her in kindness, and she no longer sat beneath the glare of

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those that knew so well the secret of her soul. Thus thinking, she quitted N—— with her husband ; and the tormentor, who had poisoned her repose, soon after her departure, left the village as secretly and as suddenly as he had entered it.

But, though Ruth could depart from his corporeal presence, and look upon his cruel visage no more, yet the eye of her soul was fixed upon his shadow, and his airy form, the creation of her sorrow, still sat by her side ; the blight that he had breathed upon her peace had withered her heart, and it was in vain that she sought to forget or banish the recollection from her brain. Men and women smiled upon her as before in the days of her joy, the friends of her husband welcomed her to their bosoms, but they could give no peace to her heart : she shrunk from their friendship, she shivered equally at their neglect, she dreaded any cause that might lead to that which, it had been said, she must do ; nightly she sat alone and thought, she dwelt upon the characters of those around her, and shuddered that in some she saw violence and selfishness enough to cause injury, which she might be supposed to resent to blood. Then she wept bitter tears and thought of her native village, whose inhabitants were so mild, and whose previous knowledge of her hapless destiny might induce them to avoid all that might hasten its completion, and sighed to think she had ever left it in the mistaken hope of finding peace elsewhere. Again, her sick fancy would ponder upon the modes of murder, and wonder how her victim would fall. Against the use of

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actual violence she had disabled herself ; she had never struck a blow, her small hand would have suffered injury in the attempt ; she understood not the usage of fire-arms, she was ignorant of what were poisons, and a knife she never allowed herself, even for the most necessary purposes : how then could she slay ? At times she took comfort from thoughts like these, and at others, in the blackness of her despair, she would cry, ‘ If it must be, oh let it come, and these miserable anticipations cease ; then I shall, at least, destroy but one ; now, in my incertitude, I am the murderer of many ! ’

Her husband went forth and returned upon the voyages which made up the avocation and felicity of his life, without noticing the deep-rooted sorrow of his wife ; he was a common man, and of a common mind ; his eye had not seen the awful beauty of her whom he had chosen ; his spirit had not felt her power ; and, if he had marked, he would not have understood her grief ; so she ministered to him as a duty. She was a silent and obedient wife, but she saw him come home without joy, and witnessed his departure without regret ; he neither added to nor diminished her sorrow : but destiny had one solitary blessing in store for the victim of its decrees,—a child was born to the hapless Ruth, a lovely little girl soon slept upon her bosom, and, coming as it did, the one lone and lovely rosebud in her desolate garden, she welcomed it with a warmer joy and cherished it with a kindlier hope.

A few years went by unsoiled by the wretched-

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ness which had marked the preceding ; the joy of the mother softened the anguish of the condemned, and sometimes when she looked upon her daughter she ceased to despair : but destiny had not forgotten her claim, and soon her hand pressed heavily upon her victim ; the giant ocean rolled over the body of her husband, poverty visited the cottage of the widow, and famine's gaunt figure was visible in the distance. Oppression came with these, for arrears of rent were demanded, and he who asked was brutal in his anger and harsh in his language to the sufferers. Ruth shuddered as she heard him speak, and trembled for him and for herself ; the forgotten prophecy arose in her mind, and she preferred even witnesses to his brutality and her degradation, rather than encounter his anger and her own dark thoughts alone.

Thus goaded, she saw but one thing that could save her. She fled from her persecutors to the home of her youth, and, leading her little Rachel by the hand, threw herself into the arms of her kin : they received her with distant kindness, and assured her that she should not want : in this they kept their promise, but it was all they did for Ruth and her daughter ; a miserable subsistence was given to them, and that was embittered by distrust, and the knowledge that it was yielded unwillingly.

Among the villagers, although she was no longer shunned as formerly, her story was not forgotten ; if it had been, her terrific beauty, the awful flashing of her eyes, her large black curls

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hanging like thunder-clouds over her stern and stately brow and marble throat, her majestic stature and solemn movements, would have recalled it to their recollections. She was a marked being, and all believed (though each would have pitied her had they not been afraid) that her evil destiny was not to be averted; she looked like one fated to some wonderful deed. They saw she was not of them, and though they did not directly avoid her, yet they never threw themselves in her way, and thus the hapless Ruth had ample leisure to contemplate and grieve over her fate. One night she sat alone in her wretched hovel, and, with many bitter ruminations, was watching the happy sleep of her child, who slumbered tranquilly on their only bed: midnight had long passed, yet Ruth was not disposed to rest; she trimmed her dull light, and said mentally, 'Were I not poor, such a temptation might not assail me, riches would procure me deference; but poverty, or the wrongs it brings, may drive me to this evil; were I above want it would be less likely to be. O my child, for thy sake would I avoid this doom more than for mine own, for if it should bring death to me, what will it not hurl on thee?—infamy, agony, scorn.'

She wept aloud as she spoke, and scarcely seemed to notice the singularity (at that late hour) of some one without, attempting to open the door; she heard, but the circumstance made little impression; she knew that as yet her doom was unfulfilled, and that, therefore, no danger could reach her; she was no coward at any time,

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but now despair had made her brave ; the door opened and a stranger entered, without either alarming or disturbing her, and it was not till he had stood face to face with Ruth, and discovered his features to be those of Rhys Meredith, that she sprung up from her seat and gazed wildly and earnestly upon him.

Meredith gave her no time to question ; ‘ Ruth Tudor,’ said he, ‘ behold the cruellest of thy foes comes suing to thy pity and mercy ; I have embittered thy existence, and doomed thee to a terrible lot ; what first was dictated by vengeance and malice became truth as I uttered it, for what I spoke I believed. Yet, take comfort, some of my predictions have failed, and why may not this be false ? In my own fate I have ever been deceived, perhaps I may be equally so in thine ; in the meantime have pity upon him who was thy enemy, but who, when his vengeance was uttered, instantly became thy friend. I was poor, and thy scorn might have robbed me of subsistence in danger, and thy contempt might have given me up. Beggared by many disastrous events, hunted by creditors, I fled from my wife and son because I could no longer bear to contemplate their suffering ; I sought fortune all ways since we parted, and always has she eluded my grasp till last night, when she rather tempted than smiled upon me. At an idle fair I met the steward of this estate drunk and stupid, but loaded with gold ; he travelled towards home alone ; I could not, did not wrestle with the fiend that possessed me, but hastened to overtake him

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in his lonely ride.—Start not ! no hair of his head was harmed by me ; of his gold I robbed him, but not of his life, though, had I been the greater villain, I should now be in less danger, since he saw and marked my person : three hundred pounds is the meed of my daring, and I must keep it now or die. Ruth, thou too art poor and forsaken, but thou art faithful and kind, and wilt not betray me to justice ; save me, and I will not enjoy my riches alone ; thou knowest all the caves in the rocks, those hideous hiding-places, where no foot save thine has dared to tread ; conceal me in these till the pursuit be past, and I will give thee one half my wealth, and return with the other to gladden my wife and son.’

The hand of Ruth was already opened, and in imagination she grasped the wealth he promised ; oppression and poverty had somewhat clouded the nobleness, but not the fierceness of her spirit. She saw that riches would save her from wrath, perhaps from blood, and, as the means to escape so mighty an evil, she was not scrupulous respecting a lesser : independently of this, she felt a great interest in the safety of Rhys ; her own fate seemed to hang upon his ; she hid the ruffian in the caves and supplied him with light and food.

There was a happiness now in the heart of Ruth—a joy in her thoughts as she sat all the long day upon the deserted settle of her wretched fireside, to which they had for many years been strangers. Many times during the past years of her sorrow she had thought of Rhys, and

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longed to look upon his face and sit beneath his shadow, as one whose presence could preserve her from the evil fate which he himself had predicted. She had long since forgiven him his prophecy ; she believed he had spoken truth, and this gave her a wild confidence in his power ; a confidence that sometimes thought, ‘ if he can foreknow, can he not also avert ? ’ She said mentally, without any reference to the temporal good he had promised her, ‘ I have a treasure in those caves ; *he* is there ; he who hath foreseen and may oppose my destiny ; he hath shadowed my days with sorrow, and forbidden me, like ordinary beings, to hope : yet he is now in my power ; his life is in my hands ; he says so, yet I believe him not, for I cannot betray him if I would ; were I to lead the officers of justice to the spot where he lies crouching, he would be invisible to their sight or to mine ; or I should become speechless ere I could say, “ Behold him.” No, he cannot die by me ! ’

And she thought she would deserve his confidence, and support him in his suffering ; she had concealed him in a deep dark cave, hewn far in the rock, to which she alone knew the entrance from the beach ; there was another (if a huge aperture in the top of the rock might be so called), which, far from attempting to descend, the peasants and seekers for the culprit had scarcely dared to look into, so perpendicular, dark, and uncertain was the hideous descent into what justly appeared to them a bottomless abyss ; they passed over his head in their search through

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the fields above, and before the mouth of his den upon the beach below, yet they left him in safety, though in incertitude and fear.

It was less wonderful, the suspicionless conduct of the villagers towards Ruth, than the calm prudence with which she conducted all the details relating to her secret; her poverty was well known, yet she daily procured a double portion of food, which was won by double labour; she toiled in the fields for the meed of oaten cake and potatoes, or she dashed out in a crazy boat on the wide ocean to win with the dredgers the spoils of the oyster beds that lie on its bosom; the daintier fare was for the unhappy guest, and daily did she wander among the rocks, when the tides were retiring, for the shell-fish which they had flung among the fissures in their retreat, which she bore, exhausted with fatigue, to her home—and which her lovely child, now rising into womanhood, prepared for the luxurious meal; it was wonderful too, the settled prudence of the little maiden, who spoke nothing of the food which was borne from their frugal board: if she suspected the secret of her mother, she respected it too much to allow others to discover that she did so.

Many sad hours did Ruth pass in the robber's cave; and many times, by conversing with him upon the subject of her destiny, did she seek to alleviate the pangs its recollection gave her; but the result of such discussions were by no means favourable to her hopes; Rhys had acknowledged that his threat had originated in malice, and that

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he intended to alarm and subdue, but not to the extent that he had effected : ‘ I knew well,’ said he, ‘ that disgrace alone would operate upon you as I wished, for I foresaw you would glory in the thought of nobly sustained misfortune ; I meant to degrade you with the lowest ; I meant to attribute to you what I now painfully experience to be the vilest of the vices ; I intended to tell you, you were destined to be a thief, but I could not utter the words I had arranged, and I was struck with horror at those I heard involuntarily proceeding from my lips ; I would have recalled them but I could not ; I would have said, “ Maiden, I did but jest,” but there was something that seemed to withhold my speech and press upon my soul, “ so as thou hast said shall this thing be ”—yet take comfort, my own fortunes have ever deceived me, and doubtlessly ever will, for I feel as if I should one day return to this cave and make it my final home.’

He spoke solemnly and wept,—but the awful eye of his companion was unmoved as she looked on in wonder and contempt at his grief. ‘ Thou knowest not how to endure,’ said she to him, ‘ and as soon as night shall again fall upon our mountains, I will lead thee forth on thy escape ; the danger of pursuit is now past ; at midnight be ready for thy journey, leave the cave, and ascend the rocks by the path I showed thee, to the field in which its mouth is situated ; wait me there a few moments, and I will bring thee a fleet horse, ready saddled for the journey, for which thy gold must pay, since I must declare to the owner that

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I have sold it at a distance, and for more than its rated value.'

That midnight came, and Meredith waited with trembling anxiety for the haughty step of Ruth; at length he saw her, she had ascended the rock, and, standing on its verge, was looking around for her guest; as she was thus alone in the clear moonlight, standing between rock and sky, and scarcely seeming to touch the earth, her dark locks and loose garments scattered by the wind, she looked like some giant spirit of the older time, preparing to ascend into the mighty black cloud which singly hung from the empyreum, and upon which she already appeared to recline; Meredith beheld her and shuddered, —but she approached and he recovered his recollection.

'You must be speedy in your movements,' said she, 'when you leave me; your horse waits on the other side of this field, and I would have you hasten lest his neighings should betray your purpose. But before you depart, Rhys Meredith, there is an account to be settled between us: I have dared danger and privations for you; that the temptations of the poor may not assail me, give me my reward and go.'

Rhys pressed his leathern bag to his bosom, but answered nothing to the speech of Ruth: he seemed to be studying some evasion, for he looked upon the ground, and there was trouble in the working of his lip. At length he said cautiously, 'I have it not with me; I buried it, lest it should betray me, in a field some miles distant; thither

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will I go, dig it up, and send it to thee from B——, which is, as thou knowest, my first destination.'

Ruth gave him one glance of her awful eye when he had spoken ; she had detected his meanness, and smiled at his incapacity to deceive. 'What dost thou press to thy bosom so earnestly?' she demanded ; 'surely thou art not the wise man I deemed thee, thus to defraud *my* claim : thy friend alone thou mightest cheat, and safely ; but I have been made wretched by thee, guilty by thee, and thy life is in my power ; I could, as thou knowest, easily raise the village, and win half thy wealth by giving thee up to justice ; but I prefer reward from thy wisdom and gratitude ; give, therefore, and be gone.'

But Rhys knew too well the value of the metal of sin to yield one half of it to Ruth ; he tried many miserable shifts and lies, and at last, baffled by the calm penetration of his antagonist, boldly avowed his intention of keeping all the spoil he had won with so much hazard. Ruth looked at him with scorn : 'Keep thy gold,' she said ; 'if it thus can harden hearts, I covet not its possession ; but there is one thing thou must do, and that ere thou stir one foot. I have supported thee with hard-earned industry, *that* I give thee ; more proud, it should seem, in bestowing than I could be, from such as thee, in receiving : but the horse that is to bear thee hence to-night I borrowed for a distant journey ; I must return with it, or with its value ; open thy bag, pay me for that, and go.'

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But Rhys seemed afraid to open his bag in the presence of her he had wronged. Ruth understood his fears ; but, scorning vindication of *her* principles, contented herself with entreating him to be honest. ‘ Be more just to thyself and me,’ she persisted : ‘ the debt of gratitude I pardon thee ; but, I beseech thee, leave me not to encounter the consequence of having stolen from my friend the animal which is his only means of subsistence : I pray thee, Rhys, not to condemn me to scorn.’

It was to no avail that Ruth humbled herself to entreaties ; Meredith answered not, and while she was yet speaking, cast sidelong looks towards the gate where the horse was waiting for his service, and seemed meditating, whether he should not dart from Ruth, and escape her entreaties and demands by dint of speed. Her stern eye detected his purpose ; and, indignant at his baseness, and ashamed of her own degradation, she sprung suddenly towards him, made a desperate clutch at the leathern bag, and tore it from the grasp of the deceiver. Meredith made an attempt to recover it, and a fierce struggle ensued, which drove them both back towards the yawning mouth of the cave from which he had just ascended to the world. On its very verge, on its very extreme edge, the demon who had so long ruled his spirit now instigated him to mischief, and abandoned him to his natural brutality : he struck the unhappy Ruth a revengeful and tremendous blow. At that moment a horrible thought glanced like lightning through her soul ; he was to her no

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longer what he had been ; he was a robber, ruffian, liar ; one whom to destroy was justice, and perhaps it was he—— ‘Villain!’ she cried, ‘thou—thou didst predict that I was doomed to be a murderer ! art thou—art thou destined to be the victim ?’ She flung him from her with terrific force, as he stood close to the abyss, and the next instant heard him dash against its sides, as he was whirled headlong into the darkness.

It was an awful feeling, the next that passed over the soul of Ruth Tudor, as she stood alone in the pale sorrowful-looking moonlight, endeavouring to remember what had chanced. She gazed on the purse, on the chasm, wiped the drops of agony from her heated brow, and then, with a sudden pang of recollection, rushed down to the cavern. The light was still burning, as Rhys had left it, and served to show her the wretch extended helplessly beneath the chasm. Though his body was crushed, his bones splintered, and his blood was on the cavern’s sides, he was yet living, and raised his head to look upon her as she darkened the narrow entrance in her passage : he glared upon her with the visage of a demon, and spoke like a fiend in pain. ‘Me hast thou murdered !’ he said, ‘but I shall be avenged in all thy life to come. Deem not that thy doom is fulfilled, that the deed to which thou art fated is done : in my dying hour I know, I feel what is to come upon thee ; thou art yet again to do a deed of blood !’ ‘Liar !’ shrieked the infuriated victim. ‘Thou art yet doomed to be a murderer !’ ‘Liar !’ ‘Thou art—and of

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—thine only child ! ’ She rushed to him, but he was dead.

Ruth Tudor stood for a moment by the corpse blind, stupefied, deaf, and dumb ; in the next she laughed aloud, till the cavern rung with her ghastly mirth, and many voices mingled with and answered it ; but the noises scared and displeased her, and in an instant she became stupidly grave ; she threw back her dark locks with an air of offended dignity, and walked forth majestically from the cave. She took the horse by his rein, and led him back to his stable : with the same unvarying calmness she entered her cottage, and listened to the quiet breathings of her sleeping child ; she longed to approach her nearer, but some new and horrid fear restrained her and held back her anxious step : suddenly remembrance and reason returned, and she uttered a shriek so full of agony, so loud and shrill, that her daughter sprung from her bed, and threw herself into her arms.

It was in vain that the gentle Rachel supplicated her mother to find rest in sleep. ‘ Not here,’ she muttered, ‘ it must not be here ; the deep cave and the hard rock, these shall be my resting place ; and the bedfellow, lo ! now, he waits my coming.’ Then she would cry aloud, clasp her Rachel to her beating heart, and as suddenly, in horror thrust her from it.

The next midnight beheld Ruth Tudor in the cave, seated upon a point of rock at the head of the corpse, her chin resting upon her hands, gazing earnestly upon the distorted face. Decay had

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already begun its work ; and Ruth sat there watching the progress of mortality as if she intended that her stern eye should quicken and facilitate its operation. The next night also beheld her there, but the current of her thoughts had changed, and the dismal interval which had passed appeared to be forgotten. She stood with her basket of food : ‘ Wilt thou not eat ? ’ she demanded ; ‘ arise, strengthen thee for thy journey ; eat, eat, thou sleeper ; wilt thou never awaken ? look, here is the meat thou lovest ’ ; and as she raised his head and put the food to his lips, the frail remnant of mortality shattered at her touch, and again she knew that he was dead.

It was evident to all that a shadow and a change was over the senses of Ruth ; till this period she had been only wretched, but now madness was mingled with her grief. It was in no instance more apparent than in her conduct towards her beloved child : indulgent to all her wishes, ministering to all her wants with a liberal hand, till men wondered from whence she derived the means of indulgence, she yet seized every opportunity to send her from her presence. The gentle-hearted Rachel wept at her conduct, yet did not complain, for she believed it the effect of the disease that had for so many years been preying upon her soul. Her nights were passed in roaming abroad, her days in the solitude of her hut ; and even this became painful when the step of her child broke upon it. At length she signified that a relative of her husband had died and left her wealth, and that it should enable her

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to dispose of herself as she had long wished ; so leaving Rachel with her relatives in N——, she retired to a hut upon a lonely heath, where she was less wretched, because abandoned to her wretchedness.

In many of her ravings she had frequently spoken darkly of her crime, and her nightly visits to the cave ; and more frequently still she addressed some unseen thing, which she asserted was for ever at her side. But few heard these horrors, and those who did, called to mind the early prophecy, and deemed them the workings of insanity in a fierce and imaginative mind. So thought also the beloved Rachel, who hastened daily to embrace her mother, but not now alone as formerly ; a youth of the village was her companion and protector, one who had offered her worth and love, and whose gentle offers were not rejected. Ruth, with a hurried gladness, gave her consent, and a blessing to her child ; and it was remarked that she received her daughter more kindly, and detained her longer at the cottage when Evan was by her side, than when she went to the gloomy heath alone. Rachel herself soon made this observation, and as she could depend upon the honesty and prudence of him she loved, she felt less fear at his being a frequent witness of her mother's terrific ravings. Thus all that human consolation was capable to afford was offered to the sufferer by her sympathising children.

But the delirium of Ruth Tudor appeared to increase with every nightly visit to the cave of secret blood ; some hideous shadow seemed to

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follow her steps in the darkness, and sit by her side in the light. Sometimes she held strange parley with this creation of her frenzy, and at others smiled upon it in scornful silence; now, her language was in the tones of entreaty, pity, and forgiveness; anon, it was the burst of execration, curses, and scorn. To the gentle listeners her words were blasphemy; and, shuddering at her boldness, they deemed, in the simple holiness of their own hearts, that the evil one was besetting her, and that religion alone could banish him. Possessed by this idea, Evan one day suddenly interrupted her tremendous denunciations upon her fate, and him who, she said, stood over her to fulfil it, with imploring her to open the book which he held in his hand, and seek consolation from its words and its promises. She listened, and grew calm in a moment; with an awful smile she bade him open and read at the first place which should meet his eye: ‘from that, the word of truth, as thou sayest, I shall know my fate; what is there written I will believe.’ He opened the book, and read—

‘Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there; If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.’

Ruth laid her hand upon the book: ‘it is

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enough ; its words are truth ; it hath said there is no hope, and I find comfort in my despair : I have already spoken thus in the secrecy of my heart, and I know that he will be obeyed ; the unnamed sin must be——’ Evan knew not how to comfort, so he shut up his book and retired ; and Rachel kissed the cheek of her mother, as she bade her a tender good-night. Another month and she was to be the bride of Evan, and she passed over the heath with a light step, for the thought of her bridal seemed to give joy to her mother. ‘ We shall all be happy then,’ said the smiling girl, as the youth of her heart parted from her hand for the night ; ‘ and heaven kindly grant that happiness may last.’

The time appointed for the marriage of Rachel Tudor and Evan Edwards had long passed away, and winter had set in with unusual sternness even on that stormy coast ; when, during a land tempest, on a dark November afternoon, a stranger to the country, journeying on foot, lost his way in endeavouring to find a short route to his destination, over stubble fields and meadow lands, by following the footmarks of those who had preceded him. The stranger was a young man, of a bright eye and a hardy look, and he went on buffeting the elements, and buffeted by them, without a thought of weariness, or a single expression of impatience. Night descended upon him as he walked, and the snowstorm came down with unusual violence, as if to try the temper of his mind, a mind cultivated and enlightened, though cased in a frame accustomed to hardships,

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and veiled by a plain, nay almost rustic exterior. The thunder roared loudly above him, and the wind blowing tremendously, raised the new-fallen snow from the earth, which, mingling with the showers as they fell, raised a clatter about his head which bewildered and blinded the traveller, who, finding himself near some leafless brambles and a few clustered bushes of the mountain broom, took shelter under them to recover his senses, and reconnoitre his position. ‘Of all these ingredients for a storm,’ said he smilingly to himself, ‘the lightning is the most endurable after all; for if it does not kill, it may at least cure, by lighting the way out of a labyrinth, and by its bright flashes I hope to discover where I am.’ In this hope he was not mistaken: the brilliant and beautiful gleam showed him, when the snow shower had somewhat abated, every stunted bush and blade of grass for some miles, and something, about the distance of one, that looked like a white-washed cottage of some poor encloser of the miserable heath upon which he was now standing. Full of hope of a shelter from the storm, and lit onwards by the magnificent torch of heaven, the stranger trod cheerily forwards, and in less than half an hour, making full allowance for his retrograding between the flashes, arrived at his beacon the white cottage, which, from the low wall of loose limestones by which it was surrounded, he judged to be, as he had already imagined, the humble residence of some poor tenant of the manor. He opened the little gate, and was proceeding to knock at the door,

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when his steps were arrested by a singular and unexpected sound ; it was a choral burst of many voices, singing slowly and solemnly that magnificent dirge of the Church of England, the 104th psalm. The stranger loved music, and the sombre melody of that fine air had an instant effect upon his feelings ; he lingered in solemn and silent admiration till the majestic strain had ceased ; he then knocked gently at the door, which was instantly and courteously opened to his inquiry.

On entering, he found himself in a cottage of a more respectable interior than from its outward appearance he had been led to expect : but he had little leisure or inclination for the survey of its effects, for his senses and imagination were immediately and entirely occupied by the scene which presented itself on his entrance. In the centre of the room into which he had been so readily admitted, stood, on its trestles, an open coffin ; lights were at its head and foot, and on each side sat many persons of both sexes, who appeared to be engaged in the customary ceremony of watching the corpse previous to its interment in the morning. There were many who appeared to the stranger to be watchers, but there were but two who, in his eye, bore the appearance of mourners, and they had faces of grief which spoke too plainly of the anguish that was mining within : one, at the foot of the coffin, was a pale youth just blooming into manhood, who covered his dewy eyes with trembling fingers that ill concealed the tears which trickled down

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his wan cheeks beneath : the other—— ; but why should we again describe that still unbowed and lofty form ? The awful marble brow upon which the stranger gazed, was that of Ruth Tudor.

There was much whispering and quiet talk among the people while refreshments were handed amongst them ; and so little curiosity was excited by the appearance of the traveller, that he naturally concluded that it must be no common loss that could deaden a feeling usually so intense in the bosoms of Welsh peasants : he was even checked for an attempt to question ; but one man, —he who had given him admittance, and seemed to possess authority in the circle—told him he would answer his question when the guests should depart, but till then he must keep silence. The traveller endeavoured to obey, and sat down in quiet contemplation of the figure who most interested his attention, and who sat at the coffin's head. Ruth Tudor spoke nothing, nor did she appear to heed aught of the business that was passing around her. Absorbed by reflection, her eyes were generally cast to the ground ; but when they were raised, the traveller looked in vain for that expression of grief which had struck him so forcibly on his entrance ; there was something wonderfully strange in the character of her perfect features : could he have found words for his thought, and might have been permitted the expression, he would have called it triumphant despair ; so deeply agonized, so proudly stern, looked the mourner who sat by the dead.

The interest which the traveller took in the

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scene became more intense the longer he gazed upon its action; unable to resist the anxiety which had begun to prey upon his spirit, he arose and walked towards the coffin, with the purpose of contemplating its inhabitant: a sad explanation was given, by its appearance, of the grief and the anguish he had witnessed; a beautiful girl was reposing in the narrow house, with a face as calm and lovely as if she but slept a deep and refreshing sleep, and the morning sun would again smile upon her awakening: salt, the emblem of the immortal soul, was placed upon her breast; and, in her pale and perishing fingers, a branch of living flowers were struggling for life in the grasp of death, and diffusing their sweet and gracious fragrance over the cold odour of mortality. These images, so opposite, yet so alike, affected the spirit of the gazer, and he almost wept as he continued looking upon them, till he was aroused from his trance by the strange conduct of Ruth Tudor, who had caught a glimpse of his face as he bent in sorrow over the coffin. She sprung up from her seat, and darting at him a terrible glance of recognition, pointed down to the corpse, and then, with a hollow burst of frantic laughter, shouted—‘ Behold, thou liar ! ’

The startled stranger was relieved from the necessity of speaking by some one taking his arm and gently leading him to the farther end of the cottage: the eyes of Ruth followed him, and it was not till he had done violence to himself in turning from her to his conductor, that he could escape their singular fascination. When he did

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so, he beheld a venerable man, the pastor of a distant village, who had come that night to speak comfort to the mourners, and perform the last sad duty to the dead on the morrow. 'Be not alarmed at what you have witnessed, my young friend,' said he; 'these ravings are not uncommon: this unhappy woman, at an early period of her life, gave ear to the miserable superstitions of her country, and a wretched pretender to wisdom predicted that she should become a shedder of blood: madness has been the inevitable consequence in an ardent spirit, and in its ravings she dreams she has committed one sin, and is still tempted to add to it another.'

'You may say what you please, parson,' said the old man who had given admittance to the stranger, and who now, after dismissing all the guests save the youth, joined the talkers, and seated himself on the settle by their side; 'you may say what you please about madness and superstition, but I know Ruth Tudor was a fated woman, and the deed that was to be I believe she has done: ay, ay, her madness is conscience; and if the deep sea and the jagged rocks could speak, they might tell us a tale of other things than that: but she is judged now; her only child is gone—her pretty Rachel. Poor Evan! he was her suitor: ah, he little thought two months ago, when he was preparing for a gay bridal, that her slight sickness would end thus: *he* does not deserve it; but for her—God forgive me if I do her wrong, but I think it is the hand of God, and it lies heavy, as it should.' And the grey-haired

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old man hobbled away, satisfied that in thus thinking he was showing his zeal for virtue.

‘Alas, that so white a head should acknowledge so hard a heart!’ said the pastor; ‘Ruth is condemned, according to his system, for committing that which a mightier hand compelled her to do; how harsh and misjudging is age! But we must not speak so loud,’ continued he; ‘for see, the youth Evan is retiring for the night, and the miserable mother has thrown herself on the floor to sleep; the sole domestic is rocking on her stool, and therefore I will do the honours of this poor cottage to you. There is a chamber above this, containing the only bed in the hut; thither you may go and rest, for otherwise it will certainly be vacant to-night: I shall find a bed in the village; and Evan sleeps near you with some of the guests in the barn. But, before I go, if my question be not unwelcome and intrusive, tell me who you are, and whither you are bound.’

‘I was ever somewhat of a subscriber to the old man’s creed of fatalism,’ said the stranger, smiling, ‘and I believe I am more confirmed in it by the singular events of this day. My father was a man of a certain rank in society, but of selfish and disorderly habits. A course of extravagance and idleness was succeeded by difficulties and distress. Harassed by creditors, he was pained by their demands, and his selfishness was unable to endure the sufferings of his wife and children. Instead of exertion, he had recourse to flight, and left us to face the difficulties from which he shrunk. He was absent for years, while

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his family toiled and struggled with success. Suddenly we heard that he was concealed in this part of the coast ; the cause which made that concealment necessary I forbear to mention ; but he as suddenly disappeared from the eyes of men, though we never could trace him beyond this part of the country. I have always believed that I should one day find my father, and have lately, though with difficulty, prevailed upon my mother to allow me to make my inquiries in this neighbourhood ; but my search is at an end to-day,—I believe that I have found my father. Roaming along the beach, I penetrated into several of those dark caverns of the rocks, which might well, by their rugged aspects, deter the idle and the timid from entering. Through the fissures of one I discovered, in the interior, a light. Surprised, I penetrated to its concealment, and discovered a man sleeping on the ground. I advanced to awake him, and found but a fleshless skeleton, cased in tattered and decaying garments. He had probably met his death by accident, for exactly over the corpse I observed, at a terrific distance, the daylight, as if streaming down from an aperture above. Thus the wretched man must have fallen, but how long since, or who had discovered his body and left the light which I beheld, I knew not, though I cannot help cherishing a strong conviction that it was the body of Rhys Meredith that I saw.'

'Who talks of Rhys Meredith,' said a stern voice near the coffin, 'and of the cave where the outcast rots?' They turned quickly at the

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sound, and beheld Ruth Tudor standing up as if she had been intently listening to the story. 'It was I who spoke, dame,' said the stranger gently, 'and my speech was of my father, of Rhys Meredith; I am Owen his son.'

'Son! Owen Rhys!' said the bewildered Ruth, passing her hand over her forehead, as if to enable her to recover the combinations of these names: 'and who art thou, that thus givest human ties to him who is no more of humanity? why speakest thou of living things as pertaining to the dead? Father! he is father to naught save sin, and murder is his only begotten!'

She advanced to the traveller as she spoke, and again caught a view of his face; again he saw the wild look of recognition, and an unearthly shriek followed the convulsive horror of her face. 'There! there!' she said, 'I knew it must be thyself; once before to-night have I beheld thee, yet what can thy coming bode? Back with thee, ruffian! for is not thy dark work done?'

'Let us leave her,' said the good pastor, 'to the care of her attendant; do not continue to meet her gaze; your presence may increase, but cannot allay her malady: go up to your bed and rest.'

He retired as he spoke; and Owen, in compliance with his wish, ascended the ruinous stair which led to his chamber, after he had beheld Ruth Tudor quietly place herself in her seat at the open coffin's head. The room to which he mounted was not of the most cheering aspect, yet he felt that he had often slept soundly in a

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worse. It was a gloomy unfinished chamber, and the wind was whistling coldly and drearily through the uncovered rafters above his head. Like many of the cottages in that part of the country, it appeared to have grown old and ruinous before it had been finished ; for the flooring was so crazy as scarcely to support the huge wooden bedstead, and in many instances the boards were entirely separated from each other, and in the centre, time, or the rot, had so completely devoured the larger half of one, that through the gaping aperture Owen had an entire command of the room and the party below, looking down immediately above the coffin. Ruth was in the same attitude as when he left her, and the servant girl was dozing by her side. Everything being perfectly tranquil, Owen threw himself upon his hard couch and endeavoured to compose himself to rest for the night, but this had become a task, and one of no easy nature to surmount ; his thoughts still wandered to the events of the day, and he felt there was some strange connection between the scene he had just witnessed, and the darker one of the secret cave. He was an imaginative man, and of a quick and feverish temperament, and he thought of Ruth Tudor's ravings, and the wretched skeleton of the rock, till he had worked out in his brain the chain of events that linked one consequence with the other : he grew restless and wretched, and amidst the tossings of impatient anxiety, fatigue overpowered him, and he sunk into a perturbed and heated sleep. His slumber was broken by dreams

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that might well be the shadows of his waking reveries. He was alone (as in reality) upon his humble bed, when imagination brought to his ear the sound of many voices again singing the slow and monotonous psalm ; it was interrupted by the outcries of some unseen things who attempted to enter his chamber, and, amid yells of fear and execrations of anger, bade him ‘ Arise, and come forth, and aid ’ : then the confined form which slept so quietly below, stood by his side, and in beseeching accents bade him ‘ Arise and save her.’ In his sleep he attempted to spring up, but a horrid fear restrained him, a fear that he should be too late ; then he crouched like a coward beneath his coverings, to hide from the reproaches of the spectre, while shouts of laughter and shrieks of agony were poured like a tempest around him : he sprung from his bed and awoke.

It was some moments ere he could recover recollection, or shake off the horror which had seized upon his soul. He listened, and with infinite satisfaction observed an unbroken silence throughout the house. He smiled at his own terrors, attributed them to the events of the day, or the presence of a corpse, and determined not to look down into the lower room till he should be summoned thither in the morning. He walked to the casement and looked abroad to the night ; the clouds were many, black, and lowering, and the face of the sky looked angrily at the wind, and glared portentously upon the earth ; the *sleet* was still falling ; distant thunder announced the

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approach or departure of a storm, and Owen marked the clouds coming from afar towards him, laden with the rapid and destructive lightning : he shut the casement and returned towards his bed ; but the light from below attracted his eye, and he could not pass the aperture without taking one glance at the party.

They were in the same attitude in which he had left them ; the servant was sleeping, but Ruth was earnestly gazing on the lower end of the room upon something, without the sight of Owen ; his attention was next fixed upon the corpse, and he thought he had never seen any living thing so lovely ; and so calm was the aspect of her last repose, that Meredith thought it more resembled a temporary suspension of the faculties than the eternal stupor of death : her features were pale, but not distorted, and there was none of the livid hue of death in her beautiful mouth and lips ; but the flowers in her hand gave stronger demonstration of the presence of the power before whose potency their little strength was fading ; drooping with a mortal sickness, they bowed down their heads in submission, as one by one they dropped from her pale and perishing fingers. Owen gazed till he thought he saw the grasp of her hand relax, and a convulsive smile pass over her cold and rigid features ; he looked again ; the eyelids shook and vibrated like the string of some fine-strung instrument ; the hair rose, and the head-cloth moved : he started up ashamed : ‘ Does the madness of this woman affect all who would sleep beneath her roof ? ’ said he ; ‘ what

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is this that disturbs me—or am I yet in a dream ? Hark ! what is that ? ’ It was the voice of Ruth ; she had risen from her seat and was standing near the coffin, apparently addressing some one who stood at the lower end of the room : ‘ To what purpose is thy coming now ? ’ said she, in a low and melancholy voice, ‘ and at what dost thou laugh and gibe ? lo ! you ; she is here, and the sin you know of, cannot be ; how can I take the life which another hath already withdrawn ? Go, go, hence to thy cave of night, for this is no place of safety for thee.’ Her thoughts now took another turn ; she seemed to hide one from the pursuit of others : ‘ Lie still ! lie still ! ’ she whispered ; ‘ put out thy light ! so, so, they pass by and mark thee not ; thou art safe ; good-night, good-night ! now will I home to sleep ’ ; and she seated herself in her chair, as if composing her senses to rest.

Owen was again bewildered in the chaos of thought, but for this time he determined to subdue his imagination, and, throwing himself upon his bed, again gave himself up to sleep ; but the images of his former dreams still haunted him, and their hideous phantasms were more powerfully renewed ; again he heard the solemn psalm of death, but unsung by mortals—it was pealed through earth up to the high heaven, by myriads of the viewless and the mighty : again he heard the execrations of millions for some unremembered sin, and the wrath and the hatred of a world was rushing upon him : ‘ Come forth ! come forth ! ’ was the cry ; and amid yells and

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howls they were darting upon him, when the pale form of the beautiful dead arose between them, and shielded him from their malice ; but he heard her say aloud, ' It is for this, that thou wilt not save me ; arise, arise, and help ! '

He sprung up as he was commanded ; sleeping or waking he never knew ; but he started from his bed to look down into the chamber, as he heard the voice of Ruth loud in terrific denunciation : he looked ; she was standing, uttering yells of madness and rage, and close to her was a well-known form of appalling recollection—his father, as he had seen him last ; he arose and darted to the door : ' I am mad,' said he ; ' I am surely mad, or this is still a continuation of my dream ' : he looked again ; Ruth was still there, but alone.

But, though no visible form stood by the maniac, some fiend had entered her soul and mastered her mighty spirit ; she had armed herself with an axe, and shouting, ' Liar, liar, hence ! ' was pursuing some imaginary foe to the darker side of the cottage. Owen strove hard to trace her motions, but as she had retreated under the space occupied by his bed, he could no longer see her, and his eyes involuntarily fastened themselves upon the coffin ; there a new horror met them ; the dead corpse had risen, and with wild and glaring eyes was watching the scene before her. Owen distrusted his senses till he heard the terrific voice of Ruth, as she marked the miracle he had witnessed : ' The fiend, the robber ! ' she yelled, ' it is he who hath entered the pure body of my child. Back to thy cave of

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blood, thou lost one ! back to thine own dark hell ! ’ Owen flew to the door ; it was too late ; he heard the shriek—the blow : he *fell* into the room, but only in time to hear the second blow, and see the cleft head of the hapless Rachel fall back upon its bloody pillow ; his terrible cries brought in the sleepers from the barn, headed by the wretched Evan, and, for a time, the thunders of heaven were drowned in the clamorous grief of man. No one dared to approach the miserable Ruth, who now, in utter frenzy, strode around the room, brandishing, with diabolical grandeur, the bloody axe, and singing a wild song of triumph and joy. All fell back as she approached, and shrunk from the infernal majesty of her terrific form ; and the thunders of heaven rolling above their heads, and the flashings of the fires of eternity in their eyes, were less terrible than the savage glare and desperate wrath of the maniac :—suddenly, the house rocked to its foundation ; its inmates were blinded for a moment, and sunk, felled by a stunning blow, to the earth ;—slowly each man recovered and arose, wondering he was yet alive ;—all were unhurt save one. Ruth Tudor was on the earth, her blackened limbs prostrate beneath the coffin of her child, and her dead cheek resting on the rent and bloody axe ;—it had been the destroyer of both.

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A TALE OF THE ORANGE TREE

Oranges and Lemons.

EVERYBODY knows, or at least ought to know, with what an uproar of delight the birth of an heir to any noble family was celebrated in the old baronial times of fisticuff memory ; exactly such a festival would we, the humble historian of the illustrious house of Tecklenburgh, describe if we knew how to render justice to the outrageous mirth which shook the old castle to its very foundation, on the day of the eventful morn on which the lady of the eldest son of the family had presented her lord, and his no less expecting father the count, with a new prop to the seat of their ancient dignities. It was amid the mingled uproar of trumpets, bells, soldiers, women, horses, and dogs, that the respectable purple-nosed Dominican, who was confessor to the family, gave a blessing and a name to its future representative ; and immediately after the ceremony, the knights and nobles, wearied by the blows given and received in the jousts, retired to the dining hall with the threefold intention of filling their empty stomachs with something better than the east wind, solacing their spirits with the biting jests of the count's fool, and curing their wounds and bruises of the morning by bathing them in

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flagons of Rhenish, till the moon should look down upon the evening.

But happiness will not endure for ever ; like riches, she maketh herself wings and fleeth away : the company, after picking the flesh of the huge wild boar to the bone, began to stare at each other with bleared eyes, ask querulous questions with stuttering tongues, and reply with solemn and important visages ; and the Count of Tecklenburgh, fearing that his youngest son, the handsome Sir Ludolph, would soon grow as wise as the rest of the party, and of course utterly unfit for business, withdrew him quietly from the table and conducted him to his private apartment ; there, seating himself in his state chair and enrobing his person with an air of paternal dignity, he solemnly demanded of his son, if he had, according to his particular order, considered the subject of their last conference. The young knight answered, without any hesitation, that he had not, for that the subject was so disagreeable to him that he had never suffered it to enter his mind since ; that he was determined not to become a monk, that he thought the tonsure excessively unbecoming, and that he had no inclination to pray every time St. Benedict's bells should ring ; and he added moreover, that he was resolved to carve himself out a fortune with his sword, and for that purpose intended to set off immediately for the court of the injured princes of Thuringia, whose cause was a just and honourable one, and make them an offer of his services : all this was said with an air of so much determination and

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composure, as partly to disturb, and partly to amuse the gravity of the Count of Tecklenburgh ; but considering within himself for a few moments, he thought this last project of his son was not quite so foolish as he had at first been willing to imagine it. In addition to high courage and many knightly acquirements, Ludolph possessed a very handsome person, and this idea connecting itself with the beautiful sister of the princes of Thuringia, he began to think that it would be a pity to hide that fine form under a greasy cassock ; he reflected that should the three sons of Albert the Depraved get their brains knocked out in the skirmish (a consummation devoutly to be wished, and, from their warlike character and powerful enemies, very likely to happen), their possessions would descend to their sister, who might possibly fall in love with his handsome son, and then possibly the margraviate of Thuringia might finally centre in his family. These and many other possibilities working in the brain of father Tecklenburgh, worked a change in his countenance also ; and Ludolph seeing a smile, or something like one, hovering over his iron features, judged it a favourable opportunity for reinforcing his petition, which he did with all the zeal and eloquence he could muster—eloquence which touched the heart of his tender father, for he assured him that if he would permit him to depart, he would not draw the smallest piece of copper from his treasury to fit him out for the expedition, but would make his aunt's legacy of relics answer every purpose. This last remon-

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strance settled the business ; Count Tecklenburgh, finding it was to cost him nothing, gave his consent to the measure, and made his son happy in his own way, though, if that happiness had cost him a single kreutzer, he would have held fast to the tonsure in spite of all the repugnance of poor Ludolph ; as it was, he gave him his blessing, and dismissed him with much good advice, but not a single coin, and the knight was too happy in the granted permission to grieve at his father's lack of liberality. With a lightened heart he went for his holy legacy, which he found much heavier than he had expected ; every bone and rag was carefully marked with the name of its original owner, and, after getting the monk to read him their titles, and affix a value to each article, he hastened to dispose of his sanctified treasure. He imagined the most likely persons to bid handsomely for his commodities would be the monks, who paid such respectful and humble reverence to cargoes of that description ; but, after visiting a convent of Dominicans situated near the castle, in this instance he found himself most grievously mistaken ; these holy pedlars were much too wise to buy what they had long found their account in selling : they had already a good stock on hand, and, when this should be exhausted, they could manufacture others at a much cheaper rate than they could purchase them of Count Ludolph : so he carried his legacy to the nuns, who rejected it instantaneously, doubting whether the articles were genuine. From the nuns he went to all the orders of mendicants,

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who treated him and his relics with great contempt, cried down his cargo, and impudently asserted that the leg of St. Bridget, which he had considered the most valuable article in the pious collection, was the leg of a woman who was hung some years before for sorcery in Nuremberg, as they themselves had the real original limb of the saint in their possession. Thus disappointed among the shorn lambs of the fold, Ludolph determined to seek for purchasers among the laity, and accordingly found them in the persons of priest-ridden princes, crusading nobles, pilgrim knights, and convent-founding ladies : the great variety of his good aunt's collection enabled him to gratify the tastes of all, for his box contained one member or other of every saint mentioned in the monk of Treves's martyrology. St. Bridget's leg he sold at a high price to a miserable old noble who had grown rich by rapine, and who trusted by this measure to scare away the goblins and spectres who nightly kept their revels round his bed. The thumb of St. Austin was purchased by a beautiful princess, as the guard of her chastity amid the allurements of a court, and was suspended like a camphor bag around her delicate neck ; while the illustrious mother of a reprobate young knight earnestly hoped, by tacking a piece of the hair shirt of St. Jerome to the shirt of her son, to effect a reformation in his morals, and an amendment in his manners. There were always abundance of fools in the world, and in those unlettered times it did not require the light of a lantern to look for them. Ludolph thought so, as, with a lightened

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box but a heavy purse, he returned to Tecklenburgh to fit out for his expedition. Hosen, boots, vests, tunics, hoods, harness, and arms, were all ready in a short time ; for when a man has money, everything else under the sun is very much at his service. His appointments were all of the handsomest kind ; his device was a boar, and his colours were blue and scarlet. And thus, having equipped the knight and sent him forward, let us look back for a little, to ascertain whither he is going, and for what purpose when he shall arrive there.

The cause of the princes of Thuringia was, as Count Ludolph had truly stated, a just and honourable one : their father, Albert the Depraved, had disinherited them and banished their mother, in favour of a worthless mistress and his illegitimate son, for whom he anxiously endeavoured to procure the investiture of his dominions after his decease. Not succeeding in this notable project, and bent upon the ruin of his own children, he sold his landgraviate of Misnia to the Emperor Adolphus, who dying before he could be benefited by his purchase, bequeathed this right, to which he had no right at all, to his brother Philip of Nassau, who, poor in character, and still poorer in purse, was now levying an army, aided by the Emperor Albert, to deprive the legitimate heir, Frederic with the Bite, and his brother Dictman, of their rights and possessions. To this project they were by no means disposed to consent, more especially as their mother, Margaret, daughter of Frederic the Redbeard, continually kept alive their resentment against their worthless father

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and his abandoned associates. This princess, on being years before separated from her children by her husband, had requested permission to take leave of them ere their departure, which being granted, she, in the frenzy of rage and grief, left a singular memorial of her wrongs with her eldest son ; she bit a piece out of his cheek, and the impression remaining upon his face for ever, inflamed his indignation against the original author of this disfigurement ; so that, when capable of bearing arms, he deposed his father and assumed his place, to thrust him from which Philip of Nassau was now threatening, and to oppose whom half Germany was rising in arms to assist the cheek-bitten Frederic, and among many others the handsome knight of Tecklenburgh.

Margaret of Suabia, the mother of the princes, during the early part of her life, had been confined by her husband in the castle of Wartzburg, in order that she might be removed the more readily into a still smaller abode, whenever the proper opportunity should occur, and which he piously determined not to neglect. She was at this period in a situation which might have interested any man but such a husband, for she promised to increase his illustrious family by an additional son or daughter ; but as he cared for no children but the son of his mistress Cunegunda, this circumstance rather operated against the poor princess, who was left to amuse herself as well as she could in superintending the infancy of her sons, and hunting in the haunted forest of Eisenac.

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One day, while thus diverting her attention from the many anxieties which oppressed her, she found herself suddenly separated from her attendants ; but hearing a horn sound to the right, she spurred on her palfrey in that direction, till, after an hour's hard riding, she began to fear she was removing still farther from her people, for no sound could she hear but that of the eternal bugle, no hoof-tramp but that of her own steed. Still the horn sounded, and still the princess galloped, till at length, wearied by her exercise, and finding herself in a large open plain, she dismounted to reconnoitre ; at the same moment she remarked the silence of the horn, and the appearance of a gigantic orange tree, loaded with fine fruit, in the centre of the tranquil plain. Astonishment she certainly felt on beholding so extraordinary and beautiful an object ; but hunger and fatigue had entirely banished all notions of fear ; besides, Dame Margaret, having no small share of the curiosity of her grandmother Eve, could no more resist the temptation of tasting these oranges, than the first woman did the apple ; so climbing up into the tree, she regaled herself to her heart's content with this fine fruit of the forest. By the time she had fairly dined, and was as weary of eating as she had previously been of riding, she bethought her of the boys at home, and with what glee they would have marched to the sack of the orange tree ; but as that was not possible, she determined they should not be without share of the spoil, and therefore began to fill her huge pockets with the ripest and largest of

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the fruit. But this action displeased the hospitable master of the table at which she had been so plentifully regaled: 'Eat, but take nothing away,' had been one of his maxims, and he was mortally offended to see this honest rule set at naught in the person of a princess, a lady who, he thought, ought to have understood better manners. Before, therefore, she had laid up provisions for the march, a little shrill voice from the tree commanded Her Highness 'not to steal his fruit,' and, at the same instant, there issued from the trunk, which opened to give him a passage, a figure which effectually satisfied the curiosity of the princess of Suabia. The animal which now quickly ascended the tree, and placed himself *vis-à-vis* with Her Highness, was a little deformed man, about three feet and a half high, with a face as yellow as the oranges upon which he lived, hair of the same hue hanging down to his heels, and a monstrous beard, of the same bilious complexion, gracefully descending to his feet; if you add to this the gaiety of his yellow doublet, short cloak, and hose, you will not wonder that Margaret did not altogether relish the *tête-à-tête* in which she found herself so suddenly and singularly placed, independent of the awkwardness of paying a first visit in the boughs of a tree. 'Princess,' said the little yellow devil, after staring at her some time with his two huge goggling yellow eyes, 'what business have you here?' 'I have lost my way,' she replied, 'and being fatigued, was going to gather an orange to appease my hunger': but he, with-

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out the least respect for his guest, or the rank of an emperor's daughter, rudely answered, 'Woman, you lie! you were stealing my property to carry away.' At this insolent reproach, Margaret, whose patience was never proverbial, felt a strong inclination to treat the demon as she afterwards did her son; but fearing that the little gentleman might not endure it quite so temperately, prudently restrained this effort of her indignation, and only said, 'I did not know the tree had any other owner than myself, or I would not have gathered any; what I have eaten I cannot restore, but here is the last I have taken'; and she threw it rather roughly at the Dwarf, who, irritated excessively at this behaviour, told her, grinning hideously, and exhibiting for her admiration his monstrous overgrown yellow claws, that he had a strong temptation to tear her to pieces, which nothing but his wish to be allied to the blood of the emperors should have prevented. 'My oranges,' said he, 'which you have stolen, I estimate above all price, except that which I am going to demand: I am a powerful demon, and rule with unbounded sway many thousand spirits; but I am unhappy in not having a wife with whom to share my power; as Adam was not delighted in Paradise, neither am I in my Orange Tree, without a companion. You are about to present an infant to your lord, who is utterly indifferent about the matter; it will be a girl, and I demand her in marriage on the day she will be twenty years old: consent to be my mother, and I will avenge your injuries upon your husband,

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and load you with honours and riches ; refuse, and I will tear you in pieces this moment, and furnish my supper table with your carcase.' Margaret, who had never been so terrified in all her life, and would not only have given her daughter, but her sons and husband into the bargain, to have got away, readily promised to agree with the Dwarf's wishes, who now became exceedingly polite, embraced his dear mother, and assured her of his devotion. He then informed her he would give her notice some months before he should claim his wife, placed her carefully and tenderly upon her palfrey, and mounting behind, spurred on the animal, who flew like the wind to the entrance of the forest ; where again embracing his good mother, he dismounted and disappeared. Margaret, freed from the odious company of the Yellow Dwarf, began to reflect with no very pleasant feelings upon her present adventure and future prospects. She was, indeed, safe out of the orange-coloured clutches of her dutiful and well-beloved son ; and, vexed as she was by the horrible promise she had been obliged to make, she could not help congratulating herself with great sincerity upon this circumstance, and began, like all who have just escaped a present danger, to make light of the evils in the distance. The farther she cantered from the Orange Tree, the easier her mind became ; and taking a few hints from ' Time, the comforter,' she reflected that many things might occur before the expiration of twenty years : it was a long period to look forward ; the little yellow devil might die (and,

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indeed, she could not but allow that he looked most miserably ill), or he might forget his bargain, or he might be conquered and killed by some black, pea-green, or true blue devil, who might be stronger or more powerful than himself; or, in case of the worst, she could secure her daughter in some strong castle or convent, or marry her before the expiration of the term to some prince capable of protecting her; at all events, thought Margaret, 'sufficient to the day is the evil thereof'; and, delighted by these soothing reflections, and charmed to find herself in a whole skin, she trotted along with great complacency, and arrived quite comforted before the gates of Wartzburg.

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CHAPTER II

‘These yellow cowslip cheeks,
And eyes as green as leeks.’

TWENTY years is indeed a long period to look forward, but a very short one to look back, and so thought the now widowed princess, when, nineteen years and some months after her adventure in the forest, she sat beside her lovely daughter in the palace of Erfurt, listening with earnest and tender attention to the plans of her warlike sons for wresting their dominions from the iron grasp of Albert the One-eyed and Philip of Nassau. It was necessary that they should give battle to their enemies ; and as the Margrave of Misnia intended to fight for his country in person, this would unavoidably deprive her beloved daughter of that powerful protection which hitherto had been her security against the threats of the Yellow Dwarf. It now wanted but six months of the period when he had determined to claim his bride ; and as he had not hitherto given any indication, according to his word, of his appearance for this purpose, she trusted he might have forgotten it altogether, and, quietly resolving not to complain of this breach of promise, forbore to mention the subject to her children.

One day, during the bustle of preparation for the approaching warfare, a knight, splendidly attired, arrived at the palace, and demanded to be introduced to the Princess Margaret, who no sooner beheld him than she recognized in the

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colour of his arms the livery of her dear son-in-law, the Dwarf of the Orange Tree. He announced himself as the knight of the king of the oranges, and his embassy was to place abundance of gold at the feet of the Princess Margaret, and to carry away her daughter as the bride of his master. Concealment was no longer possible, so sending for her children, she informed them of her forest adventure, and its unfortunate result. Poor Brunilda fainted away; her brothers swore as lustily as ever Queen Elizabeth did, and fairly bullied the knight ambassador for his presumption in daring to think of their sister as a helpmate for the little dirty low-lived sorcerer his master; and Margaret, who before their entrance had been absolutely terrified to death by his presence, now finding herself protected, suffered her tongue to wag at a most unconscionable rate against the poor ambassador. She told him she had a great mind to cut off his ears for bringing her such a message; that his master was a little conceited monster; that if, with all this gold and silver, he would buy a fine castle, cut off his beard, and live like a gentleman, he should not want her interest with one of the dairy-maids, but as it was, the thing was utterly impossible, he would not succeed even with the lowest scullion. 'Madam,' replied the knight, with a grim kind of gravity, which was not half relished by the princess, 'I would have you to understand I came not hither to bandy words with you, nor to listen to a catalogue of my master's perfections: I must, however, inform you, that he would not

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part from his Orange Tree, nor with his beard, for all the princesses in the universe, the fair Brunilda included. If you do not think proper to keep your promise he will find means to oblige you : neither does he require human aid to obtain his betrothed bride ; but his gallantry and good nature will not allow him to force the will of the fair princess, if he can relinquish his determination with honour. He is fully aware of your present repugnance to his nuptials, and he is now whispering me to say, that if the princess herself declines his vows (which he can hardly believe), he will release her upon condition of her finding a champion that shall conquer me, and afterwards my invincible master, before the six months have expired, in single combat on horseback, on foot, with lance or sword, according to His Highness's good pleasure at the time of meeting : shall I say these terms are accepted ? ' ' You may,' replied the margrave, to whom these conditions did not appear very hard, and who thought it better to comply with than refuse them, as he was not aware of the strength of the enemy to whom his mother's promise had really been given ; and he remembered he should probably be compelled to leave his lovely sister unprotected, while absent on his distant wars. The arrangements were, therefore, soon made, and the yellow champion was satisfied.

And now a splendid scene opened to view in the territories of Frederic with the bitten cheek. No sooner each day had the bells rung out the hour of prime, than the trumpet sounded to pro-

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claim the challenge of the yellow knight, and the promise of the Margrave of Misnia, that the successful champion of the fair Brunilda should obtain her hand for his reward. Day after day did some knight essay the adventure ; and day after day did the noble Margaret enter the lists, attended by her lovely daughter, who looked, through her fan of peacock's feathers, as charming, and carried herself as ' daintily,' as whilom did the beauteous Esther when she entered into the presence of the loving Ahasuerus. But not like that beautiful daughter of the scorers of pork did she obtain her petition ; for day after day was she compelled to witness the ruin of her hopes in the repeated triumphs of the yellow Haman over her own black, brown, or parti-coloured champions : knight after knight fell beneath his ponderous arm and were obliged to resign their claims to the fair Brunilda, to her infinite regret, and their bitter mortification. Already had the counts of Wartzburg, Oettingen, Henneberg, Hanau, and Conrad of Reida, been compelled to acknowledge the superiority of his powerful arm, when the arrival of the handsome knight of Tecklenburgh, who just came in time to hear a week's rest proclaimed, in order to gain time for the approach of other knights from the more distant parts of Germany to the aid of the endangered princess, revived the hopes of Brunilda. He came, he saw, he conquered—not the sword of the yellow champion, but the heart of the charming princess, which was formed of too tender materials to hold out against so well-looking and redoubted a

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warrior : she fell instantly in love with him to distraction, and he, on his part, was too well bred to be behind-hand. In the extravagance of her fondness she thought all things possible to her lover, and made no doubt that he would be victorious in the combat. Ludolph was precisely of the same opinion, and, to manifest its justice, was most irritably impatient for the day of combat, which was still at the distance of several halting sun-risings and sun-settings, which that long-legged old ragamuffin Time did not carry off, in the opinion of the lovers, quite so rapidly as he ought to have done.

But it came at last, that day, that morning of miracles ; it came and brought nothing with it to daunt the brave spirit of the knight of Tecklenburgh. Light as the plume in his casque, gay as the colours of his harness, he entered the lists, and gallantly opposed his person against the ponderous carcase of the yellow-coloured champion. Blow after blow was freely given, and as freely received, till the spectators began to doubt whether either of the men before them was really made of flesh and blood. Proof decisive, however, was soon given, for the sword of Ludolph cleft the helmet of his antagonist and dashed his weapon from his hand, so that, defenceless and at the mercy of his conqueror, he yielded up his claim to victory, and was content to beg his life. The acclamations of the people proved to Ludolph the difficulty of the conquest he had just achieved. The nobles were all anxious to testify their esteem and admiration, though some

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in their hearts were bursting with envy, and felt themselves almost choked by the fine things they thought it necessary to utter. Ludolph took them all in good faith, with perfect confidence in their sincerity, for he was too happy and too honest to suspect; and then turning to the poor champion, whom he hardly allowed time to recover his breath, recommended him to return to his little lord, and bear his defiance, as he should quietly wait to fulfil the last condition ere he received the hand of the beautiful Brunilda. The yellow champion took the advice thus kindly offered him and quitted the palace of Erfurt, leaving his conqueror busy enough in accepting those disinterested professions of service which are seldom offered except to those who do not want them, or from whom an adequate return may not unreasonably be expected.

Ludolph waited with great impatience the Dwarf's reply to his challenge. His time was passed, meanwhile, in making love to the princess (who on her part was tolerably well disposed to listen to him), and laying up a stock of devotion, by prayer and fasting, to serve, as occasion should warrant, in the approaching combat with the demon, of whose power he had formed other notions, since his residence in the Misnian court, than either thinking him so harmless or so insignificant as he had formerly done. But the days rolled on and no dwarf appeared. Margaret, who sincerely admired the valour of Ludolph, was anxious to end his suspense and Brunilda's terrors, by uniting him at once to her daughter,

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without waiting for the presence of the Lord of the Orange Tree, of whom she could never think without shuddering ; but the margrave, who, much as he loved his sister and her noble deliverer, was too much of a gentleman to break his word, even with a dwarf, determined they should stay the full time allotted by the demon. The latter was too gallant, and too much in love with the princess, to forget his engagement, and accordingly one morning, as the trumpets were sounding the usual summons to the lists, the Dwarf himself entered them in his customary dress, mounted upon a yellow steed, and surrounded by a large troop of knights in his colours. The nobles and ladies of the margrave's court, struck by the oddity of his appearance, entirely forgot their politeness, and burst into as hearty and unanimous a laugh as ever was heard in our lower House at any of Joe H——'s blunders. But it was no laughing matter to Brunilda : she saw, for the first time, her intended husband, and she felt that his ugliness even exceeded her mother's report, and Heaven knows that had not been flattering. She cast a look of tender entreaty upon Ludolph, who, impatient to punish his rival and relieve her anxiety, couched his lance, and spurred forward to meet the demon, who, not to be behind-hand in courtesy, advanced to receive him. But the knight suddenly sprung back on observing the singular dress of his adversary, the extraordinary lightness of whose accoutrements struck him with astonishment. ' Sir Knight of the Orange Tree,' said he, ' except the lance in

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your hand and the sword in your belt, I see no sort of preparation for a combat ; sheathe your person in harness, I pray you, that so at least the chances may be more equal between us.' ' What is that to thee ? ' replied the Dwarf ; ' it is my pleasure to fight in these garments : thief as thou art, conquer me in them if thou canst. For thee, sweet lady, I am here to prove my right to thy hand, to rescue it from this craven, and fear not but I shall deserve it : my palace is ready, thy dowry is ready, and twice a thousand slaves wait to obey thy wishes.' Ludolph could not endure this insolence, so rushing forward as the yellow knights retired from the person of their leader, he began a most furious attack upon the animal who pretended to rival him in the affections of his lady. Alas ! poor Brunilda ! if she had trembled before, during the combats with the yellow knight, what anxiety must not have filled her bosom now ! The lances were soon shivered to pieces : the champions drew their swords, but seemed to make very little impression with them. Ludolph had not yet received a wound, and yellow-jacket seemed determined to make good his boast, and hold the knight of Tecklenburgh a tug. Vain was all the skill and strength of the latter ; though he struck with all his might and main, and heart and soul, he could not cut through a single hair of the Dwarf's long beard, which seemed to wag at him in derision. Poor Brunilda sat as uneasily upon her canopied throne as if she had been upon a bed of nettles. She prayed to all the saints in heaven, and St. Henry

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the Limper in particular, to assist her dear knight in this terrible combat : but St. Henry the Limper was not in good humour, or was otherwise engaged, for he did not appear to pay the least attention to her request, and Ludolph was left to fight it out by himself as he could. In truth, he did not want inclination to put an end to the business. After pegging and poking at every inch of the Dwarf's invulnerable carcase, he espied a little unguarded spot on the left side of his throat, exactly open to his right hand. Delighted by the prospect of slicing off his ragamuffin head, he aimed a mighty blow with all his force, which the little demon parried ; he struck a second with no better success ; but the third was triumphant, for it sent the yellow head flying from the shoulders, and bounding to another part of the area. The knight leaped from his saddle to seize the head and hold it up to the view of the people ; but in this race, to his horror, he was outstripped by the Dwarf himself, who likewise, darting from his horse, flew to the head, grasped it firmly, gave it a shake, clapped it upon his shoulders, and fixed it again as firmly and steadily as ever. Then, ere the spectators could recover from the stupor into which this unexpected contretemps had thrown them, he struck the staring Ludolph to the ground, seized the princess by her flowing locks, swung her behind him, and bolted out of the area. His knights wheeled round to follow him, but the Misnian nobles, recovering from their confusion, surrounded them with drawn swords and began a desperate battle, in which

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it appeared they clearly had the worst, only hacking and hewing each other; for the knights, squires, pages, and horses of the enemy suddenly vanished from their sight, and in their places appeared a waggon load of oranges bowling and rolling about the area in the most amusing manner possible. It was some time ere the nobles could direct their attention to the unfortunate count of Tecklenburgh, who, stunned by the blow given to him as the parting blessing of the spiteful Dwarf, was lying insensible on the ground: the moment he recovered, he declared his intention of pursuing the enemy, in which he was seconded by all the knights present, who, headed by Margaret as guide and commander, resolved to storm the Orange Tree itself, and liberate the captive damsel. They set forward with great courage and in good order; but they might just as effectively have stayed at home, for, after wandering about the forest for three days, they returned crestfallen enough, not only being unable to discover the Orange Tree, but even the plain in which it stood! Poor Ludolph, whom the princes had vainly endeavoured to comfort with the assurance that he had fairly gained the victory, though he had lost the fruit of it, did not return with them. They lost him from their company the first day of their search, and they firmly and devoutly believed the yellow devil had hooked him also in his infernal claws. Margaret gave herself up to grief, and her sons, finding nothing else was to be done, endeavoured to forget theirs in the bustle of the approaching war.

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CHAPTER III

Ha!—sure a pair!

S. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio! command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

IN the meantime Brunilda was jogging on at no easy rate behind the Yellow Dwarf, who, when arrived at the Orange Tree, opened the trunk by a sign, and, dismounting, bore his lovely burthen into it. She felt herself, immediately after, descending a flight of steps, which, from the duration of time, appeared to be endless. They did terminate, however, at last, and the Dwarf, placing her roughly upon her feet, retired swiftly from the place, closing the entrance at the bottom of the stairs carefully after him. It was some time after his departure ere Brunilda took courage to open her eyes and look around her; when she did, she found herself in a subterraneous apartment as large as the bed-chamber of the Empress Constance.¹ Every article about it was of silver, and there was a magnificence about this underground palace which made her conclude it to be the castle and principal residence of her intended husband, the Yellow Dwarf, whose company she did not covet, and who, to do him justice, did not appear to torment her. Food was supplied, and every attention paid to her wishes by many attendants of both sexes, who, however, never exchanged one single word in her hearing.

¹ An open field, in which, to satisfy the doubts of the nobles, the Emperor Frederic II., her son, was born.

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Wearied out by this continual taciturnity, she began to wish for the sound of a human voice, and, thinking she might probably learn something of the Dwarf's intentions from himself, she one day, instead of questioning her dumb attendants as usual about her lover, demanded some tidings of their master. 'He cannot approach your presence, madam,' replied one of the mutes, breaking his hateful silence, 'unless you request his appearance. A mighty spirit, one of the enemies of my master's and your felicity, has contrived this misfortune by his spells, but, if you command it, he is permitted to attend you.' Brunilda, who, in giving this required permission, never dreamed of anything more than making inquiries after her family and lover, was confounded to hear the Dwarf, with the most rapturous impertinence, volubly thank her for this approval of his, and generous acknowledgment of her passion. Putting aside his long beard lest it should throw him down, he knelt fantastically at her feet, seized her white hand, and declared himself the happiest of all demon-born beings. It was in vain that Brunilda reasoned, entreated, and scolded : he protested he was satisfied with the proofs she had given of her love, and, in order to spare her modesty the pain of appearing to yield too soon, he should put a gentle restraint upon her liberty, and not suffer her to quit his palace till she became his wife. At this avowal the poor princess grew outrageous ; she asked the little monster how he had dared to select a princess of her exalted rank to share his hole under ground,

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and burrow like rats in the earth ? why he had not rather chosen some humble cast-away maiden, who, having nothing in the world to lose, might be contented out of it ? ‘ Rank ! ’ replied the irritated little demon, ‘ and what is this rank of which you are so vain ? An imaginary splendour bestowed upon some men by the cringing servility of others,—the weak fancy that decks one with this supremacy, gives birth to the slavish fear that ensures to him its possession. Rank ! ’ continued the atrabilious little viper, swelling into a respectable width by the overflowing of his angry venom, ‘ rank ! it is power gained by force, won by the sword, by fraud, by oppression ! The strongest is the noblest ; and if so, I am more than your equal, beautiful Brunilda, for, princess as you are, you are my captive, and I am your master.’ Brunilda wept at this insolence, and, like all who know not how to controvert what they yet cannot bear to acknowledge, hated the Dwarf more than ever, and resolved to prove it to him by seizing every opportunity of annoying him. With this laudable intention, she renewed the attack by commenting with great severity upon his frightful little person : she sneered at his long beard, short legs, and large head. She demanded if he had ever looked in a mirror, and, if he had, how he could presume to imagine he could captivate any woman under such a detestable form ? In no age have ugly people borne to be laughed at, for, however hideous they may happen to be, they seldom find it out themselves, and are, in consequence, very much surprised and offended when

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informed of it by others ; and, as vanity is usually the reigning passion of the most disfigured, they seldom pardon an offence which is mortal. The Dwarf, the ugliest animal the eyes of Brunilda had ever encountered, could hardly believe this possible, and saw no joke in her mirth at his expense, and, as he had his full share of that precious commodity, vanity, he raved, stormed, and became so insolent, that Brunilda was compelled to order him out of her presence. This command, which he was obliged to obey, irritated the little creature to madness, and he swore that since he could not enter her presence without her permission, he would find a mode of making her give it whenever he should condescend to require it. This threat had more of truth in it than Brunilda imagined. A few days after this animated conversation, the Dwarf sent to ask leave to be allowed to pay his visit to the princess, which was immediately refused. This threw him into a rage, and he informed the princess, by one of his mutes, ‘ that her lover, Ludolph of Tecklenburgh, was in his power, and that his head should pay for the scorn with which she thought proper to treat her lord and husband.’ Poor Brunilda hastily gave the required permission, upon condition that Ludolph should accompany him ; and her ‘ lord and husband,’ as he styled himself, entered a few moments after, followed by the knight, whom his demons had seized in the forest. ‘ There, madam,’ said he, grinning like Grimaldi, but not so merrily, ‘ I found this stranger in the neighbourhood of my Orange Tree, and I have brought

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him hither to secure a welcome for myself. Did I not tell you I would make you glad to receive me? Here shall this valorous knight remain, a hostage for your good behaviour; and never shall you receive him without admitting me at the same moment.' Brunilda, who would have been delighted, in her present condition, to have seen any human being whatever, was in raptures at the sight of Ludolph, who, on his part, was content with his captivity, since he shared it with her; and, unrestrained by the presence of the Dwarf, they so often and so tenderly repeated their mutual delight to each other, that their grim jailer could not endure the sight of their happiness, and, rather than witness it, withdrew himself and Ludolph from the company of Brunilda, which he did not again seek for some time. When, attended by Ludolph, he next entered her apartment, his jealous tortures were increased by the renewed endearments of the lovers, and, resolving in his own mind not to endure what he flattered himself he could easily remedy, he threw a spell over the unlucky Brunilda, which he generously hoped would destroy all the little tranquillity she enjoyed. The charm operated upon the sight of the princess, who no longer beheld her lover, but a hideous negro advancing towards her. Brunilda was terrified, but, reassured by the explanation of the Dwarf, who felicitated himself on her mortification, she resolved to punish him in kind; so collecting all the woman in her soul, and conquering her dislike of the ugly shape he presented to

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her, she gave it a most affectionate welcome, and caressed it as her dear Ludolph. The Dwarf would willingly have annihilated him; but, obliged to keep him in existence to ensure himself admittance to Brunilda, he resolved to embitter that existence as much as lay in his power, and, having once more recourse to his spells, the handsome Ludolph, unchanged to himself, appeared to the eyes of the fascinated princess a furious and monstrous tiger, armed with tremendous fangs and claws. But love penetrates all disguises, and the princess was now a match for the sorcerer. She knew that the fangs and claws, however terrible to others, had no danger for her, and she suffered him to lie at her feet, kiss her snowy hand, and put his shaggy head upon her lap, without manifesting the slightest apprehension, to the great annoyance of the Dwarf, whose dull wit was sharpened by his jealousy, and he now contrived the masterpiece of spells, to the increased misery of poor Brunilda, over whose clouded senses the charm once more operating, presented her beloved Ludolph only under the form of the Yellow Dwarf himself. This transformation was horrible to both the sufferers, for each of the figures maintained that he was the knight, and persisted in execrating the other as the impostor, while Brunilda, wearied with gazing on their hateful countenances, dared not afford the slightest notice to either, lest she should bestow the tenderness designed for Ludolph upon his detestable rival. In vain did she weep, threaten, and supplicate the Dwarf to give her

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lover 'any shape but that.' She knew not even to which of the pair she ought to address her petition. But the demon was inexorable, listened unmoved to her sorrows, for his heart was as hard as Pharaoh's, and even inwardly laughed at her agonies. In vain did she examine their features in the hope of discovering some slight difference that might point out her lover: both grinned the same ghastly smile, both exhibited the same unvarying ugliness of feature. Alas, poor Brunilda! Lavater himself could not have assisted thee, though, hadst thou lived in our days, or Dr. Spurzheim in thine, some professional examination of the cerebral organization of the two dwarfs might have set the question at rest. Doubtless, some bump extraordinary, some wonderful dilation of the organ of self-esteem in the skull of the true dwarf, or amateness or combateness in that of the false one, might have aided thee to discover the unbrutified soul confined in the brutified body. But, as it was, they were both brutes to Brunilda, and, as she had no wish to charm the Yellow Dwarf, she wept her disappointment incessantly. Nor was Ludolph less busy than the princess in employing threats and prayers by turns to mollify the Dwarf, though one was to as little purpose as the other, in the presence of the princess. The cunning demon reiterated the same whining petition, used the same arguments, and denounced the same vengeance as the unhappy Ludolph; and when retired from her apartment, laughed at his success, and replied to every threat with mingled hate and defiance. It was in vain that

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Ludolph accused him of having broken all the laws of chivalry, held even by demons so sacred. He told him he regarded no laws, except those which he had made himself. It was to no purpose he argued his right to be set at liberty at least. The Dwarf, who was a philosopher in his way, replied that men had no rights, and that '*might*,' which he possessed, was a much better argument, and a more effective weapon. All this was un-luckily true, but it did not convince the West-phalian. Zeno, the stoic, said 'that we had two ears and but one tongue, that we might hear much and say little.' It was a wise observation, and happy are those who profit thereby: our two captives might, if they had had the good luck ever to have heard it; but as they had not, they acted directly counter, for they so heartily used their two tongues, and so entirely spared their four ears, that their jailer grew outrageous, and therefore, except when he went to torment Brunilda, he resolved to free himself from the society of the Count of Tecklenburgh, who paid for his garrulity by being condemned to talk to himself in one of the most dreary dungeons of the cavern. Here he had full leisure to think of his misfortunes, and execrate the contriver of them. He prayed night and morning with all the strength of lungs he could command, to all the saints in the calendar, to give him a lift out of this purgatory. He was too good a Christian not to abhor all thought of magic; but, finding how little notice was taken of his petition by the higher powers, he could not help thinking of the lower, and

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wishing and vowing, that if some sorcerer, witch, or even devil, would but come to his assistance now, he would find time enough for repentance hereafter, and heal his conscience, and propitiate Heaven by many good deeds to be done in perspective. 'I would walk to Jerusalem for a penance,' said he, 'or give the spoils I shall take in my next battle to the Church, or I would, when I shall be able, endow an abbey. Either of these designs would be satisfactory,' continued he, 'and oh that I had the good luck to be able to put them into execution! Oh that some friendly spirit, some gnome of these caverns, or demon of this forest, would but come to my assistance!' No sooner said than done: the sinner trembled at the instant fulfilment of his wicked wish, and began with real alarm to suspect that he was a bit of a conjurer himself; for there arose in a moment, from the bosom of the earth, a gigantic dusky-looking figure in the human shape, inquiring his commands. 'I could not come to your assistance,' said the object, 'till you summoned me, or you should not have suffered so long. I am the mortal foe of the Yellow Dwarf, and the legitimate prince of these mines into which he has intruded himself, during my absence in a short journey I made to the centre. He has fixed himself pretty firmly in my palace by his spells, but I shall contrive to dispossess him. I will begin by assisting you: speak, knight of Tecklenburgh, how can I serve you?' Ludolph, who, recovered from his first fright, desired nothing better, immediately struck a bargain with

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the friendly gnome ; the first article of which was, that he should liberate himself and the princess. 'I can free you instantly,' replied the gnome, 'but the spells around the princess are too powerful to be suddenly broken ; nevertheless, with your help it may finally be done. We must possess ourselves of the charm in which lies the power of this Dwarf : this, unfortunately, is his beard ; for it will be a work of difficulty to master it. Could you, in your combat, have cut off that instead of his head, all would have been well : but, as long as that beard hangs to his chin, his body is invulnerable, for, cut him into fifty pieces, and he will unite together again. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, observe faithfully all my directions, and, ultimately, we may accomplish our wishes. Beneath those mountains of Bohemia which bound the marquisate of Misnia there is a diamond mine as yet unknown to the human race, whose sacrilegious hands have not there torn open the heart of their mother earth and disturbed the spirits who sleep in her bosom. There, concealed many fathoms beneath the mountain, has been hidden for centuries the magic weapon which alone can conquer the Yellow Dwarf. It is that identical pair of scissors with which the demon Fate cuts asunder your mortal destinies ; these, and these only, can secure our enemy. It will be in vain to cut off his head so long as he retains his beard, and that beard is unapproachable, except to the magic scissors of fate : the chief difficulty will be in obtaining possession of this wonderful instrument, since only a knight of un-

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stained loyalty, pure, spotless, free from all taint of libertinism, drunkenness, and bloodshed, can take them from the hands of the statue which holds them, without incurring the severe penalty of instant death. When such a knight shall be found, the scissors must be put into the hands of a spotless virgin, for only such can use them in cutting off the formidable beard; should any other woman attempt it, the inevitable consequences would be also death from the scissors themselves.' Poor Ludolph was as much depressed by the end of this discourse as he had been elevated by the beginning. Such a knight it was indeed next to impossible to find. He himself was as good and true as most; his loyalty was indeed unstained, he had not shed blood in a murderous or treacherous manner, but he had been too frequently engaged in his father's petty, and often unjustifiable wars, to undertake an enterprise that demanded hands free from stain. Then, as for drunkenness, alas for poor Ludolph, though naturally a very sober man, he knew he had too often shared many a 't'other flask,' and too frequently drowned his fears of the abbot of Fulda in the big bowl of Tecklenburgh to permit him any chance of success in the achievement. In his own person, therefore, he gave it directly up, satisfied of his incapacity from the fore-mentioned weaknesses, without carrying his self-examination any further, but at the same time almost despairing of finding a substitute. 'For the spotless virgin, friendly gnome,' said the honest Westphalian, 'there I have better hopes, since there

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are enough at court, and I shall find this part of my task easy enough.' 'Not quite so easy as you imagine, knight,' replied the gnome, 'since there is not an unmarried lady in all Thuringia who will not lay claim to that honour, and you may thus be the innocent cause of the death of many; but I can assist you here, and make this part of the undertaking much less difficult. Here is a magic girdle; obtain permission to try it, without speaking of its virtues, upon the ladies of the margrave's court. Should the dame who shall buckle it on be a deceiver, the girdle, though now appearing of a large size, will shrink into the smallest compass, and will not even encircle her slender waist: should the lady be the object of your search it will set closely and gracefully to her form.' 'A thousand thanks,' replied the honest knight; 'I have no fears for my success in this point, and perhaps I may be more fortunate than I expect in the other. Now then, generous friend, accomplish your kind intention, release me from this dungeon, and I will immediately hasten to Eisenac and seek a maiden who may assist to break these abominable enchantments.' 'I will,' replied the spirit, 'but do not forget that to other eyes as well as Brunilda's you still wear the form of the Yellow Dwarf; this is occasioned by three orange-coloured hairs from his formidable beard tied round your right arm; unloose them, and you will appear to others as you do to yourself and me. Be under no alarm for the safety of the princess, since I have already prevented your

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enemy's entering her presence without her permission, and will still continue to watch over her.' The knight again thanked the gnome for his friendly care, and shutting his eyes, by command of his companion, and opening them again the next instant, found himself, to his infinite joy, standing near the Orange Tree, round which his horse was quietly grazing. He soon sprung lightly into his saddle, and turned his head from the wood, determined to reach Eisenac ere daybreak. With this resolution he spurred on gaily, thinking of the joy he should feel upon liberating his beloved Brunilda, when, in a turn of the wood, he suddenly encountered a troop of knights in the livery of the Yellow Dwarf. A cold shivering seized him, for he expected to be dragged back again neck and heels to the Orange Tree, when, to his utter astonishment, they all lowly saluted and respectfully made way for him to pass. He now remembered that he had not yet removed the orange-coloured hairs from his arm, and feeling himself indebted to this circumstance for his safety, resolved to let them remain till he should be quite out of the infernal forest. Dwelling fondly upon his hopes and brightening prospects, the young morning sun found him entering Eisenac, where he was greeted with a loud shout by a troop of boys, who seemed to recognize an old acquaintance. Soon the boy crowd was augmented by a multitude of citizens, who surrounded Ludolph, yelling like fiends, seized his bridle, pinioned his arms, and saluted him with a volley of dreadful curses. 'Sorcerer, robber,

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demon ! ’ rung in his ears in all directions, and while the uproar raged in its greatest violence, he was dragged from his horse and thrown on the ground. At this extraordinary treatment the count demanded to be conducted to the margrave, to the Princess Margaret. He was told that the court had quitted Eisenac, but they were resolved to burn him alive in revenge for his treatment of their beloved princess, and the noble Count Ludolph, her destined husband. Solomon said, that ‘fear is nothing else than a betraying the succours which reason offereth’; and, in this case, it was most truly so, for the knight’s agitation in the first part of the attack had made him forget in time to remove the orange-coloured hairs from his arm. Their last exclamation had shown him their mistake, and his own fatal imprudence. Now he found that he was in danger of being burnt alive for the sins of the execrable Dwarf unless he could immediately free himself from the charm. ‘Hear me, dear friends,’ he cried, ‘I am truly the unhappy Ludolph, but your eyes are bewitched by the sorceries of that abominable demon, and you see me only under his resemblance; release my arms for one moment, and I will convince you.’ At this insult to their understandings, the wise men of Eisenac set up a most tremendous howl, and were still more anxious to collect faggots for his service. They kicked, buffeted, and reviled his person till he was almost delirious with rage, and the foamings of his indignation confirmed them in their belief that he really was what he appeared, the demon of the

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Orange Tree. During one of the pauses made by his guards to listen to his earnest entreaties for a moment's liberty, he found means to disengage his hands from their grasp, tore open his sleeve, and furiously rending away the slight bandage of hair, stood before them in his own proper person. Astonishment for a moment tied up the tongues of the assembly, but quickly recovering themselves before Ludolph could gain time to explain, they declared it a new piece of sorcery, and swore that the form of their gallant favourite should not shield the wizard who they firmly believed was his murderer. The magistrates and officers of Eisenac, aroused by the news of the seizure of the demon Dwarf, had assembled upon the spot, and startled by the wonders they now heard, trembled to think of the consequences of the unbridled fury of the mob, should the story told by the equivocal knight be really true. Anxious to avoid the spilling of innocent blood, they proposed conveying him to prison, and awaiting the decision of the margrave; but the people anticipated a sight, and rather than lose so excellent a joke as that of roasting a sorcerer, they would willingly have run the hazard of sacrificing even Ludolph himself. But the magistrates, much to their honour, continued firm, and through their interference, poor Ludolph, who already felt the flames crackling under him, with much difficulty obtained permission to say a few words to them in his defence. 'Noble magistrates and discerning judges,' said the mob-hunted count of Tecklenburgh, 'I trust that you will

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believe that I am really myself, as I declare to you by my knighthood I am. As for the Yellow Dwarf, a curse on him, I am his victim, not his ally ; since it is from his infernal enchantments, and still more infernal malice, all my misfortunes have arisen. How you can for a moment imagine that I could be his friend because I have been unlucky enough to appear under his odious form, I am at a loss to imagine, since nobody surely can possibly believe such a transformation to be a matter of choice.' The female part of the audience perfectly agreed with this last observation of Ludolph, and the magistrates, puzzled by the sincerity with which he had delivered his remonstrance, determined to save him, at least from the fire and the faggots. But, as the people had expected a show, thought the wise men of Eisenac, 'a show they must have,' or the consequences, they knew, of their disappointment in an affair so essential to their well-being, might not be entirely insignificant to their betters. So, while acquitting him, in their consciences, of being the Yellow Dwarf, and forbidding the animating use of fire and faggots, they condemned him to be put to the ban, as a nobleman, for dabbling in a little private sorcery in conjunction with the demon, in whose villainous shape he had just appeared. No sooner was this righteous sentence pronounced against the unlucky Ludolph than he was seized by the soldiers and followed by all the crowd, who, anxious to join in the fun, exhibited many a practical witticism at his expense, and cracked all their superfluous jokes

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upon his unfortunate person: then stripping him of his armour and knightly accoutrements, and clothing him in raw and filthy goatskins, they set him upon a sorry mule with his face towards the tail, and led him through the town, the herald proclaiming before him, 'We declare thy wife, if thou hast one, a widow, thy children, if thou hast any, orphans, and we send thee in the name of the devil to the four corners of the earth.' Thus sent upon a long voyage, with such a friendly benediction, it would not have been wonderful if the heart of the knight had sunk with his circumstances, which any heart would have done except a Westphalian one, but that was employed in swelling with indignation, and meditating the best mode of returning the compliments of the Eisenac mobility. While thus occupied he heard a voice close to his ear, which whispered, 'Attend to my orders and you are safe.' He looked earnestly in the direction of the sound, and saw to his infinite satisfaction the dusky face of his friend the gnome beneath the helmet of a soldier. 'Let these people continue to believe you the Yellow Dwarf,' continued the spirit; 'it is the only way to preserve you from suspicion in your real character; here are the hairs which, in your haste, you threw away. Resist not while I tie them round your arm, and leave the rest to me.' Ludolph sat silent while, under the appearance of a new insult, his instructor twisted the light band round his arm, and the shrieks of the people a moment after announced that the charm had taken effect upon

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their senses. 'It is the sorcerer,' they cried, 'the horrible Dwarf—seize him, tear him, burn him!' But, for this time, their kind intentions were completely frustrated, for the gnome, entering into the sorry mule which carried the prisoner, communicated to his worn-out frame such inconceivable vigour and rapidity, that a few minutes were sufficient to bear his rider far beyond the pursuit of his enemies, who remained in the market-place, staring after the beast and cursing the Yellow Dwarf. The representative of that malignant little demon was meanwhile receiving a few drops of a powerful cordial from the hands of his friend the gnome of the mine, who politely apologized for not knowing earlier the mischiefs into which his dear crony had fallen,—owing, however, entirely to his own excessive carelessness, which he should never have suspected. 'And, in truth,' continued the friendly spirit, 'I concluded you were safe at the margrave's court which is at Weimar, and whither I had intended to follow you. Passing over Eisenach I rested to know the meaning of the tumult I witnessed, and was just in time to rescue you from the rage of the mob, who would not have quitted their prey, even after the soldiers should have set you at liberty. Here,' continued the gnome, giving him a heavy bag of coin, a most welcome present to a half-naked knight-errant, 'hasten to equip yourself according to your rank, and lose no time in joining the court at Weimar, where you must select a damsel to conclude the adventure ere Brunilda can recover her liberty, or you be freed

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from the malice of the Yellow Dwarf.' Ludolph heartily thanked his good friend, though he could not help thinking it would have been as well if his assistance had been tendered some few hours earlier. But still, better late than never, thought the knight; and though he had received a few cuffs and many bitter curses, yet hard words break no bones, and the cuffs he hoped one day to repay with interest. In the interim his honour was preserved by the contrivance of the gnome, as no man in Eisenac, no, not even the sapient magistrates themselves, would ever believe the creature they had pounded and worried so unmercifully was any other than the Yellow Dwarf himself. Receiving from his hands once more the magic girdle which he had lost in the confusion, he bade farewell to the gnome, who promised to meet him in the forest when he should have obtained the magic scissors, upon which their success depended; and, after accoutring himself as became his condition, not this time forgetting the three red hairs, he set forward once more for the court of the margrave; and as he was by no means of a melancholy complexion, his past misfortunes had no other effect upon his spirits than elevating them to a joyous pitch, for glee that he had so well escaped the dangers which he believed would have ended more tragically. And thus gay, and hoping much from the future, he arrived, without any further adventure, at the palace of Weimar.

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CHAPTER IV

Ane gat a twist o' the craig,
Ane gat a bunch o' the wame,
Anither gat lam'd o' a leg,
And syne he went bellowing hame.

THE Princess Margaret was overjoyed once more to see her Brunilda's lover, and she welcomed him with the sincerest regard. She listened with burning indignation to the account of the Dwarf's treatment of his captives, and to such other parts of his history as he thought proper to relate ; for he carefully suppressed, in the presence of the court, his adventures at Eisenac and his release by the gnome, lest the friendship of this good-natured spirit should again subject him to the charge of sorcery ; and as he had already smelt fire at Eisenac, he was particularly anxious to avoid so warm a reception elsewhere. He informed the good princess that the girdle would only fit the damsel appointed by destiny to break the enchantment, and of consequence all were anxious to try it. Three of the most beautiful ladies in Misnia attempted, but, strange to relate, in vain, to fix on the magic cestus : it shrunk to nothing round their forms, and Ludolph began again to tremble for the fate of his poor Brunilda. In vain did the most prudish ladies of the court present their slim forms to the girdle,—it would not meet around them. Several of those who had been most rigid in their own conduct, and most bitterly virtuous in regard to that of others,

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took the girdle with a devout air and a blushing modesty that quite revived the hope of the Westphalian knight. Alas! the cestus not only refused to clasp the waists of these fair ones, but even flew outright out of their hands the moment they touched it; and this circumstance so disheartened Ludolph that he foolishly enough, ere above twenty ladies had made the attempt, gossiped out the secret of its virtues in the delighted ear of the Princess Margaret. That good lady thought the joke too excellent to be confined to so few persons; and there being among the unlucky twenty some whose beauty rivalled that of her beloved Brunilda, she lost no time in publishing the secret, which had all the effect of making them abhor Ludolph, and defeating the plans he was so anxious to carry into effect; for now, not a single woman acquainted with the virtue of the cestus would even try it on, and, instead of laughing with the princess and Ludolph at the unlucky discoveries made by the twenty, they made, much to their honour, common cause against them, and vowed to smother the mischievous knight whenever they could conveniently catch hold of him. It required all the authority of the margrave, who at this juncture arrived at Weimar from the camp, to protect the unfortunate knight from their vengeance, who began to be as much afraid of these beautiful destroying angels as he had been of the fire-loving devils of Eisenac, or even the Yellow Dwarf himself. 'Alas! I am surely the most unfortunate of men,' said he to the margrave;

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‘ I have been transformed to the detested shape of the Yellow Dwarf for wishing to deliver your sister out of his hands. I have been very near roasting alive for killing myself. I have been put to the ban for suffering myself to be tormented by my powerful enemy, and now I am in danger of being torn to pieces by the loveliest women in the world, only for being anxious to find one virgin in their company. Ah, my poor Brunilda ! what will become of thee ? ’ The margrave comforted the knight with the assurance that he would certainly be successful if he could but prevail upon the ladies only to try on the girdle, and, in case of their obstinacy, he advised him to put the magic scissors into the hands of Brunilda herself, ‘ For, if she be not worthy to use them,’ said the proud Frederic with the bitten cheek, ‘ she is not worthy of liberty nor the tender love you bear her. For the other conditions, I fear we must despair, since I do not believe there is a knight in my court, no, nor in all the courts of Germany, that will venture to accept the challenge ; though, against mortal foes, they are the bravest men in the universe.’ The margrave was right. Each knight knew his own secret weaknesses too well to accept the office, when the conditions were stated to them, no one being willing, as they honestly avowed, to hazard an ignominious death by disregarding the injunctions of the gnome. There was not a man among them who had not, at some time or other, offended by drunkenness, licentiousness, or breaking heads in an unjust quarrel : indeed, with regard to the latter pec-

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cadillo, it was scarcely possible, in the time of which I am treating, for it to be otherwise, since not only disputes of chivalry, and all injuries, whether public or private, were settled by the sword, but even cases of felony and suits of law were arranged by the same expeditious decision ; so that he of the strongest arm and stoutest heart infallibly gained his cause, whether right or wrong, as his adversary could no longer contend, either for reputation or property, after the dagger of mercy had been struck into his heart or drawn quietly across his throat.

But, to return to our good Westphalian and his difficulties. After many objections, disputings, hopings, and fearings, the margrave at last found a salvo for Ludolph, and a stainless knight for the service of the king of the oranges. This was his own son, a boy of ten years old, upon whom, finding all other hope fail, he conferred the honour of knighthood, and released him from his martial studies, in which the gallant child spent all his time, and sent him to handle the shears of Atropus, and share in the glory of shaving the orange-coloured beard of the execrable Dwarf. The little knight Herman of Misnia was highly delighted by his admittance to this post of honour, and attached himself fondly to his good cousin Ludolph, who now began making preparations for his march. So great was the terror inspired among the people by the Yellow Dwarf that it was with much difficulty he could collect troops sufficient to defend the son of the margrave upon this voyage of discovery, as all the nobles,

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knights, and regulars of Thuringia were gone to the camp in daily expectation of an attack from the Emperor Albert, who, having been just overreached in his views upon Bohemia, by his good cousin Henry of Carinthia, was advancing in no very good humour upon the troops of the Margrave of Misnia. After a proclamation of some days, in which Ludolph puffed the vast riches of the diamond mine with almost as much skill as Day and Martin puff their blacking, a number of strays from all parts of the empire gathered themselves together under his standard; and though he could not boast of commanding many of the nobles of Misnia, yet, upon the whole, his troop was about as respectable as David's at the cave of Adullam, when only those who were in debt, or distress, or discontented, enrolled themselves in his service. But great endings spring from small beginnings. From a captain of half-starved ragamuffins David became a king; and Ludolph hoped that his regiment of blackguards would finally conduct him to the feet of a princess. With this notion he set forward, full of expectation, with the youthful knight committed to his charge. On their road, fearful of any other delays, he inspirited his companions by dwelling, with affected rapture, upon the spoils of the diamonds, which were so soon to be at their service, in the sack of the mine. These observations acted like electricity upon his respectable warriors, and sent them galloping towards the confines so rapidly, that before he had either hoped or expected it, they had arrived at the foot of the

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mystic mountain, where the whole troop made a halt to await the return of Ludolph, who, with his young companion, was to descend first into the caves, seize the scissors, and then leave the coast clear for the plunderers to attack the mine. Matters were soon settled. The two knights found the entrance with some difficulty, and boldly descended into these dismal abodes, the residence of the infernal spirits who were in the pay of the Yellow Dwarf. After traversing many dreary caverns they entered the last, where, elevated on a golden pedestal, stood the gigantic statue which held the scissors of fate, and was the guardian of the life of the Yellow Dwarf. Forgetting in his joy at the sight the caution of the gnome, he was advancing towards the statue, when a tremendous box on the ear from the marble fist taught him to know his distance. He fell back accordingly, and young Herman of Misnia approaching, the statue grinned as hideously as his protégé, but made no attempt to injure the boy, as fearlessly he climbed the pedestal, and, without any regard to the rights of property, grasped the magic scissors and brought them away in triumph. Ludolph received them from his hands with the wildest sensation of delight ; but, prudence conquering his emotions, he took his young preserver in his arms and retraced his way to daylight. Here he was greeted with shouts of applause by the soldiers, who, in spite of the entreaties of Ludolph, persisted to ransack the caves, pursuant to their original agreement. In vain did he assure them the

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margrave's enemies would furnish more spoils for them than the vaults, and that his share should be divided among them. Vainly did he describe the threatening looks of the statue, and assure them he still felt the tingling of the marble thump in his ear, with which it had complimented him. It was talking to the winds, or, as old Baker quaintly saith, 'to as little purpose as if he had gone about to call back yesterday.' Down they all dashed together, neck and heels, with tremendous outcries, into the diamond caverns. But their return was silent and orderly enough. The cave of Trophonius could not have effected a better or more expeditious change. They were all as grave as judges, and every man appeared with his mouth twisted exactly under his left ear. Ludolph could gain but little information as to what had befallen them; all he understood was, that they had seen the statue, who had given the first man such a thundering slap of the face that its shock was felt by all the rest of his companions, and left the consequences which he now beheld, and which they had such good reasons to deplore. But, while the knights of the scissors and their wry-mouthed confederates are pursuing their road to Weimar, let us pop our heads under ground and see what has become of Brunilda.

The poor princess, much disconcerted by the diabolical contrivance of the Yellow Dwarf, gave way, when alone, to that indulgence of grief which she resolutely suppressed in his presence. She had encouraged the visits of the two Dwarfs, in the tender hope that though they afforded no

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consolation to herself, they might yield some satisfaction to the bosom of her tormented lover. This being the real state of her feelings, she was deeply distressed when, the day after Ludolph's release by the gnome, they neglected to pay her the customary visit, and therefore sent to request the presence of her tyrant. He came, and in no very good humour, for he had just failed in the effect of a spell, which he hoped would discover the runaway. He told her, even more brutally than usual, that Ludolph had escaped, that he was endeavouring to discover him, and that, in case he succeeded, of which he had no doubt, he would immediately hang him, unless the princess would save his life by giving her hand to his rival. Delighted by the escape of the knight, Brunilda could not keep her joy to herself, but expressed it so imprudently, and with such heart-felt glee at the Dwarf's vexation, that it irritated all the bile in his little yellow body, and provoked him to have recourse to his most powerful spells to discover the abode of Ludolph. It was, luckily for the knight, a work of time and difficulty, since the gnome of the mine was at hand to unravel all his charms as fast as the other wrought them; and he was, by this means, obliged to desist in order to find the invisible enemy who thus thwarted his plans and protected his victim. The indefatigable gnome was still at his elbow, and poor yellow-beard continued as much in the dark at the end of his spells, as he had been at the beginning. All this gave the knight time, which was what the gnome wanted,

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and the Dwarf remained in ignorance of his movements, till the spirits, who were the guardians of his talisman in the mountain caves, informed him of his danger and the seizure of the magic scissors. Such a contrivance as that of knighting a child the demon had never contemplated, but finding one half of the adventure accomplished, he determined, as far as in him lay, to prevent the achievement of the other. Learning by his fiends that he was threatened with danger from Brunilda, he made it his principal care that the magic scissors should not be wielded by her, and accordingly penned her up more closely than ever, surrounding her by spells, not only inaccessible to mortals, but even to his own attendant spirits, whom he would not trust too far, lest his tyranny should have inspired them with hatred to his person, and laxity in his service. Among his equals in the demon world he well knew and feared the indignation of the gnome of the silver mines whose territories he had invaded, and before whose power, if joined to that of other enemies, he would have good reasons to tremble. These considerations determined his conduct, and, to prevent Brunilda from handling the scissors, and the scissors from approaching his beard, he devised a spell so potent that he fondly hoped and believed he was safe from the attacks of, and might bid defiance to, all sorts of enemies, natural and supernatural.

In the meantime, Ludolph and his companions had arrived at the court of Weimar, to the great joy of the margrave and his mother,

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who, looking upon the adventure as nearly finished, entreated Ludolph to lose no time in joining his friend the gnome in the enchanted forest. He himself had no wish to delay the business, and, after making one more unsuccessful attempt to prevail upon the ladies of Misnia to try on the girdle, he set off to present it to his lovely Brunilda; and, arriving near the Orange Tree, was met by the friendly gnome. 'It is not yet in my power to introduce you to the presence of the princess,' said he to the count, 'as I have not yet conquered the spells by which our enemy has surrounded her: the cavern is inaccessible at present to any human foot, but it is not in the power of the demon to limit my steps in the territory of which I am the legitimate lord. His spirits are as powerful as mine, and thus I am obliged to have recourse to artifice to conquer him, which I should not be able to effect if he had not, by obtruding into my dominions, placed the secret of his spells in my power. Unlike the free spirits who have existed from the beginning of the world, and who will probably survive its demolition, the Dwarf is mortal born, though, by magic spells, he has lengthened his life many hundred years; but his birth subjects him to death, which will be inevitable, should the infernal power by which he has accomplished his purposes be defeated. To prevent this catastrophe he has placed his life in a talisman which he believes unconquerable, but which, I trust, we shall overthrow. Caution is, however, necessary, for his spells are mighty, and the spirits subjected

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to his command are many. In the interim you shall rest here, and I will provide for your necessities till I shall be able to conduct you to Brunilda, to whom you must explain the virtues of the scissors of fate, for, by an immutable decree which no spirit dares violate, I am restrained from appearing before her till she herself shall summon me.' The gnome then raised a comfortable tent for Ludolph, loaded it with provisions, drew a line of protection about it, and vanished.

Three days passed tranquilly enough with Ludolph, while patiently awaiting the re-appearance of his friend the gnome, but the fourth was beginning to hang very heavy, when the spirit entered the tent in the middle of the night. 'I triumph,' said he; 'I have unloosed the spell that kept you from the presence of Brunilda. The Dwarf, being mortal born, is subject to mortal necessities, and at this hour he sleeps; rise and throw yourself at the feet of the princess; give me your hand, and close your eyes.' Ludolph obeyed, and the next moment found himself in the apartment of Brunilda. As I, the honest chronicler of the loves of the Westphalian knight and Misnian princess, am no great dealer in sentiment, I shall omit all the particulars of the meeting, and only say how truly happy Brunilda was to receive him, and how grateful she felt towards the obliging gnome, whom she gladly summoned to her presence. To the great relief of Ludolph, who trembled and doubted grievously while making the proposal, she had not the slightest objection, even after she was made

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acquainted with its virtues, to try on the enchanted girdle, which fitted her graceful form as if it had been purposely made for her : her lover could not help commending the taste of the Yellow Dwarf, and was as much overjoyed at this earnest of success as if he already held the demon's beard in his hand. The gnome then gave Brunilda the fatal scissors, and telling them that the spirits of their enemy could not perceive them, from the powerful spells by which they were surrounded, desired them to follow his footsteps fearlessly to the inner caverns, where slept the demon, and whom sleep would probably render defenceless. Stretching out their necks and stepping on tiptoe, the lovers followed the gnome to the private apartment of the Dwarf, whom Brunilda anxiously hoped to serve in quality of barber extraordinary. With beating hearts they beheld their guide throw open the door of his chamber and desire the princess to advance, at the same time approaching the couch of the demon, and drawing back his curtain. Brunilda obeyed ; mustering all her courage, and collecting a little army of disagreeable remembrances to her aid, she found herself so strengthened that, like Judith, she resolved to finish the business with a single snip. But the Holofernes of Germany had had more wit than his drunken predecessor, and had taken much better care of his shaggy head ; for the Judith of Misnia looked in vain for the yellow beard that was to fall beneath the fatal scissors. That *that* had disappeared was not wonderful, since the face to which it formed such a remarkable appendage

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had entirely vanished from the body. There lay the carcase of the Dwarf, sleeping, it might be, but his head was dozing in some other place, for the body was very quietly reposing without it. Poor Brunilda shed tears of vexation, and the gnome looked silly enough to find himself thus completely outwitted ; but knowing that he could find no remedy for the disappointment by standing gaping at the demon's trunk, he drew the lovers from the chamber, conducted Ludolph back to his tent, and again had recourse to his spells, which told him that the Dwarf, fearful of surprise while disarmed by sleep, took off his head every night and concealed it in some place of safety, but where he could not discover. This was a vexatious incident ; but '*ruse contre ruse*,' thought the gnome, and to work he went with a fresh resolution to outspell the yellow conjurer and liberate the lovers. In the meantime the demon awoke from his invigorating slumber and hastened to replace his ugly head upon his shoulders, and then, head and tail once more united, sat down to consider the possibility of recapturing the knight of Tecklenburgh, in whose hands, notwithstanding the success of his spells, he did not like to leave the magic scissors. Brunilda, it is true, was safe enough ; but the Dwarf knew (though Ludolph could not discover them) that there were more virgins than one in the Misnian court ; and that the count wanted neither eloquence to persuade such to assist him, nor resolution to attack his enemy, when that difficulty should be conquered. In the midst of

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these cogitations he was aroused by a summons from the princess, who had not permitted him to approach her since the day after Ludolph's departure : the little coxcomb was enchanted by the message, and hastened to arrange his locks in the most becoming manner possible ere he presented himself before the eyes of his lovely captive. Brunilda was in tears when he entered her apartment, and no sooner did she behold him than she poured upon him such a torrent of reproach and abuse, that the Dwarf, though in general tolerably well skilled in the use of that cutting weapon the tongue, stood utterly confounded, and knew not what to reply. She accused him vehemently of the murder of her lover, her dear Ludolph, which secret, she said, had been revealed to her in a dream by her patron saint that very night, and she had therefore sent for him to accuse him to his guilty face. The Dwarf listened in surprise ; but this time, far from retorting with his usual bitterness upon Brunilda, he was hugging himself in the notion that the patron saint might have told the truth, and that Ludolph, whom all his arts had failed to discover, might really be no longer an inhabitant of the earth, in which case he flattered himself he might possibly succeed him in the affections of the fair Brunilda, whose hand he coveted no less than her brother's lands, of which he resolved to dispossess him whenever he should become the husband of his sister. Full of these agreeable hopes and ideas, he soothed the weeping princess as well as the ruggedness of his nature would permit, and assured her, that though her

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lover was dead (a circumstance of which he averred he was well aware, though compassion had hitherto prevented his informing her), yet he had no hand in his death, and would endeavour by every mark of tenderness and attention to reconcile her to this inevitable loss. Brunilda suffered herself to be comforted, and even allowed his yellow lips to press her fair hand, which so delighted the lover, that he released her from her severe confinement, and permitted her to roam at large through the caverns and occupy her former apartment, where he continued to visit her daily, and daily quitted her with the flattering hope that he had at length discovered the mode of making himself agreeable. Brunilda encouraged this delightful dream by her changed method of conduct ; she ceased, after the first two interviews, entirely to reproach the Dwarf, and permitted his attentions without any ill humour. From permitting his devotions, she gradually appeared to desire them, and even frequently condescended to rally him upon the oddity of his dress, and the old-fashioned cut of his hood : he immediately adopted another to gratify her taste, and was exceedingly vain of the notice she took of him. She admired his flowing hair, and even his long beard had ceased to be an object of disgust to her ; everything became beautiful by custom, she said ; and she now discovered, what her indignation before had prevented her from observing, that the colour of his beard was the same as that of her great-grandfather the Emperor Frederic II., who was universally accounted a very handsome man.

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The Dwarf smirked, bridled, and was equally delighted with Brunilda and himself, since he now hoped no further opposition on her part would be offered to his proposals : he grew excessively fond of, and very indulgent to the princess, suffering her to command in his caverns, and taking great delight in exhibiting to her the riches of which she was so soon to be the mistress. In all ages, among all nations, flattery has ever been the shortest and the surest road to the human heart ; and men, however they may affect to smile at this weakness in the gentler sex, are not, whether giants, middle-sized men, or dwarfs, one whit less subject to this poor human frailty than the ladies themselves, in whom it is so pardonable. If Eve yielded to the compliments of the serpent, Sampson was subdued by the witching coaxing of Dalilah ; the sage Solomon drank flattery from the lips of seven hundred wives (Heaven pardon the old monopolizer !) and three hundred concubines ; Holofernes lost his head for listening to the seducing tongue of Judith ; and the mighty Nebuchadnezzar was not sent to grass for any other reason than swallowing down too plentiful a dose of this bewitching opiate : of all these gentlefolks, Eve was certainly least blameable ; for it required diabolical power to turn her from the path of right, but the men sunk their virtue before the lustre of black eyes or the gorgeousness of costly attire. As for profane story—oh the tens and the fifties that might be enumerated !—but as this is not our present business, let us leave them to see what

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effect this pleasant medicine, so gently administered, had upon the mind of the little Dwarf. He was, in truth, the happiest of all yellow men ; for, deceived by the tranquillity of his life and the strength of his spells, he believed his enemy had given up the task of conquering him, and left him to wear his beard in quiet. Brunilda still continued amiable, and heard him frequently, without any marks of indignation, express his hope that, when the time of her sorrowful mourning for the Count of Tecklenburgh should be over, she would listen with compassion to the sufferings of a truer lover. She neither checked nor encouraged these expectations ; and the happy demon determined not to forfeit her affection by any precipitation on his part. All this amiable conduct, however, on the part of Brunilda, was, in fact, but a contrivance of the friendly gnome, who thus hoped to extort by her means the secret of his nightly pillow from himself. According to the plan agreed upon by the allies, the gnome at this period of his enemy's courtship, began again to disturb and puzzle him by his enchantments ; and he succeeded in discomposing the harmony of his feelings so much, that he was obliged to have recourse to Brunilda, and (secure of her attachment to his person) vent all his complaints and vexations in her compassionating bosom. *She* was all astonishment at the cruel designs projected against her Dwarf by his ungenerous enemies ; she implored him pathetically to take care of his head (a request with which he graciously promised to comply, more for her sake than his

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own), and exhibited such anxiety to know if his precautions were sufficient that the Dwarf almost betrayed his secret, overcome by the excessive vanity her conduct was so well calculated to inspire. Relaxing from his habitual caution, he was about to inform her of some arrangements of his spells, when Brunilda, overacting the part assigned to her, entreated him, if he valued her happiness, to commit his precious head every night to her keeping, promising to guard it with her utmost tenderness and care. At this imprudent request, all his suspicions returned; he eyed Brunilda askance, and gravely told her that, even were she his bride, he could not grant her desire, as it had always been his opinion that the less wives were trusted with the care of their husbands' heads the better. He left her surlily: he had himself told her of his headless rest, but he did not expect such a request would follow his information; and Brunilda, alarmed by the consequences of her ill-timed petition, summoned the gnome of the mine to her presence. He chid her precipitation, but gave her a small vial containing a delicious cordial, which should repair the mischief. 'You may have observed,' said he, 'that the Dwarf neither eats nor drinks of your food: prevail upon him once to sup at your table, and pour a few drops of this cordial into his drink: he must take it willingly, or it will have no effect. In the sleep which follows the enchanted draught he will be partly in my power, and compelled to answer any question you may propose to him. I need not direct you what to ask; but should he

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reply according to our wishes, summon me to your side and the business is done.' The gnome gave her the potion and vanished; while Brunilda diligently applied herself to remove the suspicions of the Dwarf. In a few days she completely succeeded; and the flattered demon, on hearing her frequently complain of the insipidity of supping alone, requested permission to attend her at table during her supper. This request was readily granted, and the visit constantly repeated by the Dwarf, who at length, at her earnest entreaty, consented to partake of her repast. This was continued till all suspicion was removed from the mind of the Dwarf, and in one of his happiest moods she insisted upon his pledging her in wine: he obeyed, and with the contents of the bowl, swallowed the magic cordial. With what anxiety did Brunilda count the hours till she deemed the Dwarf had retired to rest; how she trembled as she quitted her chamber for that of her tyrant, whose beard, ere daybreak, she hoped, would be the reward of her courage! With a beating heart she entered his apartment, and stepping up to him demanded in a trembling voice—'Dwarf of the Orange Tree, where hast thou hidden thy head?' The stubborn carcase made no reply to this straightforward question, and Brunilda shivered from head to foot as she considered the possibility of his not yet being asleep, and both hearing and understanding her question. 'Should it be so, I am indeed utterly undone,' said poor Brunilda; 'for how shall I ever be able to deceive him again, since he must now be aware of my

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motives.' Another reflection brought more comfort ; she recollected, that as the head only can hear, so the head only can answer questions ; and she determined to walk quietly through all the caverns, and repeat the question in each. She had but a short time allowed her for action, as the Dwarf was an early riser, and she lost none in putting her scheme in execution. Away she sallied, quick as anxiety would allow her ; unwearied she pursued her task, but ranged through every apartment of the subterranean palace without obtaining an answer. She almost thought the Dwarf had removed his head farther off, when, passing through a dismal-looking hole in which were two iron pillars, she paused to repeat the charm—'Dwarf of the Orange Tree, where hast thou hidden thy head ?' 'Here,' replied a well-known voice ; 'here, in the pillar on your left hand.' Brunilda started at the sound, but quickly recovered her spirits, and turning to the east, summoned, as agreed upon, her coadjutors to her assistance—'Gnome of this mine, I call thee hither : bring with thee my lover and the magic scissors of fate.' In the next instant her friends were at her side, and the scissors glittered in her hand. She explained in few words the happy result of her enterprise ; the gnome struck the pillar with his mace, the massy substance divided, and the ugly head of her detested jailer rolled at the feet of the delighted Brunilda, who, without any apology, seized it, and began most nimbly to ply the magic scissors. At that moment the Dwarf, awakened by the

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near approach of morning, flew to replace his head upon his shoulders, and discovered, with the utmost rage and alarm, the intruders upon his premises. The opened eyes of the head now directed the motions of the body, which rushed forward and bounced upon them so suddenly, that Brunilda shrieked and dropped the head, only retaining a grasp of the beard. The Dwarf as nimbly caught it and endeavoured to wrest it from her ; but the princess, invigorated by despair and the exclamations of her friends, kept fast hold of it, and struggled stoutly with the demon. The gnome lent her his assistance, in holding the head for her scissors, while Ludolph kept shoving, thrusting, and hacking with his sword at the invulnerable demon, in the hope of obliging him to loosen his grasp of his head. The struggle continued some minutes, the Dwarf pulling, Ludolph shoving, and Brunilda, utterly regardless of the scratches he was liberally bestowing upon her lover, cutting away at the yellow beard with all her might and main. At length she observed that the longer she cut, the weaker grew the resistance of the demon, and this gave new force to her delicate fingers ; she snipped on till the last hair was separated from the chin, and the yellow head and deformed body both fell senseless together upon the ground. Brunilda was quietly looking upon her fallen enemy, when the magic instrument of her success suddenly sprung from her hand, and she beheld the scissors of fate gliding away rapidly through the air, as if borne off by an invisible spirit. The friendly gnome

THE YELLOW DWARF

then conducted the lovers to the margrave's court, (after demanding from Brunilda the magic belt, which he said would be too dangerous a weapon in the hand of a lady), and a few weeks after the battle of Luckow, in which the margrave was successful, they were united, to the great joy of all parties, but more particularly of those who expected to be invited to the wedding dinner. But that dinner! Oh that dinner! why, what a glory of gastronomy were the dishes! There was the porpoise stewed in his own oil; beeves roasted whole; and proudly pre-eminent, even among them, the noble wild boar, the standard dish of Germany, showed his grinning tusks, now no longer formidable; roasted cranes, standing upon their long legs, seemed just stepping out of their platters, making a 'pretty drollery'; there was the knightly peacock, the bird of chivalry, dressed out in his brilliant feathers; the stately swan, sailing about in his golden dish; while herons, turkeys, geese, and such small fry, graced the magnificent board in quality of side dishes. In short, as the newspapers said, 'there were all the delicacies of the season,' which the nobles washed down with floods of Rhenish, until they did not know what they were swallowing. The day was happier than it was long, for all thought its felicity was too short-lived, except Ludolph and his princess, who had many still brighter; as long years of happiness was the reward of their few months of suffering. The gnome of the mine returned to his recovered territories, and as he had now no further occasion for their services,

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never since that time interfered in the concerns of mortals. The Princess Margaret lived to a good old age, and died at last in the odour of sanctity, eschewing evil, Satan, sin, and the yellow Demon of the Orange Tree.

DER FREISCHÜTZ OR THE MAGIC BALLS

From the German of A. Apel.

‘Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.’

‘LISTEN, dear wife,’ said Bertram, the forester of Lindenhayn, to his good and faithful Anne; ‘listen, I beseech you, one moment. You know I have ever done my utmost to make you happy, and will still continue to do so; but this project is out of the question. I entreat you, do not encourage the girl any farther in the notion; settle the matter decidedly at once, and she will only drop a few silent tears and then resign herself to my wishes; but by these silly delays nothing rational can be effected.’

‘But, dearest husband,’ objected the coaxing wife, ‘may not Catherine be as happy with William the clerk as with Robert the game-keeper? Indeed you do not know him: he is so clever, so good, so kind——’

‘But no marksman,’ interrupted the forester. ‘The situation which I hold here has been possessed by my family for more than two hundred years, and has always descended down in a straight line from father to son. If, instead of this girl, Anne, you had brought me a boy, all

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would have been well ; he would have had my situation, and the wench, if she had been in existence, might have chosen for her bridegroom him whom she loved best ; now the thing is impossible. My son-in-law must also be my successor, and must therefore be a marksman. I shall have, in the first place, some trouble to obtain the trial for him ; and in the second, if he should not succeed, truly, I shall have thrown my girl away : so a clever huntsman she shall have. But observe, if you do not like him, I do not exactly insist upon Robert : find another active clever fellow for the girl, I will resign my situation to him, and we shall pass the rest of our lives free from anxiety and happily with our children. But hush !—not another word !—I beseech you let me hear no more of the steward's clerk.'

Mother Anne was silenced ; she would fain have said a few more words in favour of poor William, but the forester, who was too well acquainted with the power of female persuasion, gave her no further opportunity ; he took down his gun, whistled his dog, and strode away to the forest. The next moment, the fair curled head of Catherine, her face radiant with smiles, was popped in at the door—'Is all right, dear mother ?' said she. 'Alas ! no, my child ; do not rejoice too soon,' replied the sorrowing Anne. 'Your father speaks kindly, but he has determined to give you to nobody but a huntsman ; and I know he will not change his mind.' Catherine wept, and declared she would sooner die than wed any other than her own William.

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Her mother wept, fretted, and scolded by turns ; till at length it was finally determined to make another grand attack upon the tough heart of old Bertram ; and, in the midst of a deliberation respecting the manner in which this was to be effected, the rejected lover entered the apartment.

When William had heard the cause of the forester's objection,—‘ Is that all, my Catherine,’ said he, pressing the weeping girl to his bosom ; ‘ then keep up your spirits, dearest, for I will myself become a forester. I am not unacquainted with woodcraft, for I was, when a boy, placed under the care of my uncle, the chief forester Finsterbuch, in order to learn it, and only at the earnest request of my uncle the steward, I exchanged the shooting-pouch for the writing-desk. Of what use,’ continued the lover, ‘ would his situation and fine house be to me, if I cannot carry my Catherine there as the mistress of it ? If you are not more ambitious than your mother, dearest, and William the gamekeeper will be as dear to you as William the steward, I will become a woodsman directly ; for the merry life of a forester is more delightful to me than the constrained habits of the town.’

‘ O dear, dear William,’ said Catherine—all the dark clouds of sorrow sweeping rapidly over her countenance, and leaving only a few drops of glittering sunny rain sparkling in her sweet blue eyes,—‘ O beloved William ! if you will indeed do this, all may yet be well : hasten to the forest, seek my father, and speak to him ere he have time

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to pass his word to Robert.' 'Away,' replied William, 'to the forest; I will seek him out, and offer my services as gamekeeper: fear nothing, Catherine; give me a gun, and now for the huntsman's salute.'

What success he had in his undertaking was soon visible to the anxious eye of Catherine, on her father's return with him from the forest. 'A clever lad, that William,' said the old man; 'who would have expected such a shot in a townsman? I'll speak to the steward myself to-morrow; it would be a thousand pities such a marksman should not stick to the noble huntsman craft. Ha! ha! he will become a second Kuno. But do you know who Kuno was?' demanded he of William.

The latter replied in the negative.

'Lo you there now!' ejaculated Bertram; 'I thought I had told you long since. He was my ancestor, the first who possessed this situation. He was originally a poor horseboy in the train of the knight of Wippach; but he was clever, obliging, grew a favourite, and attended his master everywhere, to tournaments and hunting parties. Once his knight accompanied the duke on a grand hunting match, at which all the nobles attended. The hounds chased a huge stag towards them, upon whose back, to their great astonishment, sat tied a human being, shrieking aloud in a most frightful manner. There existed at that period, among the feudal lords, an inhuman custom of tying unhappy wretches who incurred their displeasure (perhaps by slight transgressions

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against the hunting laws) upon stags, and then driving them into the forest to perish miserably by hunger, or at least to be torn to pieces by the brambles. The duke was excessively enraged at this sight, and offered immense rewards to any one who would shoot the stag; but clogged his benefactions with death to the marksman, should his erring bullet touch the victim, whose life he was desirous to preserve, in order to ascertain the nature of his offence. Startled by the conditions, not one of the train attempted the rescue of the poor wretch, till Kuno, pitying his fate, stepped forward and boldly offered his services. The duke having accepted them, he took his rifle, loaded it in God's name, and earnestly recommending the ball to all the saints and angels in heaven, fired steadily into the bush in which he believed the stag had taken refuge. His aim was true; the animal instantly sprung out, plunged to the earth, and expired; but the poor culprit escaped unhurt, except that his hands and face were miserably torn by the briers. The duke kept his word well, and gave to Kuno and his descendants for ever this situation of forester. But envy naturally follows merit, and my good ancestor was not long in making the discovery. There were many of the duke's people who had an eye to this situation, either for themselves or some cousin or dear friend, and these persuaded their masters that Kuno's wonderful success was entirely owing to sorcery; upon which, though they could not turn him out of his post, they obtained an order that every one of his de-

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scendants should undergo a trial of his skill before he could be accepted ; but which, however, the chief forester of the district, before whom the essay is made, can render as easy or difficult as he pleases. I was obliged to shoot a ring out of the beak of a wooden bird, which was swung backwards and forwards ; but I did not fail, any more than my forefathers ; and he who intends to succeed me, and wed my Catherine, must be at least as good a marksman.'

William, who had listened very attentively, was delighted with this piece of family history ; he seized the old man's hand and joyously promised to become, under his direction, the very first of marksmen ; such as even grandfather Kuno himself should have no cause to blush for.

Scarcely had fourteen happy days passed over his head, ere William was settled as gamekeeper in the forester's house ; and Bertram, who became fonder of him every day, gave his formal consent to his engagement with Catherine. It was, however, agreed that their betrothment should be kept secret until the day of the marksman's trial, when the forester expected to give a greater degree of splendour to his family festival by the presence of the duke's commissary. The bridegroom swam in an ocean of delight, and so entirely forgot himself and the whole world in the sweet opening heaven of love, that Bertram frequently insisted that he had not been able to hit a single mark since he had aimed so successfully at Catherine.

And so it really was. From the day of his happy betrothment, William had encountered

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nothing but disasters while shooting. At one time his gun missed fire; at another, when he aimed at a deer, he lodged the contents of his rifle in the trunk of a tree: when he came home, and emptied his shooting-pouch, he found, instead of partridges, rooks and crows, and in lieu of hares, dead cats. The forester at length grew seriously angry, and reproved him harshly for his carelessness; even Catherine began to tremble for the success of the master-shot.

William redoubled his diligence, but to no purpose; the nearer the approach of the important day, the more alarming grew his misfortunes; every shot missed. At length he was almost afraid to fire a gun lest he should do some mischief; for he had already lamed a cow and almost killed the cowherd.

‘I insist upon it,’ said the gamekeeper Rudolph, one evening, to the party, ‘I insist upon it that some wizard has bewitched William, for such things could not happen naturally; therefore let us endeavour to loosen the charm’—‘Superstitious stuff!’ interrupted Bertram, angrily; ‘an honest woodsman should not even think of such trash. Do you forget the three things which a forester ought to have, and with which he will always be successful, in spite of sorcery? Come, to your wits, answer my query.’ ‘That can I truly,’ answered Rudolph; ‘he should have great skill, a keen dog, and a good gun.’ ‘Enough,’ said Bertram; ‘with these three things every charm may be loosened, or the owner of them is a dunce and no shot.’

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‘Under favour, father Bertram,’ said William, ‘here is my gun; what have you to object against it? and as for my skill, I do not like to praise myself, but I think I am as fair a sportsman as any in the country; nevertheless, it seems as if all my balls went crooked, or as if the wind blew them away from the barrel of my gun. Only tell me what I shall do. I am willing to do anything.’ ‘It is singular,’ muttered the forester, who did not know what else to say.

‘Believe me, William,’ again began Rudolph, ‘it is nothing but what I have said. Try only once: go on a Friday, at midnight, to a cross road, and make a circle round you with the ramrod, or with a bloody sword, which must be blessed three times in the name of Sammiel’— ‘Silence!’ interrupted Bertram, angrily: ‘know ye whose name that is? he is one of the fiend’s dark legion. God protect us and every Christian from him!’ William crossed himself devoutly, and would hear nothing further, though Rudolph still maintained his opinion. He passed the night in cleaning his gun and examining minutely every screw, resolving, at dawn of day, once more to sally forth and try his fortune in the forest. He did so, but alas! in vain. Mischiefs thickened round him: at ten paces’ distance he fired three times at a deer; twice his gun missed fire, and although it went off the third time, yet the stag bounded away unhurt into the midst of the forest. Full of vexation, he threw himself under a tree, and cursed his fate, when suddenly a rustling was heard among the bushes, and a queer-looking

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soldier with a wooden leg came hopping out from among them.

‘Holloa, huntsman!’ he began, laughing at the disconsolate-looking William, ‘what is the matter with you? Are you in love, or is your purse empty, or has anybody charmed your gun? Come, don’t look so blank; give me a pipe of tobacco, and we’ll have a chat together.’

William sullenly gave him what he asked, and the soldier threw himself down in the grass by the side of him. The conversation naturally turned upon woodcraft, and William related his misfortunes to him. ‘Let me see your gun,’ said the soldier. William gave it. ‘It is assuredly bewitched,’ said he of the wooden leg, the moment he had taken it in his hand; ‘you will not be able to fire a single shot with it; and if they have done it according to rule, it will be the same with every gun you shall take into your hands.’

William was startled; he endeavoured to raise objections against the stranger’s belief in witches, but the latter offered to give him a proof of the justice of his opinions. ‘To us soldiers,’ said he, ‘there is nothing strange; and I could tell you many wonderful things, but which would detain us here till night. But look here, for instance; this is a ball which is sure of hitting its mark, because it possesses some particular virtue: try it; you won’t miss.’ William loaded his gun and looked around for an object to aim at. A large bird of prey hovered high above the forest, like a moving dot;—‘Shoot that kite,’ said the one-legged companion. William laughed

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at his absurdity, for the bird was hovering at a height which the eye itself could scarcely reach. 'Laugh not, but fire,' said the other, grimly; 'I will lay my wooden leg that it falls.' William fired, the black dot sunk, and a huge kite fell bleeding to the ground. 'You would not be surprised at that,' said he of the wooden leg to the huntsman, who was speechless and staring with astonishment; 'you would not, I repeat, be surprised at that, if you were better acquainted with the wonders of your craft. Even the casting such balls as these is one of the least important things in it; it merely requires dexterity and courage, because it must be done in the night. I will teach you for nothing when we meet again; now I must away, for the bell has tolled seven. In the meantime—here, try a few of my balls: still you look incredulous—well—till we meet again——'

The soldier gave William a handful of balls, and departed. Full of astonishment, and still distrusting the evidence of his senses, the latter tried another of the balls, and again struck an almost unattainable object: he loaded his gun in the usual manner and again missed the easiest! He darted forward to follow the crippled soldier, but the latter was no longer in the forest; and William was obliged to remain satisfied with the promise which he had given of meeting him again hereafter.

Great joy it gave to the honest forester when William returned, as before, loaded with game from the forest. He was now called upon to explain the circumstance; but not being pre-

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pared to give a reason, and above all, dreading to say anything upon the subject of his infallible balls, he attributed his ill luck to a fault in his gun, which he had only, he pretended, last night discovered and rectified. 'Did I not tell you so, wife,' said Bertram, laughing. 'Your demon was lodged in the barrel; and the goblin which threw down father Kuno this morning, sat grinning on the rusty nail.' 'What say you of a goblin,' demanded William; 'and what has happened to father Kuno?' 'Simply this,' replied Bertram; 'his portrait fell of itself from the wall this morning, just as the bell tolled seven; and the silly woman settled it that a goblin must be at the bottom of the mischief, and that we are haunted accordingly.'

'At seven,' repeated William, 'at seven!' and he thought, with a strange feeling of affright, of the soldier who parted from him exactly at that moment. 'Yes, seven,' continued Bertram, still laughing. 'I do not wonder at your surprise; it is not a usual ghostly hour, but Anne would have it so.' The latter shook her head doubtfully, and prayed that all might end well; while William shivered from head to foot, and would secretly have vowed not to use the magic balls, but that the thought of his ill luck haunted him. 'Only one of them,' said he internally; 'only one of them for the master-shot, and then I have done with them for ever.' But the forester urged him the next instant to accompany him into the forest; and as he dared not excite fresh suspicions of his want of skill, nor offend the old man by refusing,

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he was again compelled to make use of his wondrous balls ; and in the course of a few days he had so accustomed himself to the use of them, and so entirely reconciled his conscience to their doubtful origin, that he saw nothing sinful or even objectionable in the business. He constantly traversed the forest in the hope of meeting the strange giver of the balls, for the handful had decreased to two, and if he wished to make sure of the master-shot, the utmost economy was necessary. One day he even refused to accompany Bertram, for the next was to be the day of trial, and the chief forester was expected : it was possible he might require other proofs than the mere formal essay, and William thus felt himself secure. But in the evening, instead of the commissary, came a messenger from the duke, with an order for a large delivery of game, and to announce that the visit of the chief forester would be postponed for eight days longer.

William felt as if he could have sunk into the bosom of the earth as he listened to the message, and his excessive alarm would have excited strange suspicions, if all present had not been ready to ascribe it to the delay of his expected nuptials. He was now obliged to sacrifice at least one of his balls, but he solemnly swore nothing should rob him of the other but the forester's master-shot.

Bertram was outrageously angry when William returned from the forest with only one stag ; for the delivery order was considerable. He was still more angry the next day at noon, when Rudolph

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returned loaded with an immense quantity of game, and William returned with none: he threatened to dismiss him and retract his promise respecting Catherine if he did not bring down at least two deer on the following day. Catherine was in the greatest consternation, and earnestly besought him to make use of his utmost skill, and not let a thought of her interrupt his duties while occupied in the forest. He departed—his heart laden with despair. Catherine, he saw too plainly, was lost to him for ever; and nothing remained but the choice of the manner in which he should destroy his happiness. Whilst he stood lost in the agonizing anticipation of his impending doom, a herd of deer approached close to him. Mechanically he felt for his last ball; it felt tremendously heavy in his hand: he was on the point of dropping it back, resolving to preserve his treasure at every hazard, when suddenly he saw—oh sight of joy!—the one-legged soldier approaching. Delightedly he let the ball drop into the barrel, fired, brought down a brace of deer, and hastened forward to meet his friend; but he was gone! William could not discover him in the forest.

‘Hark ye, William!’ said the forester to him in the evening, rousing him from the torpor of grief into which he had fallen; ‘you must resent this affront as earnestly as myself: nobody shall dare utter falsehoods of our ancestor Kuno, or accuse him as Rudolph is now doing. I insist,’ continued he, turning again to the latter, ‘if good angels helped him (which was very likely,

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for in the Old Testament we frequently read of instances of their protection), we ought to be grateful and praise the wonderful goodness of God. But nobody shall accuse Kuno of practising the black art. He died happily—ay, and holily, in his bed, surrounded by children and grandchildren—which he who carries on a correspondence with the evil one never does. I saw a terrible example of that myself, when I was a forester's boy in Bohemia.'

'Let us hear how it happened, good Bertram,' said all the listeners; and the forester nodded gravely, and continued.

'I shiver when I think of it; but I will tell you nevertheless. When a young man, practising with other youths under the chief foresters, there used frequently to join us a town lad, a fine daring fellow, who, being a great lover of field sports, came out to us as often as he could. He would have made a good marksman, but was too flighty and thoughtless, so that he frequently missed his mark. Once, when we ridiculed his awkwardness, we provoked him into a rage, and he swore by all that was holy that he would soon fire with a more certain aim than any gamekeeper in the country, and that no animal should escape him, either in the air or on the earth. But he kept his light oath badly. A few days afterwards an unknown huntsman roused us early, and told us that a man was lying in the road and dying without assistance. It was poor Schmid. He was covered with wounds and blood, as if he had been torn by wild beasts: he could not

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speak, for he was quite senseless, with scarcely any appearance of life. He was conveyed to Prague, and just before his death declared that he had been out with an old mountain huntsman to a cross road, in order to cast the magic balls, which are sure of hitting their mark ; but that making some fault or omission, the demon had treated him so roughly that it would cost him his life.'

'Did he not explain ?' asked William, shuddering.

'Surely,' replied the forester. 'He declared before a court of justice that he went out to the cross road with the old gamekeeper ; that they made a circle with a bloody sword, and afterwards set it round with skulls and bones. The mountain hunter then gave his directions to Schmid as to what he was to do : he was to begin when the clock struck eleven to cast the balls, and neither to cast more nor fewer than sixty-three ; one either above or under this number would, when the bell tolled midnight, be the cause of his destruction : neither was he to speak a single word during his work, nor move from the circle, whatever might happen, above, below, or around him. Fulfilling these conditions, sixty balls would be sure of hitting, and the remaining three only would miss. Schmid had actually begun casting the balls when, according to what we could gather from him, he saw such cruel and dreadful apparitions that he at length shrieked and sprung out of the circle, falling senseless to the ground ; from which trance he did not recover till under the hands of the physician in Prague.'

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‘Heaven preserve us!’ said the forester’s wife, crossing herself. ‘It is a very deadly sin undoubtedly,’ pursued Bertram, ‘and a true woodsman would scorn such practice. He needs nothing but skill, and a good gun, as you have lately experienced, William. I would not, for my own part, fire off such balls for any price; I should always fear the fiend would, at some time or other, conduct the ball to his own mark instead of to mine.’

Night drew round them with the conclusion of the forester’s story. *He* went to his quiet bed, but William remained in restless agony. It was in vain that he attempted to compose himself. Sleep fled entirely from his spirit. Strange objects flitted past him, and hovered like dark omens over his pillow. The strange soldier of the forest, Schmid, Catherine, the duke’s commissary, all rushed before his eyes, and his fevered imagination converted them into the most dreadful groups. Now, the miserable Schmid stood warningly before him, and hollowly pointed to his newly bleeding wounds; then the dark distorted face faded to the pallid features of Catherine wrestling with the strength of death; while the wild soldier of the forest stood mocking his agony with a hellish laugh of scorn. The scene then changed to his mind, and he stood in the forest before the commissary, preparing for the master-shot. He aimed—fired—missed. Catherine sunk down on the earth. Bertram drove him away, while the one-legged soldier, now again a friend, brought him fresh balls;

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but too late—the trial was over, and he was lost.

In this manner wore away his agonized night, and with the earliest dawn he sought the forest, hoping to meet with the soldier; the clear morning air chased away the dark images of sleep from his brow and enerved his drooping spirit. ‘Fool!’ said he to himself, ‘because I cannot understand what is mysterious, must the mystery therefore be a sin? Is what I seek so contrary to nature that it requires the aid of spirits to obtain it? Does not man govern the mighty instinct of animals, and make them move according to the will of their master? Why then should he not be able, by natural means, to command the course of inanimate metal which receives force and motion only through him? Nature is rich in wonders which we do not comprehend, and shall I forfeit my happiness for an ignorant prejudice only? No! Spirits I will not call upon, but nature and her hidden powers I will challenge and use, even though unable to explain its mystery. I will seek the soldier, and, if I cannot find him, I will at least be bolder than Schmid, for I have a better cause. He was urged by presumption, I by love and honour.’

But the soldier appeared not, however earnestly William sought him; neither could any of those of whom he inquired give him the slightest information respecting him, and two days were wasted in these anxious and fruitless inquiries.

‘Then be it so,’ exclaimed the unhappy young

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man ; and in a fit of despair he resolved to cast the magic balls in the forest. 'My days,' he added, 'are numbered to me ; this night will I seek the cross-road. Into its silent and solitary recess no one will dare to intrude ; and the terrible circle will I not leave till the fearful work shall be done.'

But when the shadows of evening fell upon the earth, and after William had provided lead, bullet-mould, and coals, for his nocturnal occupation, he was gently detained by Bertram, who felt, he said, so severe an oppression, that he entreated him to remain in his chamber during the night. Catherine offered her services, but they were, to her astonishment, declined. 'At any other time,' said her father, 'I should have preferred you, but to-night it must be William. I shall be happier if he will remain with me.'

William hesitated. He grew sick in his inmost heart. He would have objected, but Catherine's entreaties were so earnest, her voice so irresistible, that he had nothing to oppose against her wishes. He remained in the chamber, and in the morning Bertram's dark fears had faded, and he laughed at his own absurdity. He proposed going to the forest, but William, who intended to devote the day to his search for the soldier, dissuaded him, and departed alone. He went, but returned disappointed, and once more resolved to seek the forest at night. As he approached the house, Catherine met him. 'Beloved William,' said she, 'you have a visitor, and a dear one, but you must guess who it is.'

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William was not at all disposed to guess, and still less to receive visits ; for at that time the dearest friend would have been the most unwelcome intruder. He answered peevishly, and was thinking of a pretext to turn back, when the door of the house opened, and the pale moon threw her soft ray upon a venerable old man, in the garb of a huntsman, who extended his arms towards him ! and ‘ William ! ’ said a kind and well-known voice, and the next instant the young forester found himself folded to the bosom of his beloved uncle.

Ah ! magic of early ties, dear recollections, and filial gratitude ! William felt them all ; his heart was full of joy, and all other thoughts were forgotten. Suddenly spoke the warning voice to the tranquil happy dreamer. The midnight hour struck, and William, with a shudder, remembered what he had lost. ‘ But one night more remains to me,’ said he ; ‘ to-morrow, or never.’ His violent agony did not escape the eye of his uncle, but he ascribed it to fatigue, and excused himself for detaining him from his needful rest, on account of his own departure, which he could not delay beyond the following day. ‘ Yet grieve not, William,’ said the old man as he retired to rest ; ‘ grieve not for this short hour thus spent, you will only sleep the sounder for it.’ William shivered, for to his ear these words conveyed a deeper meaning. There was a dark foreboding in his heart that the execution of his plan would for ever banish the quiet of sleep from his soul.

But day dawned—passed—and evening de-

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scended. 'It must be now or never,' thought William, 'for to-morrow will be the day of trial.' The females had been busied in preparations for the wedding and the reception of their distinguished guest. Anne embraced William when he returned, and, for the first time, saluted him with the dear name of son. The tender joy of a young and happy bride glittered in the sweet eyes of Catherine. The supper-table was covered with flowers, good food, and large bottles of long-hoarded wine from the stores of Bertram. 'Children,' said the old man, 'this is our own festival; let us, therefore, be happy: to-morrow we shall not be alone, though you may, perhaps, be happier. I have invited the priest, dear William, and when the trial is over——' A loud shriek from Catherine interrupted the forester. Kuno's picture had again fallen from its place and had struck her severely on the forehead. Bertram grew angry. 'I cannot conceive,' said he, 'why this picture is not hung properly; this is the second time it has given us a fright: are you hurt, Catherine?' 'It is of no consequence,' replied the maiden, gently wiping away the blood from her bright curls; 'I am less hurt than frightened.'

William grew sick when he beheld her pale face, and forehead bathed in blood. So he had seen her in his distempered dreams on that dreadful night: and this reality conjured up all those fearful fantasies anew. His determination of proceeding in his plan was shaken; but the wine, which he drank in greater quantities than usual, filled him with a wild courage, and enerved him

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to undertake its execution. The clock struck nine. Love and valour must combat with danger, thought William. But he sought in vain for a decent pretence to leave his Catherine. How could he quit her on the bridal eve? Time flew with the rapidity of an arrow, and he suffered agonies even in the soft arms of rewarding love. Ten o'clock struck: the decisive moment was come. Without taking leave, William started from his bride and left the house to range the forest. 'Whither go you, William?' said her mother, following him, alarmed. 'I have shot a deer which I had forgotten,' answered the youth. She still entreated, and Catherine looked terrified, for she felt that there was something (though she knew not what) to fear, from his distracted manner. But their supplications were unheeded. William sprung from them both, and hastened into the forest.

The moon was on the wane, and gleamed a dark red light above the horizon. Grey clouds flew rapidly past and sometimes darkened the surrounding country, which was soon relighted up by the wild and glittering moonlight. The birch and aspen trees nodded like spectres in the shade; and to William the silver poplar was a white shadowy figure, which solemnly waved, and beckoned him to return. He started, and felt as if the two extraordinary interpositions to his plan, and the repeated falls of the picture, were the last admonitions of his departing angel, who thus warned him against the commission of an un-blessed deed. Once more he wavered in his

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intention. Now he had even determined to return, when a voice whispered close to him, 'Fool! hast thou not already used the magic balls, and dost thou only dread the toil of labouring for them?' He paused. The moon shone brilliantly out from a dark cloud and lighted up the tranquil roof of the forester's humble dwelling. William saw Catherine's window shine in the silvery ray, and he stretched out his arms towards it, and again directed his steps towards his home. Then the voice rose whisperingly again around him, and, 'Hence!—to thy work!—away!' it murmured; while a strong gust of wind brought to his ear the stroke of the second quarter. 'To my work,' he repeated; 'ay; it is cowardly to return half-way—foolish to give up the great object, when, for a lesser, I have already perhaps risked my salvation. I will finish.'

He strode rapidly forward. The wind drove the fugitive clouds over the moon, and William entered the deep darkness of the forest. Now he stood upon the cross road; the magic circle was drawn; the skulls and bones of the dead laid in order around it; the moon buried herself deeper in the cloudy mass, and left the glimmering coals, at intervals fanned into a blaze by the fitful gusts of wind, alone to lighten the midnight deed, with a wild and melancholy glare. Remotely the third quarter sounded from a dull and heavy tower clock. William put the casting ladle upon the coals, and threw the lead into it, together with three balls which had already hit their mark, according to the huntsman's usage: then the

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forest began to be in motion ; the night ravens, owls, and bats fluttered up and down, blinded by the glare of light. They fell from their boughs and placed themselves among the bones around the circle, where, with hollow croakings and wild jabberings, they held an unintelligible conversation with the skulls. Momentarily their numbers increased, and among and above them hovered pale cloudy forms, some shaped like animals, some like human beings. The gusts of wind sported frightfully with their dusky vapoury forms, scattering and reuniting them like the dews of the evening shades. One form alone stood motionless and unchanged near the circle, gazing with fixed and woeful looks at William ; once it lifted up its pale hands in sorrow, and seemed to sigh. The fire burned gloomily at the moment ; but a large grey owl flapped its wings and fanned the dying embers into light. William turned shivering away ; for the countenance of his dead mother gazed mournfully at him from the dark and dusky figure.

The bell tolled eleven ; the pale figure vanished with a groan ; the owls and night ravens flew screeching up into the air, and the skulls and bones clattered beneath their wings. William knelt down by his hearth of coals. He began steadily to cast, and, with the last sound of the bell, the first ball fell from the mould.

The owls and the skulls were quiet ; but along the road an old woman, bent down with the weight of age, advanced towards the circle. She was hung round with wooden spoons, ladles, and

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other kitchen utensils, which made a frightful clattering. The owls screeched at her approach, and caressed her with their wings. Arrived at the circle, she stooped down to seize the bones and the skulls ; but the coals hissed flames at her, and she drew back her withered hands from the fire. Then she paced round the circle, and, grinning and chattering, held up her wares towards William. 'Give me the skulls,' she gabbled ; 'give me the skulls, and I will give thee my treasures ; give me the skulls, the skulls ; what canst thou want with the trash ? Thou art mine—mine, dear bridegroom ; none can help thee : thou canst not escape me ; thou must lead with me in the bridal dance. Come away, thou bridegroom mine !'

William's heart throbbed ; but he remained silent and hastened on with his work. The old woman was not a stranger to him. A mad beggar had often haunted the neighbourhood until she found an asylum in the mad-house. Now, he knew not whether her appearance was a reality or a delusion. In a short time she grew enraged, threw down her stick, and chattered anew at William. 'Take these for our nuptial night,' she cried : 'the bridal bed is ready, and to-morrow, when evening cometh, thou wilt be wedded to me. Come soon, my love ; delay not, my bridegroom ; come soon.' And she hobbled slowly away into the forest.

Suddenly there arose a rattling like the noise of wheels, mingled with the cracking of whips and shouting of men. A carriage came headlong,

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with six horses and outriders. 'What is the meaning of all this in the road?' cried the foremost horseman. 'Room there!' William looked up. Fire sprung from the hoofs of the horses, and round the wheels of the carriage: it shone like the glimmering of phosphorus. He suspected a magical delusion, and remained quiet. 'On, on, upon it!—over it!—down! down!' cried the horseman; and in a moment the whole troop stormed in headlong upon the circle. William plunged down to the earth, and the horses reared furiously above his head; but the airy cavalry whirled high in the air with the carriage, and, after turning several times round the magic circle, disappeared in a storm of wind, which tore the tops of the mightiest trees, and scattered their branches to a distance.

Some time elapsed ere William could recover from his terror. At length he compelled his trembling fingers to be steady, and cast a few balls without further interruption. Again the well-known tower clock struck, and to him in the dreadful solitary circle, consoling as the voice of humanity, rose the sound from the habitations of men, but the clock struck the quarter thrice. He shuddered at the lightning-like flight of time; for a third part of his work was hardly done. Again the clock struck, for the fourth time!—Horror!—his strength was annihilated, every limb was palsied, and the mould fell out of his trembling hand. He listened, in the quiet resignation of despair, for the stroke of the full, the terrible midnight hour. The sound hesitated—delayed—

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was silent. To palter with the awful midnight was too daring and too dangerous even to the dreadful powers of darkness. Hope again raised the sunk heart of William ; he hastily drew out his watch, and beheld it pointing to the second quarter of the hour. He looked gratefully up towards heaven, and a feeling of piety moderated the transport, which, contrary to the laws of the dark world, would otherwise have burst forth in loud and joyous exclamations.

Strengthened by the experience of the last half-hour against any new delusion, William now went boldly on with his work. Everything was silent around him, except that the owls snored in their uneasy sleep, and at intervals struck their beaks against the bones of the dead. Suddenly it was broken by a crackling among the bushes. The sound was familiar to the sportsman, and, as he expected, a huge wild boar broke through the briers and came foaming towards the circle. Believing this to be a reality, he sprung hastily on his feet, seized his gun, and attempted to fire. Not a single spark came from the flint. Startled at his danger he drew his hunting knife to attack it,—when the bristly savage, like the carriage and the horses, ascended high above his head, and vanished into the silent fields of air.

The anxious lover worked on steadily to regain the time he had so unhappily lost. Sixty balls were cast. He looked joyfully upwards ; the clouds were dispersing, and the moon again threw her bright rays upon the surrounding country ; he was rejoicing in the approaching end of his

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labours when an agonized voice, in the tones of Catherine, shrieked out the name of 'William!' In the next moment he beheld his beloved dart from among the bushes and gaze fearfully around her. Following her distracted steps, and panting closely behind her, trod the mad beggar woman, extending her withered arms towards the fugitive, whose light dress, fluttering in the wind, she repeatedly attempted to grasp. Catherine collected her expiring strength in one desperate effort to escape, when the long-sought soldier of the forest planted himself before her and delayed her flight. The hesitation of the moment gained time for the mad woman, who sprung wildly upon Catherine, and grasped her in her long and fleshless hands. William could endure it no longer, he dashed the last ball from his hand, and was on the point of springing from the circle, when the bell tolled midnight and the delusion vanished. The owls knocked the skulls and bones clattering against each other, and flew up again to their hiding places; the coals were suddenly extinguished; and William sunk, exhausted with fatigue, to the earth; but there was no rest for him in the forest; he was again disturbed by the slow and sullen approach of a stranger, mounted upon a huge and coal-black steed: he stopped before the demolished magic circle, and addressing the huntsman,—'You have stood the trial well,' said he; 'what do you require of me?'

'Of you, stranger, nothing,' replied William; 'of that of which I had need, I have prepared for myself.'

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‘But with my assistance,’ continued the stranger; ‘therefore a share of it belongs to me.’ ‘Certainly not,’ replied the huntsman; ‘I have neither hired you nor called upon you.’

The horseman smiled. ‘You are bolder than your equals are wont to be,’ said he. ‘Take then the balls which you have cast: sixty for you, three for me. The first hit, the second miss. When we meet again you will understand me.’

William turned away. ‘I will not meet you again; I will never see you more,’ he cried, trembling. ‘Why do you turn from me?’ demanded the stranger with a horrible laugh: ‘do you know me?’ ‘No, no,’ said the huntsman, shuddering; ‘I know you not; I will not even look upon you. Whoever you may be, leave me.’

The black horseman turned his steed. ‘The rising hairs of your head,’ cried he with gloomy gravity, ‘declare that you do know me. You are right; I am he whom you name in the secrecy of your soul, and shudder to think you have done so.’ At these words he disappeared, and the trees under which he had stood let their withered branches sink helpless and dead to the earth.

‘Merciful Heaven! William,’ said Catherine, on remarking his pale and distracted look on his return after midnight, ‘what has happened to you? you look as if you had just risen from the grave.’ ‘It is the night air,’ he replied; ‘and I am not well.’ ‘But, William,’ said the forester, who had just entered, ‘why then would you go to the forest: something has happened to you there. Boy, you cannot thus blind me.’

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William was startled ; the sad solemnity of Bertram's manner struck him. ' Yes, something has occurred,' said he ; ' but have patience for a few days and all shall be explained to your satisfaction.' ' Willingly, dear son,' interrupted the forester ; ' question him no further, Catherine. Go to your needful rest, William, and indulge in hope of the future. He who goes on in his occupation openly and honestly never can be harmed by the evil spirits of the night.'

William had need of all his dissimulation ; for the old man's observations so nearly meeting the truth, his forbearing love and unshaken confidence in William's honesty, altogether distracted his mind : he hastened to his room, determined to destroy the magical preparation. ' But one ball—only one will I use,' exclaimed he, weeping aloud, with his folded hands held up to heaven ; ' and surely this determination will efface the sin of the deed I have committed. With a thousand acts of penitence I will make atonement for what is past, for I cannot now step back without betraying my happiness, my honour, and my love.' And with this resolution he calmed the tumult of his spirits and met the rays of the morning sun with more tranquillity than he had dared to hope.

The commissary of the duke arrived ; he proposed a shooting party in the forest before the trial of skill took place. ' For, though we must certainly retain the old form,' said he, ' of the essay shot, yet the skill of the huntsman is, after

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all, best proved in the forest : so come, young marksman, to the woods.'

William's cheek grew pale, and he earnestly tried to excuse himself from accompanying them. But when this was refused by the chief forester he entreated at least to be allowed to fire his trial shot before their departure. Old Bertram shook his head doubtingly : ' William,' said he, ' should my suspicion of yesterday be just——' ' Father!' replied the youth ; and no longer daring to hesitate, he departed with them to the forest.

Bertram had in vain endeavoured to suppress his forebodings and assume a cheerful countenance. Catherine too was dejected, and it was not until the arrival of the priest that she recollected her nuptial garland : her mother had locked it up, and, in her haste to open the chest, broke the lock, and was obliged to send into the village for another wreath, as too much time had been wasted in endeavouring to recover the first. ' Let them give you the handsomest,' said Anne to the little messenger, ' the very handsomest they have.' The boy accordingly chose the most glittering, and the seller, who misunderstood him, gave him a death garland, composed of myrtle and rosemary, intermingled with silver. The mother and daughter beheld and recognized the mysterious intimation of fate ; they embraced each other in silence and endeavoured to smile away their terror, in imputing it to the boy's mistake. Again the broken lock was tried ; it opened easily now ; the wreaths were changed,

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and the bridal garland was twined around Catherine's brilliant locks.

The sportsmen returned from the forest. The commissary was inexhaustible on the subject of William's wondrous skill. 'It almost appears ridiculous,' said he, 'after such proofs, to require any further trial; yet in honour of the old custom, we must perform what appears superfluous; we will therefore finish the business as quickly as possible. There, upon that pillar, sits a dove, shoot it.' 'For God's sake,' said Catherine, hastily approaching, 'do not shoot that dove. Alas! in my sleep last night I was myself a dove, and my mother, while fastening a ring round my neck, on your approaching us became covered with blood.'

William drew back his gun; but the chief forester smiled. 'So timid, little maiden!' said he, 'that will never do for a huntsman's bride: come, courage! courage!—or is the dove a favourite, perhaps?'

'Ah, no,' she replied; 'it is but fear.'

'Well then,' replied the commissary, 'have courage; and now, William, fire!'

The shot fell, and in the same moment Catherine sunk with a loud scream to the earth. 'Silly girl,' exclaimed the commissary, lifting her up: but a stream of blood flowed over her face, her forehead was shattered, for the ball of the rifle was lodged in the wound. William turned, on hearing loud shrieks behind him, and beheld his Catherine pale, weltering in her blood, and by her side the soldier of the forest, who,

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with a fiendish laugh of scorn, pointed to his dying victim, and cried aloud to William, ‘Sixty hit, three miss!’

‘Accursed fiend!’ shrieked the wretched youth, striking at the detested form with his sword, ‘hast thou thus deceived me?’ His agony permitted no further expression, for he sunk senseless to the earth by the side of the victim bride. The commissary and priest in vain endeavoured to console the childless, heart-broken parents. The mother had scarcely laid the prophetic garland of death upon the bosom of the bridal corpse, when her sorrow and life expired with her last-shed tear: the solitary father soon followed her, and the miserable William closed his life in the mad-house.

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In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep
sleep falleth on men,

Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my
bones to shake.

Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my
flesh stood up. *Job, chap. iv.*

EARLY in the seventeenth century, on a very cold November morning, a gentleman of Winchester was returning to his home, by a road which then led by the borders of the New Forest. He was conversing gaily with his attendants, when his dogs arrested the mirth of the party by darting suddenly into the mazes of the forest, and signifying their discovery of some unusual object by loud and continued howls. Sir Bernard Courtenay instantly followed their track, and was startled by discovering, amid the tangled bushes, the corpse of a man, frightfully mangled, and which appeared to have lain some time in its concealment. Little observation was necessary to point out the identity of the sufferer,—Sir Bernard Courtenay almost instantly recognized an intimate friend, and, with deep and painful commiseration, prepared to assist his attendants to convey the body to its home.

Many conjectures were immediately afloat as to the cause and perpetrator of this dreadful act, and, as is ever usual in such cases, many more absurd and irrational than just:—there was no

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apparent possibility of tracing the fact; it appeared to mock all the art and all the power of justice. He had not been robbed—murder alone had been intended, and had alone been perpetrated; so that one fact at least was clear, that this deed had been the work of an enemy: no common one, it was presumed, if the appearance of the corpse might weigh anything in evidence; it was mangled fearfully, and the frightful distension of the muscles, the grim and rigid expression of the features, the many deep and bloody wounds upon the body, and the firm and powerful grasp with which the strained fingers of one hand clenched a dark lock of human hair, while those of the other as firmly closed over the hilt of a broken dagger, gave tokens that a fierce and terrible struggle had preceded his unexpected destruction. It was hoped that some corresponding token of wounds and fierce exertion might lead to a discovery of the murderer; for none deemed, after beholding the body and calling to mind the noble courage of the victim when in life, that the destroyer could pass from that gripe unharmed.

He who had thus fallen was one for whom every eye had a tear and every heart a genuine sigh; he had been the friend of all, the enemy of none; he was young, beautiful, and brave; and his native town had looked up to him as one who was to add new glory to her venerable name, and new lustre to his own princely blood; and cut off in the beginning of his career, the very heyday of his happiness and beauty, and so cut off—who

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was there that did not lament for John de la Pole? But, though all Winchester, and the county in whose bosom it lies, sorrowed over the corpse of John de la Pole, the agony born from his death was to be found in his family alone; there he had been adored, and there most truly and deeply was his sad destiny accused. His young and lovely wife, scarce past her bridal year,—she who had, long before his marriage, been the secret object of his ardent love, and who, upon the death of his father, became the object of his choice—of her grief it was scarcely possible to think without affright; for, in that convulsion of soul into which, in the first horror of eternal separation from all we love, we invariably fall, she had withdrawn herself from all consolation of her friends—all succour of her attendants; and report whispered that she was using means, though quietly (in order to avoid public shame), to shorten a life which was now become odious and burthensome. To this cruel resolution she had been driven by a terrible incident: on the morning of the discovery of the body, she had, believing him to be on his road towards his home, ascended her carriage in order to meet him, and was driving cheerfully through the town, when her progress was arrested by the appearance of the crowd bearing the corpse of her husband. She recognized it at a glance, and, before they were aware of their imprudence, a piercing shriek announced to the people that she did so. She took another searching, distracted look at the body, and shrunk into the arms of her attendants,

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insensible and silent. *They* thought she was dead—it would not have been wonderful if she had been; the husband of her soul was lying before her, a deep gash across his throat, another had disfigured his snowy brow, and almost divided his once lofty head, while the bosom upon which she had been accustomed to repose was mangled and rent by stabs and blows too many to number—what an object for a young and loving wife! Remembrance was terrible to her, and the inability of justice to discover the murderer added despair to her grief, and thus compelled her to seek for consolation only in the prospect of death.

As bitter a grief, though perhaps not so deep or desperate, had fastened upon the heart of the only survivor of his family, a youth of twenty, of a beauty and virtue equal to his lamented brother, and who had indeed ample reason for his regrets. John de la Pole had been as a father to this youth, and loved him with a warmth far surpassing the kindness of ordinary brotherhood. Eustace had never been taught to remember that he was the younger, for the fortunes of his house were open to him, and the purse of the elder was common to both. On the marriage of the latter with his beloved Agatha, the younger had timidly hinted at his fears of an interruption to their friendship; but John had remedied this by generously providing for his brother, and entreating his Agatha to allow him still a home at the castle: which being granted, Eustace, though still fearful of the influence of his lovely sister, continued to reside at home.

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But the influence he so much dreaded during his life became singularly apparent after the death of his beloved John. The will of the latter had indeed left an independence to Eustace, but nothing to support the splendour of that princely house of which he was now sole representative. All was assigned to Agatha—she was the sole heir of her husband—the being for whose sake alone he appeared to glory in the possession of wealth. Eustace indeed might still enjoy it, but it was upon a condition which drew the blood from the young man's cheek as he read, and palsied the warm throbbings of the heart in his bosom ; it was, that if John de la Pole should die childless before he had attained the age of thirty, Eustace should espouse his widow. His brother even *entreated* this sacrifice of him : he said he knew his heart had been sensible of other charms, but he implored him to yield up this transient gratification to his eternal happiness. He could not endure, he said, the thought of averting from Eustace the fortune of his house ; yet still less could he endure to know that Agatha would fill a subordinate state in his family to that in which he had placed her. He shuddered at the thought of her being driven, by this circumstance, to become the wife of another—of one who would love her, and whom she could also love. He besought Eustace therefore, if he valued his repose, to wed her, as no attachment subsisted between them, and he was satisfied to believe that by him she would be treated with gentleness. Agatha he entreated to comply with his last

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wishes, and accept the hand of Eustace within two months after his death, or be content to resign, with her present rank, the estates to the next of kin. Such was the will of John de la Pole. Eustace, full of grief, instantly retired from the castle of his sister, whom he believed as little inclined to fulfil the conditions of the will as himself, and resigned his spirit for some days to despair; but his friends rallied round him, and represented how much depended upon his calm decision. The next of kin had appeared too, a greedy rapacious man, the son of his father's sister, who seemed to be sure of his inheritance, and whom John (it was conjectured) had purposely named to stimulate his brother to fulfil his dying injunctions. Hugh de Broke was insolent and brutal, had never been upon kindly terms with his cousins, and had once nearly been murdered by the peasantry for wounding John in a quarrel which occurred a few years before. The inhabitants saw him return with disgust; his early brutalities were remembered; and when he boasted, in his drink, that he knew his cousin before his death intended to make a will in his favour, all Hampshire was ready to accuse him of the murder, and many of its gentlemen would have given half their estates to have been able to substantiate the charge. From earnest desire to action there is but one step: the thought was scarcely uttered by one, ere many endeavoured to prove it a fact, and Hugh de Broke became, from an object of mere dislike, one of abhorrence and suspicion. He was not told of the murmurs afloat

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respecting him ; and he was too much accustomed to signs of dislike to observe anything new in their conduct. The eyes that glared upon him had nothing in them peculiarly ferocious to him now ; nor did the deep mutterings and suppressed curses as he passed, startle him at this period from his path ; he remembered the hatred of other days, and if he *did* observe any increase of this ill feeling towards him, he attributed their malignity less towards himself in his own person, than against the authority he would be enabled to hold over their actions as the fortunate heir of John de la Pole. At all events, he fortified himself against their inflictions, by resorting in some cases to the exercise of his native brutality, in others to a loud and bitter scorn, which only served to increase their abhorrence and his own unsuspected danger.

The accusers were wary in their proceedings, and silently went on collecting proofs and accumulating evidence, until they believed they had truly, in the ruffian kinsman, discovered the murderer of their popular favourite. It was remembered that, after three years' absence, he had appeared in Hampshire about a month previous to the murder of John, and then had suddenly disappeared, to reappear as suddenly in Winchester after the contents of the extraordinary will were made public. He had boasted a previous knowledge of this document, and he had taken into his service the man who attended John in his fatal journey, and who, by delaying to follow his master, had given courage to the

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assassin to make the attack. This man had been dismissed by Eustace with a bitter reproof, and had immediately repaired to De Broke. Fear, or too much security (it was affirmed), had dictated the measure of his adoption, after a dismissal which ought to have rendered his services everywhere suspicious. John, it was urged, had been absent nearly a month on a visit to a distant friend; he had set out on foot on his return, unaccompanied; for this man, according to his own statement, was commanded by his master to follow him with the horses, one of which (De la Pole's) had been injured by an accident a few days before; but he had loitered long after, in order to keep an appointment which he had made with a damsel in the establishment of his master's friend. He was for this loudly accused of treachery; and De Broke ferociously became his champion, with a violence that only defeated the object he had in view. The lock of hair found in the gripe of the corpse was remembered and produced; it was a bunch of thick and clustering curls, and had been forcibly torn from the head of the assassin. The hair of the servant was pale, but it was remarked that Hugh's was dark and curling, and they sought an opportunity to compare them together. De Broke drove the party from his presence with every mark of contempt, and hardly deigned to assent to the repeated asseverations of his servants, that his hair was much darker, and altogether of a different texture from that produced as taken from the corpse. His conduct was resented warmly. By degrees

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all the gentry assumed the opinions of the mob ; and when, in a violent attack upon his person, it was discovered that his hair had lately been polled in order to facilitate the cure of a wound, and which had hitherto been concealed by the (then) extraordinary contrivance of a peruke, the magistrates made open cause with the people, and Hugh was conducted to prison. There his conduct was sullen and brutal ; he would give no explanation, save that the wound in his head arose from a fall from his horse. He was unusually ferocious, and considerably aggravated his case by his constant threats of deep and deadly vengeance against Eustace de la Pole, who, he insisted, had conspired to cheat him of his estate, in conjunction with his other enemies. Many new proofs appeared against him, and the whole county awaited, in trembling suspense, the event of his anticipated trial.

But these anticipations were not to be gratified : a few nights before the arrival of the judges, Hugh had contrived to escape from his prison, and elude the vigilance of his enemies, by the aid, it was supposed, of his servant, for he also fled the country ; and neither master nor man again fell into the hands of justice.

In the meantime, the interval months, the short period of time allowed for most important considerations, were fast wearing away ; the two persons most interested in their progress had come to no decision ; and though Hugh de Broke had for the present withdrawn his claim, yet he had heirs, who, neither more delicate nor more

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generous than himself, might endeavour to prove his incapacity, and substantiate their own in place of his. At all events delays were dangerous, and the fortunes of De la Pole were too considerable to be put to hazard. Eustacè loved another, and Agatha could not forget her husband ; yet a compliance with the terms of the will became an absolute necessity. Though with averted hearts, they joined hands at the earnest entreaty of friends and relatives ; nor would it have been possible to have refused, since even royal majesty evinced a solicitude that the great fortunes and powerful political interest of the family should not pass into any other hands than those of that loyal and princely blood which had hitherto held them so nobly. Agatha and Eustace became man and wife, and vowed to cherish and love each other till death.

But it was soon evident to all that this was not either in the power or inclination of the new-wedded pair : a deeper sorrow had sunk into their minds, and their calm grief was supplanted by looks and feelings of horror and despair. They spent much of their time together ; but their conferences seemed rather to heighten than to soothe their mutual suffering. It was at length remarked that Eustace never passed his nights in the chamber of his wife, but sometimes in deep groans and anguish in the seclusion of his own apartment, or in wandering wildly through the gloomy mazes of the forest. At such times a stupor would overshadow the spirit of Agatha—a silent and uncomplaining madness that seemed

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to render her insensible to suffering ; and only upon his return did she vent her keen anguish in words, or dissipate her torture by shrieks as piercing as they were fearful.

Those about them saw no other cause for this mental hell, than the grief which had seized upon them by constantly contemplating their eternal separation from the being they most loved. It was anticipated that time would effect, if not a cure, at least some amelioration of its bitterness ; but time rolled on and their agonies did not decrease. Nor did the prospect of an heir to their disastrous union afford any pleasure or consolation to their minds ; they went through the usual routine of preparation, because, as it appeared, it *was* usual ; there was no joyous anticipation on the part of Eustace,—no tender, trembling hope on the side of Agatha ; there was no anxiety, no care ; it was a thing unspoken of, unnoted ; and when the bustle of the house, the importance of the attendants, and the entrance of the friend (who, unsummoned, save by the servants, yet judged it necessary to be near her) told Eustace of the near approaching throes of Agatha, he threw himself upon the ground in the chamber adjoining her and buried his face in his hands.

Eustace, young, beautiful, and of a gallant spirit, was adored by his household, *all* the members of which fondly contemplated the birth of an heir as an event well calculated to calm their mutual suffering, and endear them to each other : and though the maternal anguish of Agatha took

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place before the usual and expected time, the hopes so affectionately cherished were not shaken by the event; but the conduct of their master gave a wound to their generous devotion. Sad and singular as it was, that of Agatha was scarcely less inexplicable: no groans, no tokens of pain accompanied her physical suffering; and it was apparent that some keener pang of the mind, some woe too deep for utterance, had deadened all sense to merely corporal pain. Her eyes were generally closed, except when some louder noise, or the nearer approach of an attendant towards the couch, forced her to open them, and gaze around her for an instant; but, when her senses were thus for a moment awakened, it was evident the object which had aroused them had no share in their attention. Heedless of all that was passing, she took a shuddering rapid glance around the chamber as if in earnest search of one whom she yet feared to encounter, and then closed them in evident affright, and sunk anew into stupor and silence;—it was amidst this stupor and silence that her first-born son entered the world.

Eustace had not long remained absorbed in his own painful meditations ere a mighty shriek from the chamber of Agatha broke upon his ear, and made him partly raise his head from the hard pillow to which he had consigned it. But his soul was dead within him;—he thought no further agony could reach him now—no keener pang could inflict a wound in his already crushed heart; and though the scream was one of horror and

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dismay, a sound of many voices in grief and consternation, it passed over his senses without further notice, and he again drooped his head to the ground, and, grovelling to earth, seemed as he would bury himself from his anguish in the kindly bosom of his only parent—his last—his truest friend.

But repose was not for him—no, not even the repose of despair—he was again to wake, to feel, to suffer ; there was an undreamed-of agony near—a sting that was to penetrate his palsied bosom and awake his crushed soul from the dead ; to die would have been bliss, but that was a bliss denied him.

The unhappy young man arose ;—a footstep was heard hastily rushing towards his chamber—the wife of Courtenay approached him with a look of commiserating regard, and took his arm to draw him to the apartment of Agatha. She did not speak, but Eustace read in the expression of her features that there was yet more to encounter and to endure. He entered the apartment of his wife—*she* was lying speechless and insensible upon her couch, utterly incapable of any observation of what was passing around her ; and by her side lay a deformed and distorted infant, plunged in the still deeper silence of death.

In the first moment of sorrow, the friend who had so hastily sought the presence of Eustace, had done so under the compelling influence of the circumstance and the time ; but a few moments had scarcely elapsed, ere Courtenay recovered

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sufficient recollection to decide that his wife had judged unwisely in so rapidly flying from the chamber of the poor Agatha, and bursting into that of her husband, dreading the influence the sudden grief might probably acquire over the already racked brain of the latter. With this feeling, Courtenay raised his eye from the dead child to observe the countenance of Eustace, and, if possible, form a judgment as to how he was likely to support this shock : but here his fears gave place to a new feeling, and his grief was overpowered by astonishment at the singular deportment of Eustace : the childless father advanced slowly towards the corpse of his infant, and gazed upon it intently for a moment ; a spasm of agony passed over his countenance, but there was no surprise mingled with its expression. ‘ And is it indeed *thus* ! ’ he murmured in a low and agonized tone of voice ; ‘ and *so* must my punishment begin !—yet better is it even thus, than that thou, poor distorted thing ! shouldst live to reproach thy father, and, by thy sufferings, be an accusing witness against him.’ A convulsive shivering seized upon his frame, and he seemed to be struggling with some difficult and awful resolve : At that moment a similar convulsion appeared to extend itself to the body of the infant ; its eyes rolled, and one arm suddenly stretched itself out with a convulsive kind of movement, and remained extended, pointing towards Eustace. The struggle was at an end in an instant ; the change from distracted to subdued sorrow was the work of a moment. He grew perfectly calm,

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and turning his looks again towards the infant, and addressing it in a low steady voice, 'I thank thee,' he said, 'for this warning; thou too shalt not have cause to reproach me; I have hesitated too long; but His will and thine shall be done.' Saying thus, his head drooped upon his bosom as in deep thought, and the extended arm of the child a moment after fell quietly down by its side.

Courtenay, the friend of Eustace and the near relative of Agatha, now judged that in this moment of calmness he might venture some expressions of consolation. He deeply regretted that he should have mistaken the sleep of the infant for the last slumber of death, and he urged to Eustace the possibility that the union of medical skill and paternal care might relieve his child from its afflictions, and restore it, in natural beauty, to his love. He continued to dwell some time longer upon well-intended topics of consolation, until he perceived that Eustace no longer heard his observations, or even remembered his presence. Suddenly, a new thought appeared to awaken the dormant faculties of the latter. 'Has Agatha seen her child?' he demanded. 'No,' replied the wife of Courtenay; 'she was insensible at the time of its birth, and I instantly rushed from the chamber to seek counsel of my husband: he could give none; but, terrified as myself, followed me hither. Now, I deem, that as the child has uttered no sound since it came into the world, it were better she were told of its death; it will be but an anticipa-

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tion of what must happen ; for surely such an unhappy object cannot long exist.' 'I know not that,' observed Eustace, sadly ; 'but at least do as thou hast said, and remove the child from the castle.' Courtenay retired from the apartment ; and the wish of De la Pole was speedily obeyed.

But it seemed as if this unmeasured sorrow had brought calmness to him whom they feared it would annihilate : he sought not the apartment of his wife, but retired tranquilly to his own ; and there was a stillness in it throughout the night, wholly unlike the restless paces and disturbed groans which had hitherto been heard to issue from it. In the morning he went to Agatha : their conference was long and sad, for traces of tears were on her countenance when they parted ; but the shrieks and agonies which had formerly distinguished their interviews were no more ; she had caught consolation and fortitude from him, and her mind, it appeared, had now grown as resigned and tranquil as his own.

Eustace made a journey to a distant part of the country : he spoke nothing of his intention previous to his setting out, nor of its object on his return ; that it had been of importance could only be collected from the care with which he had concealed it, and the continual occupations which followed his arrival at Winchester. He was constantly employed in writing, and once or twice had had earnest conversations with Courtenay. It was during one of these that he received an unexpected interruption in the person of Agatha,

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who entered calmly the apartment of her husband and demanded his attention. Courtenay arose and was preparing to retire, when Agatha arrested his steps. 'That which I have to say is for thy ear also,' she remarked; 'stay, therefore, and answer me. Sleeping on my couch in the midday heat, the voices of my damsels in discourse broke upon my ear, and the sound they uttered gave me to know that my infant boy yet lives; wherefore is it that it is not in the bosom of its mother? and why was it ever banished from her care?' There was a dead silence at the conclusion of this speech. Eustace replied not, and the lip of Courtenay trembled. 'Eustace fears to reply,' observed Agatha; 'he trembles to accumulate more sorrow upon this drooping head; he may, in tenderness, deceive; but thou, Courtenay, knowest not to lie, and from thy lip must the bitter truth come; wherefore is my infant not here?' 'We feared it would die,' answered Courtenay; 'and, therefore, in thy already terrible agony, wished to spare thee the spectacle of its dissolution.' 'But it did not die,' pertinaciously resumed Agatha; 'why was it not restored? it might have brought peace and consolation to the bosom of its mother.' 'No, madam,' returned the shuddering speaker; 'that child would have brought sorrow and dismay, but no joy to the heart of its unhappy parent. We removed it to a distance, fearing the effect of its appearance upon your mind; it is most fearfully disfigured.' 'Disfigured!' repeated Agatha, with a thrilling start. A long pause

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ensued. 'Let her behold the boy,' said Eustace, calmly. 'Yes! let me behold my boy,' said the mother, whose tears of sorrow heightened the lustre of those splendid eyes; 'let me behold my boy; I shall not shrink from his sight, even though he be an eternal remembrancer of——' She paused, and sadly turned her eyes towards her husband. 'Well, then, thou hast anticipated aright,' said Eustace; 'he *will* be to thee an eternal remembrancer; to me—that ghastly face—that pointing hand—I will not behold them; yet do I rejoice in thy resolve, for such is thy painful duty, and thus wilt thou share my sacrifice without enduring my suffering.' He retired as he spoke; and soon after, conducted by Courtenay, in silence and secrecy, the hapless mother folded the ghastly boy to her breast.

It is rare that the human mind can dwell upon more than one wonder at a period. The neighbourhood, roused by the idle gossiping of the castle damsels, had begun to be astonished at the disappearance of the heir of De la Pole, who was said not to be dead, but deprived of his mother's tenderness and his father's succession; and, offended that there should be a secret, they determined that rendering justice to the injured child should be the apology for their own ungenerous curiosity. From this they were diverted by a singular incident.

A meeting of the gentlemen of the county had been called for some public purpose foreign to this narrative. In the midst of this discussion it was observed that Eustace de la Pole was absent:

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this, to many who had known of his recent griefs and habits, was nothing singular ; but those who resided more remote from the sphere of his influence, felt authorized to demand his presence and attention in a matter which was supposed deeply to interest the class to which he belonged. A messenger was despatched to request his attendance, and was told that he was preparing to wait upon them ; and he who was charged with the embassy had scarcely returned to his employers, ere Eustace de la Pole entered the council-chamber, leading by the hand a tall and graceful youth, whom he placed at the table of the council, and behind whose chair he stood while he spoke. His words were few ; but their stunning import threw horror and astonishment over the noble assembly. ‘ I present to you this young man,’ calmly said he ; ‘ and I have assigned to him his appointed place ; mine it must be no longer ; he is the son of Hugh de Broke, who is lately dead, and who, a few months since, was accused of the murder of John de la Pole. I come to render him a late, though, I trust, not useless justice, and restore the honour of his house. This youth is not only the heir of the fortunes of De la Pole, but of his father’s innocence, since I only was the murderer of my brother.’

It would not be possible to paint all the feelings of the audience who listened to this singular declaration, nor the contrariety of opinions that pervaded the minds of men upon its disclosure. Some asserted that derangement had fastened upon the mind of Eustace, and that he only

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imagined the fact ; others, that grief had wearied him of existence, and that, preferring to die by other hands than his own, he had chosen this method of escaping from life and its convulsions ; but the far greater part (as is ever the case in human judgments) decided for the darker side of the question, and concluded the self-accusation to be just, and were only now interested in analysing his motive. The will of the victim too became a subject of infinite wonder ; and when to every interrogatory (save those which implied the participation of Agatha, which he instantly and earnestly denied) Eustace remained mute, indignation supplied the place of pity ; and among those who had been his intimates and friends, had eaten of his bread and drank of his cup, there were not wanting some, who, baffled in their eager pursuit of the marvellous, and offended that a secret was denied to them, even hinted at the torture, as a means of compelling a discovery of his motives and accomplices.

There are many whose sickly existences find health only in the contemplation of the severer agonies of others ; many who, without either hatred or malignity, yet love to feed their unnatural and craving appetites for singularities and horrors, and would rather cherish them with the blood of a dear friend, than suffer them to famish for want of sustenance. In small communities and country places this inclination in the inhabitants is most apparent : here it was cruelly visible. John de la Pole had always been a popular man, and his destiny had afforded them

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a feast of blood, for which they felt grateful to his memory ; from his murderer they could exact it, and they would : the loudest for justice appealed to the king for the application of the torture, and those who pitied the sufferer did not oppose the petition, as curious to behold the result.

The weak and inquisitive prince who then filled the English throne saw something singular and mysterious in the conduct of the young De la Pole, and therefore unhesitatingly gave his assent to the sentence of his judges. The torture was borne by Eustace without a groan, though a close imprisonment of some weeks might have weakened his spirit and exhausted his bodily strength. He walked calmly and unsupported to the scene of suffering, conversing steadily with Courtenay, who never for an instant forsook him. From any outward tokens of anticipated agony or terror, it would have been difficult to distinguish the criminal from the spectator : he even smiled as he recognized his acquaintances in the crowd assembled to gaze upon his sufferings. There was only one action remarkable in his bearing at this trying juncture : on ascending the scaffold, and while they were binding his arms, his attention was arrested apparently by some object near him, though no one could be seen by the crowd, and during the whole period of the infliction of the ‘ *peine forte et dure*,’ the victim kept his eyes still fastened upon this spot, but without articulating a word. When the accumulated weights pressed so heavily on his sinking breast as to threaten dissolution, he raised his head to look

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upon his mangled limbs, and surveyed them in silent attention ; he then turned his eyes to the spot which had so long occupied their regards, and, pointing with a slow and solemn motion to the load upon his breast, said in a clear and steady tone, ‘ Thou see’st ! ’

Eustace was remanded to prison ; his friends, his enemies, those who were neither, all besought him with equal earnestness not to die with this secret sin upon his heart ; he smiled at their anxiety, but answered nothing to their queries ; they doubted his guilt, ascribed his conduct to madness, to despair ;—he replied by throwing off his cap and showing the scar in his head, from which his brother, in the last agonizing grasp of death, had torn the dark and bloody lock which had once so nearly condemned the unfortunate De Broke—and they were silenced. He continued steadfast to his purpose—silent, sorrowful, but calm.

And where was Agatha during these scenes of insult and endurance ? Had she too forsaken the dungeon of her husband, and given up her soul to exultation in his captivity and anguish ? She had once, and only once, demanded admittance to his prison ; she had remained with him many hours, and retired, like himself, tranquilized from the interview. Soon after, she formally resigned the castle and its dependencies to him whom Eustace had named as the lawful heir : her own son, and his claims, were now no longer remembered, since the crime of his father had deprived him of the succession, which had been

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awarded by the king to the son of the injured De Broke. After these arrangements, which were performed in silence and celerity, and with only the casual assistance of Courtenay, Agatha withdrew from her native town and concealed her person and her sorrow for ever from the eyes of the world.

But her desertion of her husband at the tremendous juncture when he so much needed her help and consolation, was not regarded with indignation by the many who considered the circumstances under which she stood: *that* husband was a murderer, and of whom? The terrible question needed no reply, and Agatha was speedily acquitted; her absence too was a trivial circumstance compared with that of her husband's situation. All eyes were turned to the prison at Winchester.

At length Eustace de la Pole was led out to die. It was a splendid day, in the season of autumn, on which his mortal career was to terminate. Consideration for the princely blood which flowed in his veins had forbidden, in his case, the strangulation by the degrading cord, and the axe and the block had been substituted in its room. The novelty of the circumstance drew many thousands round the scaffold, who awaited, in feverish and almost angry impatience, the arrival of him who was to furnish forth the spectacle of the day. He came,—not indeed as before, with an erect and unassisted step, for his limbs had been crushed, and his physical strength destroyed; but his pale countenance was com-

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posed, and his soft rich voice was steady and clear as he conversed at intervals with Courtenay, the priest, and the executioner, who received him courteously, as, led by the two former, he ascended the steps to the scaffold. Of the crowd around he took no heed, but with calm and silent celerity prepared himself for the block. At sight of the noble young man, bare-headed and disrobed for a sad and ignominious death, there were many who could no longer restrain their tears; and hard-hearted grey-headed men who, hating his crime, believed they could find pleasure in his sorrow, and went thither to feast upon his suffering, now wept loudly for him whom, in their first feeling of horror, they had cursed. He appeared unconscious of this change of temper, and seemed rather disposed to hasten than to retard the preparations, for he laid his head down upon his last pillow before the executioner had entirely completed them. He had himself promised to give the signal for the fall of the axe; and while the multitude were anxiously awaiting this movement, they beheld him suddenly raise his head from the block and gaze intently upon one particular spot upon the scaffold; all eyes were instantly directed towards it, but to them at least no object was visible. He gazed for a few moments with intense earnestness, then calmly replacing his head upon the block, exclaimed in solemn but eager accents, 'Thou see'st!' and gave the signal for his death. The axe fell—heavily, rapidly—it was over—swifter than thought. The executioner held up the gory head

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to the people ; the features were calm, the eyes closed ; but before he could utter the customary sentence, they had once more opened and fixed themselves upon the same spot which had attracted the last of their living regards ; they appeared slowly to follow the movement of some unseen object round the scaffold, till they reached the opposite side ; then they withdrew their gaze, quivered for an instant, dropped, dark and immoveable, for ever.

This, as many strange scenes, was however doomed to be forgotten, like other things. Ten years passed away, and ten other wonders had, during that period, interested or frightened the people of Winchester and its surrounding country. John and Eustace de la Pole were no more remembered, or their story only casually mentioned as belonging to the odd things that were ; Courtenay had glided into middle age, and the youth for whom Eustace had done so much, had long since written man.—Ten years ! How many and how striking may be the changes of ten years ! Courtenay had long pondered over the destiny of Agatha, and sighed to think whither her unhappy fate might have conducted her ; but the long interval which passed had almost swept her from his mind, when a letter, in her forgotten character, was one day put into his hand. It was couched in brief and anxious terms, and conveyed a request that he would immediately proceed to her dwelling. Courtenay was no laggard in the cause of humanity ; he did not pause to speculate upon this address, or even to wonder

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at its abruptness, but he set forward instantly, and the morning of the following day saw him knock at a lonely cottage on the coast of Dorsetshire, in the neighbourhood of Corfe Castle. The door was opened by Agatha herself, who, habited in the black robes which she had worn since the sad death of the last of her husbands, received him with courteous sadness. Years had not dimmed the beauty of her matchless face, but sorrow had been busy with its expression; the same lovely features were there, but their once bright character was gone.

Their meeting was tenderly sorrowful : Agatha said little in explanation until she had conducted her guest into an adjoining chamber, and pointed out one object for his observation. Stretched upon a couch, grown to boyhood, covered with wounds, and unchanged in person, save that his deformities had now grown more manifest, lay extended the ghastly boy, the only child of Agatha and the hapless Eustace. Courtenay trembled as he gazed; but the mother's looks were calm. 'He is dead,' she said, on observing the emotion of her guest; 'what Heaven and Nature with so much difficulty spared, the brutality of man has destroyed; he was my joy and sorrow, and many a weary hour have I watched to snatch him from the yawning grave: for ten years he has been my sole care; and for the insults and scorn heaped upon his deformed and idiotic existence, he found compensation in the tenderness of his mother. The small

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pittance which I derived from my father was sufficient for our wants : and never should I have called upon any former friend, but for the cruel deed of yesterday ; robbers from the waters broke into my poor dwelling, and pillaged thence my property. I knew not how it was ; I had gone to a distance to buy food, and on my return found the poor idiot thus. My only attendant, an old woman, had been wounded in his defence ; and from her I with difficulty learned, that the convulsive movements of the boy, and his pointing hand, as his menacing eye followed their actions, had drawn upon him their wrath and its brutal consequences. I am averse from again appearing in the scenes which I have once and for ever abandoned, and therefore I sent for thee, Courtenay, to spare myself the sad task of interring the pale corpse of my boy, and drawing wondering and inquisitive eyes upon my person and history.'

Courtenay was pleased with the confidence reposed in his friendship. A brother's love might have done less for Agatha ; it could not have effected more. Her wishes were immediately performed ; and he was preparing, with unintrusive delicacy, to return to his home, when Agatha for a few moments detained him. ' You have deserved unlimited confidence at my hands,' said she, ' and you shall obtain it : he who is now numbered with the ignominious dead desired it should be so, and I withhold it no longer. You, in common with all the world, were ignorant of the motives which impelled the unhappy man to

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the deed which he perpetrated ; but you did not, in common with all the world, forsake him in his utmost need : for you he drew up the story of his sorrows, and placed it in my hands to be given to you only when I saw the fitting time ; that time hath arrived. The child of sorrow is dead, and I shall still more completely retire from a world where insignificance and poverty are no protection from cruelty and avarice ; a convent will shortly receive me, and, if I continue to live, a newer and better existence will be mine : if not, I shall have done wisely in thus obeying the last command of Eustace.'

Courtenay received the packet and retired ; he lingered not a moment to relieve the recluse of his presence, but returned to Winchester, after receiving her commands to see her again in three days : he then hastened to his apartment, and, with trembling avidity, read, in the confessions of Eustace, the secret story of the fortunes of De la Pole.

' I know that thou despisest me, Courtenay ; I know that thou deemest me no less a fool than a coward ; thou didst bring me the means of an honourable death, gavest into mine hands the dagger and the drug, and I have rejected both : we disputed, differed, parted, met again, and again renewed the subject : thou didst even deign to persuade the coward (so thou thoughtest him) to act like a man ; but thy entreaties were unheeded and thy counsel rejected ; he will die like a thief and a criminal—he will be hooted out of life ; and curses will be the torches to give

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light to his memory, that it sink not into darkness and oblivion.

‘Said I not that I was a sacrifice? that my punishment was a propitiatory offering? Now again I say to thee the same thing. Death would have few horrors for me (for it is a thing I covet) without the ignominy of a public execution; to offer my life for my wrong would be nothing, but to offer it up thus!—This alone can satisfy immortal justice; this alone can satisfy the spirit of the murdered man. Read and behold my meaning.

‘Thou knowest how fondly, contrary to his father’s hope, John de la Pole loved the beautiful daughter of Philip Forester, thy kinsman; but thou knowest not how much more fervently she was adored by the wretched Eustace, and how tenderly the gentle Agatha returned that love. Hope there was none; for what had I to bribe the greedy father of my love, when John de la Pole could hereafter lay the fortunes of his house at her feet? Philip suspected the state of his daughter’s heart, and had looked deeper than I imagined into mine: he determined that a younger brother was not deserving of his Agatha’s beauty, and, by cold civilities and hints of my father’s and brother’s disapprobation, banished me from his house. One thing alone gave consolation to my blighted heart, the steadiness with which my father resolved against the marriage of John with the object of our mutual passion. In one of the sad conferences which I occasionally, though now but seldom, held with my beloved

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Agatha, it occurred to my imagination, that though my father had resolved to dispose differently of the heir of his house, he might not object to my union with the object of my choice ; and I received permission of my beloved to make the attempt upon his feelings. I did so immediately, and, with a rapture which I dare not now dwell upon, received his permission, and his solemn promise to purchase the approbation of the selfish Forester, by bestowing upon me one-fourth of his more than princely fortune. He arranged to see Forester upon the following day : the same evening I flew to Agatha. O Courtenay ! didst thou ever love ? Those few blessed hours were the most happy of my life, and the last that were so. We parted ; Agatha radiant with happiness ; I, to think, to hope, to anticipate, to wish all things could share my transports, to love creation, to love God. In the morning my father was found dead on his couch ; and the following month Agatha became the wife of my brother ! Courtenay ! didst thou ever love ?

‘Thou wilt ask, where was Eustace when his beloved was thus sacrificed ? Alas ! sent to a distance, to execute some commands of that brother upon whom I was now so utterly dependent. He had discovered my love, and thus, without my suspecting his intentions, prevented its consequences : he hastened to Agatha, represented the ruin she would bring upon me, and his determination to abandon me for ever, unless she became his wife ; Forester, who was his ally, threatened her with his curse ; I know not

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all the artifices used,—I never could listen to the detail. She became the wife of the man she could not love, and I was suffered to wither beneath his roof, while, with calm hypocrisy, he told his own tale, ostentatiously enriched his younger brother, and declared he could not live happy without him. Fool that he was!—stupid, uncalculating idiot! He had torn asunder two burning hearts, and expected to smother their fires; he had separated two devoted beings, compelled them to live in each other's presence, and yet expected them to forget. Agatha abhorred his sight,—his very aspect was loathsome to her. I saw her agonies,—I saw her daily shudderings at every demonstration of his love; and cold dews of death spread over my own heart when I beheld her submitting to his fondness. I implored to be banished from the castle; I entreated to be allowed the sad privilege of beholding Agatha no more: he could not trust me from him, he said; and I was obliged to remain. Merciless idiot! blind looker into the human heart! Had he consented, all might then have been well; but how did he dare thus selfishly sport with torture? He went on a journey for a few weeks; he commanded me to a distant part of the country on business of importance to his interests: I went, but returned ere half the allotted time for his absence had expired—to be alone with Agatha—to see her unrestrained—to mingle my tears with hers: I could not resist this one sad bliss, and I hastened back to enjoy it.

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‘ We met, the lover and the beloved, in grief—in madness—in despair! Oh, wonder not, that when we parted guilt should be added to the burthen of our sorrows; but the terrible consciousness of crime changed at once our natures and our deeds. Agatha’s horror of her husband increased: and, now that she was mine, I determined she should no more be his—to fly, and rob the castle for the means of sustenance. Alas! I feared to expose her to scorn, should we be unable to evade the pursuit of justice; and, even if in this we should succeed, what means had I of subsistence when that slender source should fail, proscribed, as we should be, in every part of our native land? To live on, as I had lately done, was still more impossible; since Agatha herself had armed her bosom with a knife to be turned against her heart rather than again endure the horrors of her husband’s love. Again and again we met in passionate, though gloomy conference; and thus continued to waste the time in fruitless debate until his messenger announced his approaching return. Despair gave wings to my thought; Agatha’s eye glanced on mine; she drew the dagger from her breast, and I snatched it from her hand. Our thoughts had spoken—there was no need of words—we had understood each other without them.

‘ I hastened to conceal myself in the New Forest, near the road through which he must pass on his return. He had taken his confidential servant with him, and, rather than expose myself to observation, I had determined to fire at

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him through the trees, calculating and believing that the servant would mistake the attack for that of concealed robbers, and fly, leaving his master to his fate. But I had scarcely arranged my mode of attack ere I heard a footstep in the road; I looked out, and beheld him slowly advancing, with his eyes steadfastly directed towards the towers of his castle, as if he sought out the apartment of his wife. At the sight of him all prudence vanished—all recollection of the calm attack which I had meditated passed away from my mind; I did not even observe that he was alone: hatred and rage filled my heart, and I rushed upon him like a wild beast, tearing him to the earth by the bare strength of sinew, and inflicting many mortal stabs upon his breast: he grappled fiercely with me, struggled hard to rise, and even drew his dagger, which I broke in his grasp before he could strike one blow. He tore a lock of hair from my head, but during the terrible contest he had not uttered a single word, till a deep and home-directed stroke upon his brow threw him powerless on the sod, then he spoke gaspingly to his brother: "Have mercy upon me," he said, "have mercy; I have wronged thee, but that is not the heaviest of my crimes; I would live to repent: to expiate one, the deepest, darkest; let me live; I dare not die. My father!—I overheard his arrangements with thee—I could not bear to lose her—he was found dead on his couch—I smothered him in the night. Mercy, mercy! O Eustace! let me live,—I am not fit to die!" But his words

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raised a wilder fiend in my soul, that scared away the spirit of mercy. He then had been the monster—he !—I raved aloud, “ Murderer ! thou art not fit to live—hell gapes for thee—begone ! ” I drew my dagger across his throat ; the blood gushed upon my face, upon my hands ; he grinned, scowled, gibbered as he sunk, but he spoke and struggled no more.

‘ I hastened home,—but I saw not Agatha, neither did I seek her during the long and terrible night that followed the sunset crime : I dared not tell her what I had done ; I could not have borne to hear her speak of the sin which I had committed. Towards the morning I grew calm ; my fears and horror subsided ; I thought of the atrocious act of the guilty dead, and, by degrees, persuaded myself that I had done an act of justice ; I began to calculate upon the consequences, and seriously consider whether, by this deed, I had really achieved the consummation of my wishes—the possession of my adored Agatha ; she was my sister, the widow of my brother ; could I legally become her husband ? And, allowing the possibility, was it probable that I should be permitted to do so ? These considerations gave birth to the action which followed ; I forged the extraordinary will which gave the succession to me, but only with the hand of Agatha ; and it appeared the more natural, as, during the period of her wedlock, she had borne no child to her husband. That night and succeeding day was thus intently occupied. On the following morning the corpse

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was discovered by you. I had not seen Agatha, but, on hearing of her meeting the body, hastened to calm her mind, and prepare her for the will, which was opened after the interment. I made use of the pretext of another love, to appear repugnant to the wishes of my brother, and quitted the castle to appease the inquietudes of Agatha, who entreated me not to see her again until I could make her my wife.

‘ You remember the reading of that will ; you remember the arrival of De Broke ; poor wretch ! his drunken falsehoods, his silly boasts, and above all, his ungoverned insolence, has cost him fatally dear. I was not concerned at the suspicion which fell upon him ; on the contrary, I rejoiced it had found such an object : but I trembled with horror when I beheld him conducted to a dungeon, and reflected on the probability of his paying the penalty of my crime. Guilty enough already, this accumulation of sin appalled me, and I determined that innocent blood at least should not cry out from earth against me. In the night previous to the day fixed for his trial, which I dreaded equally, whether he should be condemned or acquitted, I sought his prison, and, by an exaggerated account of the popular rage against him, prevailed upon him to accept the means of escape ; his servant who attended him, terrified by the picture I drew of his master’s danger, united his entreaties to mine. Hugh’s courage and fortitude gave way to our solicitations ; he fled, and

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preserved his life at the expense of his honour and his peace.

‘ I cannot express to you how deep was the pang the ruin of this man’s character gave me, nor how I shrunk from the eyes lifted to mine in commiseration, whenever his name was mentioned before me ; even now, now that I have rendered back such severe justice, my heart sickens as I recall the curses which I heard heaped upon his head as the murderer of John de la Pole. I should have suffered less had they branded the criminal unknown, but to hear an innocent man thus accused for me—— O Courtenay ! thou knowest not, mayest thou never know, remorse.

‘ I reasoned much even then upon the folly of this conduct ; I said, I am a cowardly villain, a sneaking murderer, who fears the consequences of the crime he yet feared not to commit. Why should I be careful of this man’s life ? what is his safety to me ? his death might be my security, at least would prevent suspicion from falling elsewhere : are not his manners brutal, his heart selfish, avaricious, and cruel ? who will miss him from the earth ? and by whom will his loss be mourned ? But it is my crime for which he will suffer, and the curse of innocent blood will lie upon my head : neither has he injured me, that I should doom him so hardly ; I cannot even taste the luxury of revenge. These thoughts disquieted me, and, recurring more frequently than I could bear, influenced my conduct in regard to the prisoner. “ The means of escape

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shall be offered to him," I said ; " if, innocent, as he knows himself to be, he be coward enough to accept them, he is worthy of the opprobrium which will cling to him, and I ought not to grieve for that ruin of character which he himself alone will effect."

' With this wretched sophistry I endeavoured to reconcile my conscience, and, strange to say, I succeeded ; care and regret departed from my bosom, and I looked forward to the day of my approaching union with Agatha with an impatience which I found it difficult to control : it came at length, and under happy auspices, for all our friends were assembled around us, and I saw in my beloved's tranquil smile the scarce concealed joy of her heart.

' You remember that day, Courtenay—you remember the brilliant assemblage and the gay festival of night—you remember how brightly sparkled the jest, how sweetly sounded the song, and how every creature present seemed wrapped in the delicious intoxication of the hour—you remember my parting commands after Agatha had retired, to carouse till the day-break, and make the young sun a witness of your felicity : you did so ; it was a scene of joy and splendour. Alas ! there was another, and a widely different, passing in a more retired part of the castle.

' I must pause in my narrative here for a few moments ; all that has as yet been detailed has been plain and simple fact, subject to no doubts, liable to no misconstructions ; hitherto all has been clear ; that which will follow is wild,

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strange, and improbable—mysterious, incomprehensible indeed, yet not less true than that which I have hitherto written. How shall I make you understand what I have to present to your mind ? In what words shall I clothe a narrative so extraordinary as to prevent its stamping me with the opprobrium of folly or madness ? Even now, in my dying hour, on the very steps of the scaffold, I hesitate at the thought of being lightly esteemed by thee, or my sacrifice regarded as the result of a weakened intellect or a disordered brain : it is more easy to die as a knave than be lamented as a fool.

‘ Agatha had withdrawn from the hall with her damsels, and I hastened to follow her ; she had retired to an apartment adjoining her bridal chamber, and thither, wearied of the noise and mirth of the rioters below, I also hastened. I longed for a delight I had not lately experienced, an unreserved conversation with my wife, and to be allowed to dismiss the coldness which, during the day, I had been obliged to feign towards her. The damsels retired, and we were left to pour out our hearts to each other in the unbounded confidence of our new relations, when we were startled by hearing a slow and heavy foot steadily ascending the stairs ; as these were private, leading only to our apartments, Agatha was surprised and offended. “ Who would intrude at this hour ? ” she demanded, while her eyes turned anxiously towards the door. For me, a thrill of horror shot through my inmost heart ; I said, relinquishing the hand I had till then so

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fondly clasped in mine, "*That is the step of my brother !*"

' And it was so, Courtenay : a moment more and the door slowly opened of itself to give entrance to its master ; John de la Pole entered the room and stood between Agatha and me ; his face was as in his dying hour, ghastly and menacing, and every gash of the murderous knife upon his body as frightfully distinct as on the night they were inflicted. In one hand he held a lock of dark hair ; the other was extended threateningly towards me ; and thus he stood between us, drawn from another world by the crime I meditated against his bed, and an everlasting barrier before it.

' My first emotion was astonishment—a boundless and stupefied surprise—then a vague and horrid notion that my brother was not really dead, that he had escaped alive from my hands, and was now come to accuse and surrender me up to scorn. The interval which had passed since his death was obliterated from my mind, and I felt as if that night had been the season of the deed. I spoke in extenuation of my crime, accused his selfishness, cursed his calculating cruelty ; I implored his mercy, folded my hands in supplication, and knelt before him in humble debasement. No muscle of his countenance moved, and not a sound escaped through his bruised and blackened lips ; he did not even look upon me, but continued to fasten his stony eyes upon the face of Agatha, who stood silent and motionless as himself, gazing like a fascinated

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thing upon his aspect of horror. I arose from my knees—shut my eyes—tossed my arms abroad to the air—endeavoured to think I was in sleep, in drunkenness, in delirium : no, *he was still there !*—I thought of the agony of tempestuous feeling I had endured on the night following the commission of the crime, and, believing that my jaded mind was suffering under the same infliction, resolved to seek my couch, to restore my exhausted spirits by rest and sleep. I made an effort to move from my place ; I knew that motion might recall my scattered senses ; and I exerted myself to enter the chamber of Agatha. Wilt thou believe me, Courtenay ? the stern shadow anticipated my movement, and, menacing me back, strode silently towards my bridal chamber. At the door its menacing attitude towards me was changed for one of command to Agatha ; one bloody finger was raised to beckon her to follow : she did so. Still stupidly insensible, gazing fixedly upon his form, she followed the direction of his hand, and passed after him into the chamber : the door closed upon them without a sound.

‘ Now I began to think more calmly : the dead, cold thing was gone, and there was life and air in the apartment ; the feelings of this world came upon me, and I became sensible of fear. *I* was safe ; but where was Agatha ?—*he* had beckoned her forth—was it reality ?—she was gone—had it been the work of imagination, she had still been there—but she might have retired to her chamber alone. This was to be ascer-

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tained. I attempted to enter—the door was fast ; I called upon Agatha—there was no sound in reply ; I reviewed the last scene, considered the incidents of the past, weighed the appearances of the present, and came at length to the terrible conclusion that a spirit of the damned had stood before me, and that Agatha was still in his grasp ! You will not wonder that temporary insanity followed this hideous idea : I grew wild at the thoughts of her danger ; I shrieked aloud for mercy ; I tore my hair in agony, and beat at the closed door with the utmost exertion of strength. I wonder even now that none heard the uproar I made ; but my cries remained unanswered—no sound issued from the bridal chamber of the dead, and I continued to rave until nature, exhausted, sunk speechless and senseless to the earth.

‘Morning had broken over the apartment when I awoke, and I was some moments in recovering recollection of my state and circumstances ; slowly the truth came before me. I was lying extended on the bare ground, the lights had burned out, and there was no trace of visitors having been near me in my sleep. I arose and listened for some sound that might direct my first movements, for now I knew not what to think nor to do. A low sobbing from the chamber of Agatha riveted my attention ; I sprung towards the door, and, to my astonishment, it yielded to the slightest touch : I entered ; Agatha was there, seated upon the bed, and gazing around her with a look of agonizing affright ; she saw me

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on the instant, and rushed into my arms. "Thou art here! thou art safe!" she cried in delirious transport; "and for this I am at least grateful; I deemed he had destroyed thee. But thou didst leave me, Eustace. O quit me not, I beseech thee! save me from him, Eustace, for thou alone canst!" I endeavoured to soothe her anguish, and, after some time, succeeded in restoring her to tranquillity and composure enough to be made acquainted with the real state of our circumstances; and I implored her to inform me whither the ghastly phantom had led her, on their retiring from the chamber. She shuddered at the question, and a wild and strange expression passed over her countenance ere she spoke. "I will tell thee," she said; "yet it is but little that I have to say. To this room we came, and our footsteps wandered no further. Without a word he gave his commands to me, and without a word I obeyed him. I ascended my bridal bed, he had willed it so, and he continued to gaze upon me till my head sunk upon the pillow; then the ghastly thing sat down by my side, and though I closed mine eyes hard that I might not behold him, yet I felt that the shadow of his unearthly face was upon me. Once I looked up in the hope that he was gone; beholding him I shrunk, and would have called upon thee, but the stony eye of the spectre grew larger, and a fiendish pang passed over the immoveable face; then I hid mine in my mantle that I might look upon him no more: insensibility succeeded, and I slept; in the morning I awoke, and he was gone!"

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‘ This was the tale of Agatha ; thou wilt doubt its truth ; nor can I wonder at thy most natural incredulity : yet I would now give my few short hours of life, precious as they may be, that thou hadst been present and *seen* her tell this story ; I can give thee her words, her form of expression, but what language of mine can portray her looks as she spoke, or describe the harrowing tones of her voice as she cried to me for protection ? I doubted not ; for these powerful witnesses would have carried conviction to my mind, had I not already beheld the shadowy thing she spoke of.

‘ What could I offer in consolation ? We wept bitter tears together, and mingled our tender grief. If we indulged a momentary hope that it was but an illusion of the brain, and would return no more, we were quickly undeceived at the approach of night. Again came the ghastly shadow, and again was the spirit of Agatha chained by the sleep of death in his presence. Nor were his visitations confined to the dark and silent hour of night ; when we met in the morning, to lament our fate and weep from our stuffed bosoms the weight that pressed upon our hearts, then, with a hideous familiarity, he would stand between us, mocking, with his menacing grin and uplifted finger, the agony his presence created.

‘ *Another* night came ; we sat alone, solitary, speechless, motionless ; hour after hour passed, and we moved not, except to cast stern regards towards the door, or listen with repressed im-

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patience to every sound in the castle. Slowly, at last, came the step of the dead, heavily ascending the stairs ;—he entered—I rushed to meet him, and the long pent up agony of my soul burst forth in madness uncontrolled. “ Monster !—murderer !—destroyer of thy father and thy brother ! why comest thou thus to torture and not kill ? why is thy bloody hand for ever raised, and yet forbearing to fall ? If thine aim be vengeance, strike—strike—strike—thou blood-bespotted horror ! and rend from hope and from life those who dared to make thee what thou art !—Strike, thou silent, sullen thing ! that we may be as thou art, and learn to fear thee not ! ”

‘ I darted towards him, but was arrested by some invisible barrier ere I had traversed half the distance between us ; I could not reach him, but sunk, as if felled by an unseen blow, helpless and almost senseless, to the ground : *he* did not even look upon me, but again sternly summoned Agatha from the chamber, as nightly he had done before. I—but wherefore dwell upon these agonies ? Suffice it to say, that these accumulated horrors at length drove me from the side of Agatha to solitude and reflection : sorrow came upon my soul—a sorrow less for my crime than for its fatal consequences. “ Alas ! ” I said, “ perhaps the tormentor is himself more keenly punished by these hauntings than either of his shrinking victims : said he not, in the hour of death, that he too was a murderer ? and did he not pray for time in which to expiate the sin ?

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Surely, surely, these visitations must be the hell of the parricide."

'And a feeling of remorse arose in my mind, as I deemed it possible that these unnatural hauntings might be involuntary. I had stabbed at the life of my brother, and plunged his unprepared spirit into the hell which awaited it; and surely a more bitter one than looking again upon the secret deeds of the survivors, could not well be imagined. Agatha, too, no longer wept over her separation from me, but hourly called upon Heaven for pity and for pardon; madness and anguish passed away from her heart, and sorrow and repentance entered it.

'I could not repent; at least I could not feel self-condemnation to that degree which I had been early taught was so necessary—that perfect sorrow which abhorred the crime and the criminal, and which, they say, is alone the gift of Heaven—that I did not feel: still, still did my inmost soul worship the thought of Agatha, and abhor the treachery of John de la Pole. I could not regret that I had avenged my wrong—I could not repent that I had attempted to make her mine; I knew that were the deed again to do—again should I dare, and perform it.

'Repentance then was not mine; but I despaired of peace, and knew how to punish crime: I was not yet weary of life; and though tears of remorse did not fill my eyes for my brother's early doom, yet his unnatural tortures now, and Agatha's suffering, seemed to call for something like justice from my hand. "Perhaps,

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in the stern mood in which I am," I said, "the sacrifice will be greater than if repentance struck; and, believing myself sure of forgiveness, I hastened to make my peace with Heaven. Yes; I will die—I will inflict death upon myself as I would upon another, and expiate crime with blood!"

'But I hesitated still; death, contemplated so near, in any shape, was horrible; but, dealt by the hand of the executioner—I shrunk from the thought, and could not bear the shadow of a stain upon the honour of my house; so I went on from day to day, dreaming of justice but rendering none, till the birth of Agatha's son. Thou wast surprised, I believe, at the little emotion I betrayed at its sight: alas! I had long been prepared for some object of horror, and now it was before me. Thou didst behold the action of the ghastly child; thou sawest the menacing finger upraised towards my head, and the calm determination with which I met this image: its presence had banished my indecision. I believed now that Agatha was lost to me for ever,—that Eternal Justice by this sign spoke against me, and, in punishment of my hardness of heart, had thus perpetuated the remembrance of my crime. Now, then, I *resolved* to die: I communicated my purpose to Agatha, and earthly feelings once more gained the mastery over my subdued spirit, and burst forth in words of grief and reproach, on observing that she evinced no horror at my approaching fate, and scarcely attempted to dissuade me from my purpose!

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Agatha, for whom I had dared and suffered so much—even she had become indifferent to my destiny : it was indeed time to die ! But I did her wrong ; sorrow had broken her heart, and repeated scenes of horror had subdued and weakened her spirit. With the feeling common to her sex, she sought consolation only in religion, and thought that to reconcile herself with Heaven was all that was left her now : love had fled with every other human passion, and far from regarding death as an evil, she looked upon it as a passport to bliss, and was more ready to rejoice at than deprecate my fate. Her conduct assisted my resolution. Now, then, the first step was to be made—the most difficult and appalling—the rest would be consequential and easy. It was necessary to begin, and I knew of no better mode than that of rendering justice to the living. Hugh de Broke had been ruined by me, and it was now incumbent upon me to restore him to honour and to happiness : I set out for the distant and humble dwelling in which, since his escape, he had been obliged to conceal his name and dignity : he was stretched upon a sick-bed—a heart-broken and a dying man : it was no physical disease of which he was expiring,—but disgrace had poisoned the fountain of his blood, and shame had eaten its way like a canker-worm to his heart. When he saw me, he shook off his dying listlessness, and sprung upright in his bed. “What more wouldst thou have, thou blaster of mine honour !” he said, “of a ruined and dying man ? To thy per-

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nicious counsel I owe the shame no after-conduct can efface : cursed, cursed coward that I was ! why did I heed or believe thy murderous mercy ? Begone, wretch ! and let me die. I cannot shake off this load of shame, but I shall sink under its burthen, and bequeath its remorse to thee ; go, wretch ! and let me die.”

‘ He was submissively attended by his wife and son, who were earnest with me to relieve him of my presence. Sorrow, and the near approach of death, had softened his heart and chastised the natural brutality of his manners ; he looked and spoke more mildly to them, though, with all his failing strength, he continued to heap maledictions upon me. My humiliations were now to begin ; I kneeled down by his side, detailed my crime without any palliation, asked his forgiveness for the injury I had done him, and finished by avowing my resolution to deliver myself into the hands of justice, and restore his fame and happiness.

‘ I was astonished that during this confession no word had been uttered by him whom it so deeply concerned. I looked up to behold its effect ; he was staring wildly at me, the strong energies of his spirit struggling with the grasp of death to gain time to hear its termination ; he strove hard to articulate something ; and finally, whether he conquered for some few moments the mighty power that was wrestling with him, or that that power had now incorporated itself with his victim, and given him of its potency, I knew not, but he suddenly grew

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calm and passionless, pain and convulsion left him, his features assumed a pale rigidity, and his voice the solemn earnestness of the grave, as he spoke. "I have no time for question," he said; "but I pray that the truth may be upon thy lips: soon, very soon, shall we meet again; and my pardon shall be truly thine when thou shalt tell me that my boy sits with honour in the halls of his fathers." He paused, placed the hand of his son in mine, and expired without a groan.

'What followed, I need not tell thee; the son of Hugh was restored, and Eustace consigned to a dungeon. The attempts of the people to force from me my secret, you know how I resisted; calmly and even proudly I went to my prison and prepared myself to die. I had humbled myself to De Broke, for to him I had done deep and particular injury; but to these men I owed no other reparation than what my life would pay: what right had they then to demand further humiliation of me, or attempt to rend from my bosom the mystery of its secret purpose? I would die unaccusing, save myself; I would die, shrouded in gloomy dignity,—a man to be wondered at and feared, rather than pitied and scorned. I will willingly furnish their greedy eyes with the awful feast of death, but not their vulgar souls with the struggles and humiliations of mine; my body is the law's—is theirs; my spirit is beyond their judgment. John de la Pole shall sleep on, embalmed in good opinions; I will not raise up his pall to show them what

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corruption festers beneath it ; I would not tell them what he *was*, though it should even lessen in their thought the horror of what I *am*. Grand and silent death—majestic in thy obscurity—I wait to bid thee welcome !

‘ Thus far had I written, and thought that my story in the book of life had come to its close, but other events have crowded upon me ; and before my death (which will be on the morrow), I would tell thee the incidents of the last few days. Thou knowest how calmly I beheld thee depart from my prison, and how little emotion I manifested at my fate ; but when thou wert gone, when I was alone, in chains, degraded, the enthusiasm of the moment past, and my spirit inactive, I wept bitter tears at the waywardness of my early fate ; yet I relaxed not in my determination ; I came hither to die, and nothing was left me but to finish my purpose nobly. It is my will to doom a murderer, and I am he so doomed. I wept, yet persisted ; cursed the cruelty which had destroyed me, and yet prayed to my brother for pardon. Of the future I had as yet scarcely thought ; hitherto I had been solely employed about the method of quitting this world, without much considering the terms of my admission to another ; now I pondered long, with anxiety, but not with fear. Creeds puzzled me—I made not my own heart—I cannot be answerable for its opinions. I have committed a deadly sin—I am about to expiate it with my blood—I cannot do more ; and is not this sacrifice greater than the cant of sorrow and the

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whinings of prayer from one who never prayed before? The one is from myself, the child of my resolution—the other the offspring of fear—— But I was distracted still, and bewildered. It was in this disturbed state that I was startled by a light sound in my prison—I listened—a soft voice, for the second time, pronounced in kindly accents, “My brother!” I started up and gazed around me; on the opposite side of my dungeon stood the form of John de la Pole, but not as I had seen him last, pale, menacing, and bloody, but with that mild aspect and gentle look that had distinguished his early brotherhood, ere Agatha’s fatal beauty cut asunder the knot that bound our souls together. “Thou hast done well,” said the gentle spirit, “thus to render up thy life for thy crime; thy severe justice hath merited and obtained thy pardon; my sufferings, too, the punishment for unrepented sin, thy firmness hath terminated; and the days of Agatha shall henceforth flow more peaceful. Soon shalt thou be with me, O brother! and the kiss of immortality shall be given to thee by my lips: weep not—doubt not—but bear all things steadfastly; in thine hour of agony I will stand by thy side.”

‘A tender grief overpowered my spirit as he spoke, and tears fell from my eyes. I extended my arms as if I would have embraced him, but the barrier between the living and the dead could not as yet be passed, and the shadow receded from my touch. But this visitation had brought joy to my heart and tranquillity to my spirit, and

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the arrival of Agatha at the prison still further reconciled me to my doom. "Thy sacrifice is hallowed," she said; "thou wilt die, but I must live to expiate my crime, as the slave of thy ghastly son, till Heaven shall call him to itself. *He* stood by my couch last night; smilingly he looked upon me, as in the days of his early love, and bade me live and hope: in this world I shall behold him no more! but thou, my beloved! thou art for the distant land, and the abode whither he is gone before thee. Oh that I might share thy doom, as I have already partaken thy guilt!"

'We parted—let me not dwell upon that—we parted for ever; for me there remained a mighty duty to fulfil, and from which I did not shrink—no, not even when those who had been my friends sought to wring my secret from my heart by the infliction of the torture: I pitied *them*, but not myself.

'The day of torture came; thou wert by my side, and didst urge a voluntary death to rescue me from agony and the stare of burning eyes eagerly watching my pangs. I rejected thy counsel; yet didst thou not forsake me, but marched to the scene of my infamy by my side. All around, as I went thither, did I look for the promised appearance of my brother, and trembled lest I should not behold him. "Surely this is mine hour of agony," I said, as I ascended the steps of the scaffold; "wherefore is he not by my side?" And the guest from the other world—he beneath whose scowl my heart had for

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months been withering—was desired with more impatience than ever I had felt for the presence of earthly friends. I had not long to fear or to doubt—he was there before me ; on reaching the scaffold, I beheld him standing by the block, and calmly and silently smiling a welcome to his brother. Thou didst behold my firmness, and the multitude saw my composure with wonder ; but they beheld not the cause ; they saw not that *he* was looking on, and that I drew in resolution from his smile, and firmness from his awful brow.

‘The ineffectual agony was past—curiosity was silenced—and I was condemned to die ; and to-morrow I *shall* die,—from all that I have loved, hated, or valued, I shall be torn to-morrow. The last sunset is falling upon my paper, is gilding my pen as I write ; to-morrow it will sparkle upon the edge of the axe, and illuminate a brow from which the inward light will have departed for ever ; to-morrow will be the scene of my last humiliation ; but *he* will be there to witness it, and convert it by his presence into a triumph : and, when all shall be over, when the last mortal throb shall be past, what then shall be my destiny ? “Thou art pardoned,” he said ; “and an immortality is before thee !” Oh, then, let me hope for an immortality of peace ! Now, then, I will go sleep—exhausted nature must be recruited for her great labour to-morrow—for these broken limbs, these strained sinews, and this bruised flesh, must needs want repose, ere they can encounter the task of fresh exertion. Serve me well, ye mangled limbs, but to-morrow,

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and I shall require your service no more.—
Courtenay, good-night.'

Such was the tale of the fratricide, and of him who was his victim : of her who survived the deaths of both, no more was heard ; for upon Courtenay's going to the cottage at the period she had appointed to receive her last commands, he learned she had quitted it two days previous, but had left a small parcel to be given to him : it contained a few remembrances of herself and Eustace, and the following letter :—

'COURTENAY,—In giving thee the papers containing our story, I have obeyed the last wish of him whose lightest word was a law to me ; but I cannot look on thee again after this communication. Grieve not for me, for my lot will not be wretched ; the death of my child has released me from the world, and I hasten to withdraw myself from it : I had arranged all things for the purpose before I sent to request thy presence. Endeavour not to discover me ; such search would be fruitless and vain. I retire from the kingdom ; and in a convent of Clairs, beneath the habits and rules of the order, and under another name, conceal for ever, from the eyes of the world, the person, the crime, and the sorrow of

'AGATHA DE LA POLE.'

THE LORD OF THE MAELSTROM

PART I

THE RAVEN

‘ — Hell is empty,
And all the Devils are here.’

SHAKESPEARE.

Somewhere about the year 112, in winter or summer—we are not exactly prepared to say which—died Olave the Second, one of the early kings of Denmark; he was a ‘fellow of no reckoning,’ for he took no account of anything that occurred during his reign, except the making of strong drink, and the number of butts in his cellar. His Majesty, it must be avowed, was in the presumptuous habit of forestalling the joys of heaven (we mean Odin’s), that is to say, he impiously got drunk every day of his life, before the regular allowance of fighting, the customary number of enemies’ broken heads, and his own orderly death upon the field of battle, bore testimony that he was properly qualified for such supreme enjoyment. Olave in his life was a happy fellow; for, never having been sober during one hour of it, he had not the misfortune to hear all the ill-natured things that his courtiers and subjects said of his enormities, behind his back, or when he was asleep. It must, however, be acknowledged that, even among the un-

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scrupulous Danes, who were not at that period remarkable for their practice of sobriety, Olave was a filthy fellow : to this hour he is held up as a monument of brutality and stupidity, and the memory of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, was not more devoted to execration among the Jews, than that of King Olave the Second among the Danes. On his death-bed, however, when he could no longer swallow his usual enlivening potations, blue devils beset his nights, and conscience twitted him with his ill-spent days. He had never broken a head in his life, except by proxy ; and how could he make his appearance in Valhalla without a skull to drink out of ?—to knock at the gates of Valasciof without a goblet in his hand ?—The thing was impossible ; it was clear he would be kicked through Asgard, and sent to fret in Nifheim, where the burning claws of Lok would set fire to the good liquor incorporated with his being, and reduce him to the condition of an eternal, thinking cinder !—Miserable anticipations ! he tried to weep ; but water, which he had hitherto scorned, now scorned him, and absolutely refused to come at his desire : he shed tears of mead, which he caught in his mouth as fast as they fell, partly from fear lest Odin should remark them, and partly because he could not endure to see good liquor wasted.

But all things have an end—in this world at least—and so it was with the life and repentance of King Olave the Second ; he died without the drinking-cup he had regretted so deeply, and

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before he had time to frame a decent apology to Odin for venturing into Valhalla without one. There was a world of business now to be done at the palace of Sandaal : a dead king to be buried, and two living kings to be crowned ; for such was the will of the lamented Olave, that both his sons should succeed him. They were princes of very different characters, yet their father, it should seem, loved them equally, as he divided his dominions very fairly between them, to the no small disgust of the elder prince, Frotho, who, like the imperial Octavius, some years before, could not bear a divided throne. This worthy in character resembled, in no slight degree, his excellent father, of dozy memory, for he loved to drink much and fight little,—more especially as his younger brother Harold had a decided vocation for the latter employment, and none at all for the former : to him, therefore, he left the charge of the glory of the Danish crown, while he, for the present, contented himself with drinking to his successes. This good understanding, however, between the princes could not last for ever. Frotho was, after all, only half a drunkard, and therefore extremely sulky in his cups—more especially when his queen, Helga, seated herself at his elbow to twit his courage with the heroic deeds of his brother. Queen-consorts should not meddle with politics, they never do anything but mischief—and so it proved in this instance ; for Frotho grew absolutely delirious, kept himself entirely sober for three whole days, buckled on his wooden target, put himself at the head of

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his troops, and, swearing to be revenged upon his brother, marched on an expedition to Jutland. The expedition neither answered his intentions nor expectations; the men of Jutland were too many for King Frotho, for, headed by Feggo (the murderous uncle of the philosophic Hamlet, whose father was prince only of this part of Denmark), they drove Frotho 'home without boots, and in foul weather too,' as Glendwr did, long afterwards, King Harry Bolingbroke. Frotho could not stomach this affront—the beating was hard of digestion: his subjects made mouths at him too, and mimicked a race whenever he appeared in public. So he sent his brother, King Harold, who was a fighter to the backbone, to chastise the Jutlanders, which when he had done most effectually, Frotho grew more angry still; he detested his brother, dreaded his popularity, feared his wisdom, and quivered at his anger,—so he began to consider seriously how he might cleverly and quietly put him out of the way.

King Frotho had two counsellors, neither of whom ever agreed with the other in the advice they gave His Majesty: the reason was tolerably obvious, for the one was an honest man, the other a rogue, and, like the Topaz and Ebene of Voltaire, they bewildered the unhappy monarch with the diversity of their opinions and advice. On this occasion, however, King Frotho troubled only the rogue for his, which he was pretty certain beforehand would not differ very widely from his own. Eric Swen was an unprincipled

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ragamuffin, who hated Harold, because he had discovered that Harold hated his vices ; and, as that prince had two sons who were rising into manhood, he shuddered at the prospect of two or three strict warrior reigns, which would certainly bring virtue into fashion : the prince had refused him, too, the hand of his sister, which, to make the refusal more bitter, he had bestowed upon his rival in the council and camp, Frotho's general, Haquin. All these offences were carefully summoned up, to inflame his ire against Harold, by the devil, in the shape of Frotho, who promised him—Heaven knows what—both on earth and in Valhalla, if he would only push King Harold from his share of the stool, and leave both halves of it to Frotho.

Notwithstanding all the provocations on both sides, the confederates were two or three whole years before they could 'screw their courage to the sticking place,' that is, to the pitch necessary for the murder of King Harold. They had sent fifty inconsiderable nobles, whom they had found troublesome, to Asgard, without ceremony ; but Harold was a king and a warrior, and required a good deal. 'If we could but pour poison into his ear,' said Eric ; 'Or into his cup,' replied Frotho ; 'Or stab him in his sleep,' said Eric ; 'Or coax him out hunting with us,' replied the brother, 'and give it to him quietly in the forest.' But none of these safe plans would answer ;—so Frotho, accompanied by his sole and trusty counsellor, rode off for the forest, to find the cave where, tradition said, had resided,

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from the days of the 'Avater' of Odin, his enemy Biorno, the descendant of Lok, grand-nephew of Surter, and first cousin to the Wolf Fenris and Serpent Midgard. Frotho, however well disposed to beg the aid and advice of the sorcerer, by no means felt quite at ease when he considered the family to which he belonged: the wolf and the eternal earth-circling snake were known to bear no very great partiality to the race of Odin,—and Frotho, they knew, if they knew anything, was a true son of their enemy. Still the Danish monarch trotted on with his squire till they reached the centre of the forest.

'After all, Eric,' said His Majesty, as they trotted on cosily together; 'after all——' but, as an historian, I must make one observation here: you are aware, dear reader, that the Scandinavians of the year 112, and some time after, did not use the same simple, plain, commonplace sort of style which they have adopted to express their meaning nowadays. If we may believe their own writers, they were always in alt, gave their commands in a kind of heroic prose, and carried on dialogues in a sort of rambling blank verse. It must therefore be obvious to you, dear reader, that I spare you their language, and only give you their sentiments, whch, to the best of my humble ability, I will translate for you into decent colloquial English, the better to carry your patience through the long-winded history which I am preparing as a trial for it. But to return to Frotho the Fifth of Denmark. 'After all, Eric,' said he,

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‘ I have perhaps no great reason to fear these ugly immortals : as I am going to consult their kinsman, and am withal very well disposed to put an end to the race of Odin (that part of it at least most devoted to him), I think they may be civil to me. My own son Sevald is the only member of the family I wish to preserve, and I may soon mould him to my own opinions. If the sorcerer will only dispose of Harold for me, or tell me how I may safely dispose of him, I shall not haggle on the terms of assistance ; I will do anything to serve him or his, which may not interfere with my own safety, or rob me of the diadem I am so anxious to wear alone.’ Eric was about to reply to his magnanimous master, but paused, half afraid, as he discovered they were really in the sorcerer’s neighbourhood, for the yawning mouth of the cave was actually staring them in the face. Frotho, as became him, now took the lead, and marched dauntlessly forward, though not without a glance backward now and then to see if Eric was close behind him, and as any sound struck upon his ear that bore any resemblance to a hiss or a howl. At length, after many turnings and windings, he found himself in a cavern of large dimensions, broadly lighted by a huge iron lamp, suspended from the upper part of it. He turned round to make some remark to his patient tail-piece, but was petrified to observe that he had fallen to the earth stiff and insensible to everything around him. The Danish monarch’s cheeks waxed pale, and his knees began to smite each other ; never-

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theless he grasped the hilt of his falchion, as a slight noise on the opposite side withdrew his attention from the insensible Eric Swen ; there stood an old man of reverend aspect, mildly but steadily gazing upon the king : ‘ Art thou he whom I have been so long taught to expect ? ’ said the sorcerer ; ‘ art thou the king of the race of Odin, alone chosen by his invincible foe to render a service to the son of Lok, and deserve the everlasting gratitude of his children ? If indeed thou art the appointed, I bid thee highest welcome, for the task decreed to thee hath been denied to the immortals, above whom the grateful Lok will raise thee.’

Frotho recovered his spirits at this address ; half his business was already done, for his wishes were anticipated. He had been so little accustomed to receive compliments from his subjects, that his opinion of his own endowments had not been particularly high ; but now he began to think he had mistaken himself, and was really a much greater man than he had suspected. He readily promised obedience to the sorcerer, upon certain terms, and assured him of his assistance when and wherever it might be demanded. The magician then proceeded to inform him that he was himself a descendant of Lok, and an ally of the spirits of fire, those daring beings who had for so many thousand years waged war with various success against Odin and his warriors, and which warfare would not cease till the end of the world ; when, during a night which was to last a year, there would be a general battle, in

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which Earth, Nifheim, and Asgard would go to wreck, and the conquering party be elevated to a newer and more beautiful heaven in Gimle,—while Nastronde, a still gloomier hell, would be made out of the fragments of the old one, for the accommodation of the party conquered. ‘Balder!’ exclaimed Frotho, starting at this part of the story,—for he never liked to hear anything of the old hell, which he thought quite bad enough without the spirits troubling themselves about the creation of another; ‘but I thought, sir sorcerer, that the wicked alone would be punished in Nastronde after the long night and battle of the gods; I thought——’ ‘Exactly so, my son,’ interrupted the sorcerer; ‘the wicked certainly; for the conquered *will* be the wicked—that is beyond dispute; but *who* will conquer is not so certain; perhaps Lok, perhaps Odin—each, as far as I see, have an equal chance; take part then with us, and share our danger and glories in the next world, and our certain assistance in this.’ To this world, then (as King Frotho had at present more business in it), he limited his wishes, and gave Biorno his steady attention as he proceeded in his narrative. ‘Odin,’ the magician continued to observe, ‘though utterly unable to chain entirely the powers of Lok, had just now decidedly the advantage; for he had a few hundred years before seized upon his eldest son, the unwary Surter, whom he had caught out of his own territories, and wedged him, in the shape of a raven, into an iron cage, there to remain till one

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of his own race, a kingly son of his blood, should release him':—a condition from Odin probably implying an eternal punishment,—as that divinity, who does not appear to have been as omniscient as he ought, never imagined any member of his house would have been found silly enough to fulfil it. 'Now then,' continued the magician, 'I have consulted the eternal powers, and find that thou, Frotho of Denmark, art the king destined to this wondrous deed, and its following union with the immortals.' Frotho gave his assent to all and anything proposed; and the sorcerer immediately began his operations; he raised his ebon wand above his head, with many magical flourishes — turned himself rapidly round—then more slowly, pausing at each of the cardinal points, and calling north, south, east, and west, upon the tremendous name of Lok. At that sound, so terrible even to the ears of spirits, the thunder began to rumble and the fires of Nifheim flash through the gloomy cavern; something like music was heard, and, though the concert was hardly better than those performed by King Frotho's own band during his drinking orgies, yet as the voices (and they were many) solely employed their powers in singing his praises, and the approaching deliverance of the god by his means, His Majesty was pleased to think nothing in heaven could be half so fine. Presently the earth shook, and the sides of the cavern rocked; Biorno pointed to the bottom of the cave,—and Frotho beheld it, after a few violent convulsions, suddenly open,

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and disclose to his view an enormous raven, in a gigantic iron cage. ‘Behold,’ said the magician to him, ‘the prison of the immortal prince of fire!—in that shape he must remain a hundred thousand years, unless a kingly hand of the line of Odin shall restore him (by breaking the bars of his iron cage) to power and to liberty. Monarch of Denmark! go,—and success attend thee.’ Frotho obeyed immediately; he made a desperate attack upon the iron cage, but failed in his intention of rending away its bars; he made many earnest efforts, but all in vain,—the bars remained unbroken. The Dane paused in vexation—he was frightened and mortified—and, by the howls and groans which resounded on all sides of the cavern, it was evident the anxious spirits of Nifheim sympathized in his distress: Biorno too, afflicted beyond measure at the ill success of the enterprise, threw himself upon the earth, tore off his magical cap, plucked up his hair by the roots, and howled as loudly as the noisiest of them. This dismal sight drove Frotho desperate; he collected all his energies for one mighty pull, rushed upon the cage, grappled with the bars, and, in an instant, threw them at the sorcerer’s feet, who sprung up like an elk to receive them. Frotho stood majestically silent, while an uproar, such as no human ear has ever heard since, began its diversions in the cavern; a thick black mist quickly filled its whole space, so that Frotho could but indistinctly distinguish the figures who made up the ball; millions of shadows were flitting about, and millions of

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voices were laughing, singing, shouting, groaning, and cursing. Midgard raised his glittering snaky head above the darkness and the shadows, and greeted the monarch with a cordial and complimentary hiss; wolf Fenris tried hard for a good-natured howl; and the grim Hela, their sister, the queen of death, tortured her ghastly face into a smile, as she capered nimbly backwards and forwards in the festival, animated by the thought of the many meals Frotho would furnish for her famished maw. But, at length, the immortals grew weary of their own noises—the infernal jollification came to an end—the mist cleared off—the fires went out—the uproar died away,—and Frotho's courage returned to its half-bewildered master, who took heart once again to look about him. He was alone (to his great joy) with Biorno, except that, in place of the raven and his cage, there sat, reposing upon a light cloud, his beautiful brow diademed with his native element, the triumphant prince of fire, in all the pride of beauty and victory. 'Frotho, son of Olave,' said the sweet voice of the spirit; 'bravest among the brave, and wisest of the sons of Odin,—what is thy will with me? Tax my gratitude, preserver; ask, and obtain thy wishes.' Frotho waited for no further encouragement, but directly stated his wishes to reign alone in Denmark, and sweep off all the collaterals of his house, who were such bars to his glory. 'Thy brother's life I give thee,' said the spirit; 'destroy him when thou wilt, but be cautious to keep it secret: his elder son shall

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in vain endeavour to oppose thee—I will baffle his claim, and proclaim thee sole monarch in Denmark; but touch not the life of Haldane; he has offended Lok, and the god demands the victim, whom he will receive from no mortal hand: for Harold the younger, do with him as thou wilt, but, if thou spare his life, he shall have no power to harm thee; go—reign—prosper;—nothing shall do thee wrong till thyself shall fulfil a decree which is gone forth respecting thee; thou shalt prosper till thy hand shall unite thy own blood to that of thy deadliest foe: beware of this, and triumph.’ ‘Prince of the powers of Nifheim,’ said Frotho, ‘surely Harold, my brother, is my deadliest foe, and he has no daughter to whom I can give my son; but I will be mindful of thy words, and remember thy warning.’ The spirit then desired him, should any event disturb his tranquillity, to come to the cavern and strike thrice upon the side where stood the iron cage: ‘Biorno shall meet thee,’ continued he, ‘and yield thee, in my name, such help as thou mayest require’; then, slowly and silently encircling himself in the clouds which surrounded him, he gradually disappeared from the sight of Frotho, leaving the cavern illuminated only by the light of the iron lamp which hung from its centre. Biorno, too, had vanished, leaving him alone with Eric Swen, who, now easily awakened from his trance, prepared to follow his master home, who simply informed his confidant that he had consulted the magician, who had advised the murder of Harold, and pro-

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mised him success in its performance. This was readily undertaken by the profligate Eric, who, watching, with a lynx-like assiduity, his opportunity, plunged his sword in the heart of the unhappy Harold with such right good-will and judgment, that the prince died before he knew he was wounded : nor was Frotho behind his confederate in the good management of a difficult affair, and skill in getting out of a dilemma ; and this was especially proved, when the body of Eric Swen, transfixcd by a well-aimed javelin, was found stark and stiff by the side of King Harold, and Frotho ordered everybody to believe that these enemies had fallen in single combat with each other.

There was one Dane in the court of King Frotho who took the liberty of believing contrarily to the royal orders ; this was the brave Haquin, the brother-in-law of the two kings, and their favourite general and minister : he knew Frotho, and he suspected foul play. He secured the persons of his murdered master's two sons, and, giving out that Haldane should challenge his father's crown against Frotho, in an assembly of the states, retired from the court to his own towers, till the nobles should be pleased to appoint a day for hearing the claim of his ward. In the meantime, Haldane himself had not been idle ; he employed a good number of his vacant hours in making tender love to his beautiful cousin, the young Ildegarda, and laying at her feet the crown which he *was* to have, and which Ildegarda accepted, as a thing of course ; for she already considered herself the Queen of Denmark.

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Haldane was tenderly beloved, and they each looked forward to the day on which he was to claim his father's crown from the ambitious Frotho, as that which was to seal their love and their happiness.

That day at length arrived ; the states, the nobles, the warriors, and a great part of the troops, were assembled in an open plain, where Frotho, on his throne, awaited the arrival of his kinsman. His Majesty had arrayed himself with peculiar splendour for this solemn occasion ; his long hair, now slightly tinged with grey, floated down his back, while all his face was clean shaven, except his upper lip, which exhibited a most magnanimous moustache ; his breast, arms, and legs were painted in the brightest blue, and the most fashionable pattern in Denmark ; a short petticoat of lynx skin, fastened round his waist by the paws of the animal, descended to his knees ; and from his shoulders to his heels, secured round his neck by claws of gold, fell the robe of royal magnificence, the mantle made of the skins of many ermines ; his feet were defended by shoes of the sable of the black fox ; his neck was ornamented by a chain of gold, and the regal circle of the same precious metal shone through his locks around his temples ; on his left arm was a target of leather, studded with brass nails of unusual brightness and immense value ; in his right hand he held the sceptre ; he sat upon a throne covered with the hides of wolves, and over his head floated, in proud sublimity, the standard of Denmark, the raven.

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People may talk as long as they please about innate dignity and the majesty of mind, but the majesty of fine clothes has a much greater influence upon popular opinion,—else wherefore that elderly proverb which sayeth that ‘fine feathers make fine birds’? Everybody knows that King Herod’s silver petticoat made the stupid mob of Judea mistake him for a god; and on this day, so important to Haldane, Frotho’s amazing magnificence made *his* people mistake him for a hero. So strong ran the tide of popular opinion, that when Haldane, simply habited, mounted on his snow-white steed, and only attended by Haquin and a few of his father’s friends, rode up the area, they scarcely deigned (though he was rich in all the pride of youth and graceful beauty) to consider him worth looking at: all eyes were turned to Frotho’s painted waistcoat and superb ermine cloak; and Haldane also beheld, with extreme disgust, that all his own friends, and the warriors favourable to his claims, who had fought by his side under his father’s banner, had been carefully excluded from the council, which he beheld supplied by the creatures of his uncle; he saw that his cause was lost before he could say a word: he was not daunted nevertheless; he demanded his right from Frotho, who, refusing to admit his claim, was challenged by the youth to decide the quarrel on the spot. ‘The states and the troops are present,’ said the prince; ‘let them be witnesses of this combat, which thy ungenerous ambition must render mortal: if thou desirest a double crown, show that thou

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knowest how to defend it; descend from thy throne, meet me fairly, and let Denmark be the reward of the conqueror.' Slowly, very slowly, King Frotho rose from his throne, for he saw that something was expected of him: although not precisely a coward, he had no mind to encounter his nephew, whose feats of arms he well knew; and earnestly and anxiously he put up a prayer to Surter to remember his promise, and baffle his kinsman in this trying emergency. Surter was not deaf; for scarcely had the monarch put forth one leg for the purpose of descending from his throne, ere a wonder attracted the attention of the whole assembly; the sound of rushing wings was heard from a distance, and slowly, sailing steadily through the clear air towards his point, appeared a gigantic raven: black as the shining locks of Odin was the magnificent and stately bird, who, tranquilly passing over the multitude, suspended himself in air over the head of Frotho, and, hovering steadily above him, clapped his enormous pinions in triumph. Haldane suspected a trick—Haquin was startled—but the multitude beheld a miracle, and the will of Odin clearly expressed by his own particular messenger: the bird hovered in the air a few moments, to witness the general acknowledgment of Frotho, then, amidst the deafening shouts of the people, ascended slowly upwards, cleaved through the clouds, and vanished.

Haldane stood apart, during the scene, in proud contempt of the ingratitude of his people;

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and the multitude were making too terrific an uproar to allow his few friends one word in his favour. Frotho, pleased by the timely aid of Surter, was grateful for the first time in his life ; and, remembering the commands of the spirit, abstained from taking what he yet scarcely knew how to spare, the hated life of Haldane. Assuming an air of paternal interest and kindness, he bade the young prince retire from his presence and kingdom, without fear of molestation. ‘ Son of my brother,’ said he, ‘ seek another kingdom for thy rule, this the gods have given to Frotho ; retire peaceably, and take with thee what part of my treasure thou wilt.’ ‘ The crown, then,’ boldly replied the prince ; ‘ for what is there, traitor ! in thy power to bestow, that is not already mine by right ? No ! mean-souled coward ! I scorn thy courtesy, and I defy thy anger.’ But this gallant resistance availed nothing in a lost cause ; his own party counselled him, for the present, to get out of the reach of Frotho’s javelin ; and, too wise to disdain advice alike given by friends and enemies, he obeyed their wishes, and, after taking a tender leave of his betrothed Ildegarda, and promising to claim her as a king, withdrew to Sweden to solicit aid from its warlike monarch in defence of his title,—aid which he did not receive ; for King Frotho soon after received notice that he had been murdered on that inhospitable coast soon after his landing, and, as it could never be ascertained by whom, Frotho silently congratulated himself upon the sure and ready vengeance

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of his ally and divinity, Surter. Haquin, alarmed by this circumstance, and more than ever suspecting the honesty of King Frotho, withdrew from court with the young Harold, now the sole surviving son of his murdered master, and, proclaiming him lawful king of Denmark, set up his standard in the heart of the country. Many powerful nobles, disgusted by the cruel brutality of his uncle, immediately joined him; and Frotho, frightened by danger into valour, and relying upon the promises of Surter, put himself at the head of his troops, and prepared for a civil war.

Many skirmishes took place between the hostile powers, though nothing very decisive occurred; but the troops of Frotho had generally the advantage, and always when the king commanded in person. Joy of this discovery nearly upset His Majesty; he began to think himself a great general as well as a gallant warrior: he got exceedingly drunk with some of his old cronies who had made the discovery, and, during the deep sleep which followed this little extravagance, Haquin attacked his camp, beat his generals, carried off his son Sevald a prisoner, and nearly seized upon His sacred Majesty himself, who knew nothing at all of the matter. Poor Sevald was marched off for the camp of the enemy, in a transport of sorrow and despair.

‘Be not offended, prince,’ said the good Haquin to him when he was brought before him in his tent,—‘be not offended that the chance of war has placed thy person in my custody for a season; it is no dishonour to be the prisoner of

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Haquin. Our war is with thy father, not with thee ; and should Harold succeed, even to the slaying of his uncle, he will never wrong thee, but yield thee thy just right, a second throne in Denmark : be not disturbed therefore at the slight accident of this war.' This was kindly meant, but it entirely failed in its purpose, and Sevald would have still continued to grieve if he had not discovered that fair princesses are better comforters than old soldiers. He learned that his lovely cousin Ildegarda was in the camp of her father, and he concluded that things were not quite so bad as they might have been. Sevald admired his fair kinswoman extremely, and, as Haldane's death had set her free, he worked out the prettiest little romantic scheme possible for putting an end to the horrors of civil war and restoring peace to Denmark : he determined to entreat his father to give him Ildegarda for his bride, to adopt Harold as his partner, and thus to reconcile all parties to his ascendancy ; but, unhappily for poor Sevald's delightful scheme, all the persons concerned in it were, though for different reasons, materially against it. Ildegarda, true to the memory of Haldane, would listen to no second love,—Haquin, faithful to the cause he had adopted, would rather have consigned his daughter to the grave than to the arms of a son of Frotho,—and the Danish monarch would entirely have lost the little wit he possessed, at the bare possibility of such a destructive union as that of his own blood with that of his deadliest foe, for such now

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had the father of Ildegarda become to him. When he did hear it, he grew absolutely wild with terror and rage; he imprecated the most deadly curses upon his son, should he venture to espouse his cousin; and flew off like a madman to the cave of Biorno in the forest, to consult him in this most desperate emergency. He found the sorcerer at home, and willing to assist him, which he civilly did by the best advice in his power; he desired him to return to his camp and attack the troops of Haquin, promising to commit that leader, his daughter, and Prince Sevald safely into his custody; at the same time hinting that, as Surter had done as much for his friend as could decently be expected, he need not call upon him for further assistance, which, unless from his own imprudence, he would not need, and Lok had prohibited them from supplying. Frotho thanked him for past favours and present services, and, promising to demand nothing more for the future, they parted good friends, though not to meet again in this world at least, whatever might happen in the other. Frotho had no sooner reached his camp, than he hastened to profit by his friend's advice, and instantly experienced its salutary effects; he defeated his antagonists in a pitched battle, recovered his son Sevald, and, to his infinite joy, possessed himself of the persons of Haquin and his daughter, though Harold escaped in the battle, and hid himself securely from the pursuit of his enemy. Had Frotho followed the suggestions of his own cruel heart, he would have

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decided Haquin's destiny at once by taking off his head ; but, fearful of his nobles, who held the chief in high esteem, and having likewise no hope of discovering Harold, except through his friend, he resolved to spare his existence, but to keep him in close imprisonment with his daughter, whose influence over Sevald he still dreaded, and whom, as the daughter of his sister, he dared not injure further. The poor prince wept bitterly over his ruined hopes, and Frotho rejoiced at the delightful consummation of his : he enjoyed himself in his own way, killing and drinking by turns,—till, in a fit of madness and extravagance, he impiously declared that he had a Valhalla of his own, which he would not change for Odin's, upon any terms that divinity could offer. Everything was happiness in the palace, and Frotho was the most mischievous and merry of kings.

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PART II

THE ISLE OF THE MAELSTROM

‘What have we here? a Man or a Fish?—Legged like a Man, and his fins like arms.’
SHAKESPEARE.

‘EVERY sweet hath its sour,’ saith a very respectable old ballad,—and truly there is wisdom in the saying. King Frotho’s sanctity, as a crowned prince of the holy race of Odin, became at this period, for the first time, somewhat of an inconvenience to him. In the midst of his festivities, howls and cries penetrated to his palace, and reached his ears, though surrounded by buzzing flatterers, and rendered dizzy by strong potations. His people of Norway were unhappy, and they called upon their common father to relieve their misery. A pest had arisen among them which no one could conquer, for no one knew how to attack: the frightful whirlpool of the Maelstrom had a guest, and the desolate island of Moskoe an inhabitant; it was neither man, beast, bird, nor fish, that had taken up his residence in this part of His Danish Majesty’s dominions, but a most extraordinary compound monster, possessing all the faculties of each of these several creations. As he had his little island entirely to himself, the want of society suggested to him an expedient by way of amusement, and also of remedying this evil—he employed his leisure in making descents upon the Norwegian coast, and carrying off the grown inhabitants, four or five

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at a time, and the little children by dozens, whom he devoured with as little remorse as he would young rabbits or dried herrings. The people were terrified, and the nobles began to bestir themselves; they sent out armed men in well-built boats, headed by an able leader, and desired them to bring in the monster prisoner; but the lord of the Maelstrom, so far from being brought to consent to this arrangement, exactly reversed the orders of the Norwegian ministry, for he sunk all their boats, and carried their crews prisoners to his island. Frotho heard this pitiful tale with much indifference, till they besought him to go in person against their enemy, well knowing that no magic or infernal power could succeed against the race of Odin;—then he sprung up in alarm, and declining, in his own person, all pretensions to superior sanctity, sent one of his best generals with a band of his own chosen troops, in two gallant vessels, to seize or destroy the monster. All Norway assembled on the coast to witness their success; they saw the ships sail gallantly on, and, on the opposite coast, the giant monster rush into the waves to meet them. With a strength against which they could not contend, he seized the luckless vessels, drew them coolly and steadily on to the frightful gulf of the Maelstrom, and then, swimming back to his island, left the noble ships to be sucked into the frightful bosom of the gulf. The waves swept over them, and the tale of their deeds was told.

Frotho was frightened into sobriety when

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this news reached him ; Denmark became as clamorous as Norway in the matter, and he was compelled to promise that he would exert his sanctity, and go in person to the attack of the monster : but he delayed as long as he possibly could, and, under pretence of making preparations, gave the fiend of the Maelstrom time to eat half the children in Norway. At length ' delays became dangerous ' even to Frotho himself ; he was obliged to depart, and, well armed, well guarded, and well attended by a resolute band of the bravest of his nobles and chiefs, set sail, on a fine sunny day, for the desolate isle of the Maelstrom. His magnanimous Majesty could not, however, help shivering at the first glance of the island ; but he took courage, on remarking that the beast did not come out to meet him, nor advance to the attack as in the former instance ; so he landed in good spirits on the island, promising himself immortal glory in his conquest. A sufficient band was left in charge of the vessels, and Frotho, with his chiefs, went boldly forward into the island.

In the first few miles there was nothing to astonish them ; rugged rocks, a roaring sea, and desolate naked heaths, were all that greeted the travellers : they had expected nothing else, for the Moskoe was well known to most of the party, and had never been suspected of sheltering a paradise in its bosom. Such, however, to their boundless astonishment, the heroes now found to be the case. A beautiful country arose amidst the desolate isle ; and, after the first five miles,

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hills, dales, fertile valleys, richly wooded groves, and sparkling rivers, said a thousand smiling good-morrows to the travellers. The scene was too charming to terrify, else the total absence of anything like human inhabitants might have been sufficient to startle King Frotho, and make him doubt whether all was as it should be in this particular part of his dominion. There was a total silence around them, unbroken, save by the sweet warblings of birds, or now and then the light foot of the flying deer, as, scared by the clatter of their arms, they fled from them into the forests. Thus they proceeded till they arrived before the gates of a majestic palace of black marble, whose open portals courteously invited them to enter. Frotho paused—so did his nobles; it was finer than anything in Denmark; infinitely larger, grander, bolder, blacker, than the palace of Sandaal, the royal residence of King Frotho himself,—so that it was clear no human hands had reared it: but whose hands had?—a puzzling question, which King Frotho would not take upon himself to answer.

But the portals stood invitingly wide open, and King Frotho was waxing weary; so, without any further debate or permission demanded, they marched into a stately hall, where invisible cooks had made successful preparation for a magnificent supper; Frotho looked and longed. There was venison, noble venison of the flesh of the elk, roasted wild boar, and a cistern of excellent fish delicately stewed in whale fat; there was a bowl of hydromel, in which King Frotho might

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have been drowned, and another of milk, that might have served him for a bath:—in short, the temptation was too great for the tempted; and though King Frotho well knew the danger incurred, even by a son of Odin, in tasting enchanted food, yet he could not resist the whale fat and the hydromel. ‘The monster certainly expected me,’ said he to his attendants. ‘He is willing to make his peace with you,’ said they to the king. ‘It would be uncivil not to taste his good cheer,’ said the master. ‘Let us show that we accept his submission,’ replied the servants. So they all sat down with one accord to the feast, and ate, and drank, and were merry.

The bowl of hydromel was empty—Frotho was looking into it disconsolately with one eye (for the other was asleep), and growing angry with his nobles, who had assisted him too heartily, and been over-zealous in obeying his commands to pledge him to the health of their entertainer. After grumbling and growling for some time over the huge and now dismal-looking bowl, His Majesty took it into his head to be displeased with the inattention of his host, who had failed to remark and replenish, as he ought to have done, the empty bowl of departed hydromel. ‘Lord beast of the island,’ said His Majesty, at length, having thought till his thirst grew intolerable; ‘lord beast of the island, I will permit thee to be viceroy in Moskoe, but thou must not spare thy hydromel when thy master deigns to visit thee. For thy good cheer, I thank thee; thy meat is of the best, and abundant, but, by the burning

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wheel on Balder's breast, thy drink was scanty ; and I command thee hither to supply me with more.' A rumbling of thunder and a long, terrific howl was the answer to the speech of the monarch. Frotho shivered with affright, for he thought he recognized, amid the uproar, the voices of his old acquaintances the illustrious snake and wolf, cousins of his sorcerer friend Biorno ; and, as he was a little diffident of their conduct, notwithstanding his services to Surter, he did not altogether relish the meeting, under present circumstances ; so, ensconcing himself in the centre of his gallant little band of valiant warriors, he patiently awaited what was to be the second part of his entertainment. This was settled in an instant ; neither Fenris nor Midgard broke upon the supper party of the monarch, but a being more horrible than either, and infinitely more hideous than his or any imagination had already conceived of the monster of the Maelstrom gulf. A stern gigantic shape entered the hall, and stood steadily face to face with King Frotho and his nobles : his features were frightfully flat, and two sunken fiery eyes shot terrific glances from a visage almost entirely covered with dark and grisly hair ; long black elf locks hung down upon his shoulders, huge teeth grinned through his grisly beard, and his fingers and feet were furnished with claws which were worthy of Nebuchadnezzar himself ; his enormous body was covered with black bear-skins, so disposed as to serve him for a whole suit ; and his huge hand grasped a monstrous club, which seemed very

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desirous of a nearer acquaintance with His Majesty of Denmark's brains. The monster contemplated the group for a moment in silence; he suffered them even to draw their swords and advance exactly one step towards him, when he suddenly lifted his terrible club, and, without striking a single blow, laid them all prostrate at his feet. He then approached King Frotho; the son of Olave shrunk from the uplifted club, and bellowed out, in terror and haste, that he was the King of Denmark. 'And thy errand?' said the monster. King Frotho was silent. 'I know it,' observed the spectre; 'and for its presumption, but for one thing which I expect of thee, would bind thy trembling feet for ever to the spot where thou standest staring at me. Hark thee! thou fool of Surter's making! who hopest to overcome the invincible by human arms,—hear, and obey what I shall command thee. I do not hate thee, and would not harm thee, for thou art the friend of Lok; but my wrath against the kingdoms must be appeased, and my divinity acknowledged. I demand thy daughter. A spotless virgin of royal blood must come voluntarily hither to be sacrificed on this island, and thou must conduct her: do this, and henceforth I too am thy friend; neglect it, and my thunders shall shake thy palace of Sandaal, and this club dash out thy brains and scatter them 'over thy sovereign throne.'

King Frotho looked aghast—not at the condition of his safety, but his utter inability to fulfil it—there was no cheating such an enemy as this

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—so he told him the plain truth, that he had no daughter, and humbly apologized for the want of one. The monster yelled at him, and again lifted up his club. Frotho, in agony, besought him to have pity, and then suddenly recollected that he had a niece who was his prisoner, and whom he very readily offered to his disposal. The monster hesitated ;—at length, in reply to Frotho's earnest entreaties, he consented to spare his life, upon condition that, in the space of twenty days, he should land the princess on the island, and deliver her safely into his hands, to be sacrificed by his own high priest in his palace ; and promising, should Frotho fail in his engagement, on the very next day, to shake Sandaal about his ears, and dish up his carcase as a meal for Midgard. Frotho sealed his promise with a solemn oath, and the monster dismissed him with a kick on the throne-honouring part of his person, which sent him not only through the palace gates, but one mile forward in his journey to the coast, which long before he had gained, his panting train overtook him, being driven out by the lord beast, to wait upon and console their disgraced and afflicted master.

King Frotho had no intention, rogue as he was, to cozen the Moskoe monster ; on the contrary, he was desirous to obtain his friendship and forbearance towards his subjects and the little Norwegian children for whom he had evinced such cannibal prepossessions. He was not sorry, either, so effectually to dispose of Ildegarda, whose union with his son he had such

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good reason to fear. The difficulty would be to persuade the princess to go voluntarily to be eaten. He was ingenious, however—naturally fertile in expedients—and he soon hit upon a method of persuasion which he deemed infallible ! he told the poor princess that the monster demanded her or her father as prisoners ; that he allowed her to choose, and if she thought proper to decline, he should ship off old Haquin immediately, to be stewed in whale fat, and served up for supper with milk sauce, according to the pleasure of the monster, in the marble palace of Moskoe : for his own part, in relation to herself, he pretended he did not clearly understand to what the lord of the island had destined her, but he hoped nothing so terrible as a roast or a hash. Ildegarda wept, but came into the scheme quicker than Frotho had anticipated. Haldane was dead, and her father's life in danger ; by the sacrifice of her own, which was now really become indifferent to her, she could at least preserve the last of these beloved beings, and therefore she did not hesitate. Making Frotho swear a tremendous oath (which she knew no Dane dared break), to release her father on his return from Moskoe, she prepared to accompany the king, and, in less than twenty days, Frotho and his beautiful victim landed on the island, and prepared to march to the black palace alone.

They had not proceeded far on their journey, when their progress was arrested by the appearance of a singular cavalcade coming to meet

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them ; this consisted of a magnificently painted chariot, drawn by four snow-white reindeer, each of whom, to the astonishment of Ildegarda, had feet of pure gold : behind it came the monster-man himself, mounted upon a coal-black steed of extraordinary size and beauty, who pawed the earth impatiently, and, snorting and foaming as he reared, threw his magnificent mane from side to side, as if weary of the slight restraint which his rider appeared to impose upon him ;—the latter had now a bear-skin cap upon his head, on the top of which sat a monstrous raven, decorating it by way of crest ; and another on his wrist, with infinite grace and gravity, seemed ready to serve him in quality of falcon extraordinary. The cavalcade paused on remarking the strangers ; and the grim monster, advancing to Frotho, sternly demanded, ‘ Comes the maid willingly ? ’ ‘ She does,’ replied Frotho ; ‘ and——’ But the monster no longer gave him any attention ; he did not even look at Ildegarda, but, bending his head down towards his horse’s ears, gravely and mildly asked, ‘ Steed of heaven, art thou weary ? ’ ‘ No,’ replied the horse ; ‘ but I have to-day been so long upon the earth, that its gross air is beginning to affect me—the sod is heavy to my feet, and somewhat checks my swiftness : let me relieve my legs, I pray thee.’ The strange monster nodded his grisly head in reply, and Frotho beheld the courser slowly and deliberately draw up his four black legs, and let down eight white ones in their places. The king began now to guess his company : ‘ It is the wondrous

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steed of Odin,' said he in a whisper to Ildegarda ; ' the immortal eight-legged Sleipner : but what is he who rides him ? ' The princess had no time to answer this question, even had she been able, for the monster seemed determined to have all the conversation to himself. He spoke to the raven on his head : ' Hugo,' said he, ' take the reins, guide my reindeer smoothly, and conduct the lady to the palace : and you, Mumin,' added he to the bird on his wrist, ' hasten homewards, and see that all be prepared for the victim.' At these terrible words, the tears of Ildegarda began to flow, and Frotho prepared himself to make a speech. The monster heeded neither the one nor the other, but nodded to Ildegarda to ascend the chariot, which when she had done, he turned round to Frotho, lifted up his terrible club, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, ' Go ! ' It was but one word, but the tone and the action weighed more than five hundred with Frotho, who, fearing to hear it repeated, darted from the party, and set sail for Denmark without once looking behind him.

In the meantime, Ildegarda was conducted by her ill-looking escort to the marble palace, and left by him in the same hall in which Frotho had rested on his first arrival : here, too, she found a supper prepared for her, though in a somewhat different taste from the former ; but the princess had no inclination to eat—indeed she felt determined not to be fattened before killing, and threw herself upon the earth in a paroxysm of grief and despair. Suddenly, soft

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and sweet music broke upon her ear, and the beautiful voice of some holy unseen thing thus sung soothingly to her sorrow :—

When the thunder-bolt cleaveth
The trembling sky—
When the mad ocean heaveth
His wild waves on high—
When the coiling snake waketh
From the heaving earth curled,
And upreareth and shaketh
An agonized world—

When his coil thrice he foldeth
Around the night-born,
Till the gazer beholdeth
Red blood fill her horn—
When Valkyries scatter
The clouds which they tear,
And their steed hoof's loud clatter
Is heard in the air—

When on oak tops the tramping
Of their hoofs echo loud,
While their snorting and champing
Is lost in the cloud—
When wizards are breaking
The sleep of the dead,
And the shadows are waking
From each gory bed—

When the dog of hell howleth,
As the sheeted dead glide
Where the queen of death scowleth,
Grim Fenris beside—
When Surter assembleth
The lost round his throne—
Then the murderer trembleth,
And the murderer alone.

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But then, guiltless beauty,
What hast thou to fear ?
All owe thee their duty,
All homage thee here ;
The life thou hast given
Th' immortals will claim ;
And Rinda in heaven
Stamps thy star-written name.

The princess listened in breathless astonishment, and, when the sweet sounds died away, spoke in cheerful tones to the friendly singer. 'Thanks, gentle magician,' said she aloud ; 'I submit to the pleasure of Odin, and will not be ungrateful for thy anxiety ; see, I will partake thy hospitality, and then retire to rest confident in thy gracious protection.' Ildegarda then ate something of the repast, and the moment she had concluded, the dishes and bowls retired of themselves from the table, without any assistance, through the doors and windows of the palace. While she was lost in astonishment at this singular attendance, the doors on the opposite side of the hall opened of themselves, and she, supposing it a summons for her attention, immediately passed through them, and heard them close behind her. She traversed several stately rooms, till at length she stood in one more magnificent than the rest, and which, from the circumstance of the doors closing when she entered it, she concluded was designed by her host for her chamber. Grateful for his indulgence, she determined to accept his courtesy, and threw herself down upon her couch to sleep : satisfied, she reviewed the events of the day, and found she

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had little reason to complain. 'I could even be happy,' said Ildegarda, 'if I were assured of the safety of my father.' The wish was instantly gratified; a large curtain on the opposite side was suddenly withdrawn, and, represented on a magic mirror, the princess beheld her father in his own palace, conversing earnestly with his attendants. The vision lasted but a few moments—the curtain fell again before the mirror, and Ildegarda, in a transport of gratitude, thanked aloud the courteous monster, who thus sought, as he had promised, to offer her the homage most pleasing to her feelings.

Ildegarda now tried to compose her spirits to sleep,—the pale moon had risen over the island, and was pouring a flood of calm cold light into each apartment of the palace,—suddenly, her beams were eclipsed by a light so glorious that the senses of the princess ached as she contemplated the wonder; she looked up to discover the cause, but mortality drooped under its excess of glory, and she bent downwards towards the earth; a soft voice called upon her name, but the princess could not reply; then the beautiful being, who was resting upon the light, beheld the embarrassment of her beloved, and, dismissing part of the effulgence by which she was surrounded, stood visible to the mortal sight, and Ildegarda beheld her beloved goddess, the guardian of her youth, the divine object of her innocent worship, the radiant Rinda, the daughter of the sun, the beloved of Odin and Freya.

Ildegarda bent her brow still lower to the

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earth, and kissed the fringe of the mantle of her goddess; then the most lovely of those lovely beings, who float on their ether thrones round the domes of Valasciof, spoke tenderly to the fairest of her worshippers. 'Thou hast done well and wisely,' said the daughter of heaven to the child of earth, 'in thus offering thy life for thy father and thy country, and thou hast not disappointed my hope; I carried up the perfume of the holy deed to the foot of the throne of Odin; pleased, he took it from my hand, clothed it in light, and placing it on a branch of Hydrasil, the tree of heaven, bade it blow and expand into an immortal flower, to commemorate thy virtue, and remind him of thy deserving. Child of my love—hope all—fear nothing—endure with patience—and thy reward shall be most glorious.' The goddess then recalled around her the extended beams of light, and, concentrating their brightness round her person, again became insupportably effulgent to human vision; in the next instant she was gone, and the glory she had left died away when unfed by her presence.

How sweet was the sleep of Ildegarda that night, and how blessed was her awakening on the morrow! Morning, the gay bride of Balder, beheld her descend joyfully to the hall, after adorning her lovely person with an elegant dress, selected from many, which the unseen hands of her watchful attendants had placed in her apartment for that purpose. Arrived in the hall, she expressed a wish to breakfast; and instantly the

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courteous dishes glided in from doors and windows to the table, attended by a grave-looking bowl of milk, which steadily sailed on till it placed itself in the centre, where it remained till the princess, by rising from table, dismissed its services for the present. She then roamed through the vast gardens of this beautiful place, and talked to the birds and the deer, fondly hoping and expecting that they were enchanted princes and princesses, and, like the black horse whom she beheld on her arrival, endowed with the faculty of speech; but, after much conversation on her own part, she was compelled to resign this pleasing illusion, and believe that they were merely real birds and real deer, who could only sing and leap. She then returned to the palace, wandered over its spacious apartments, and amused herself by counting the passages and doors. Still the day went off heavily, even with the aid of these time-killing pastimes; and when the hour of supper arrived, the princess welcomed it as sincerely as if hunger had been the instigator of the pleasure her countenance expressed; she seated herself at the table, and was earnestly and anxiously employed in coaxing the birds to partake of it,—when a loud clap of thunder shook the palace to its foundation, and terrified all appetite from the poor princess. She had hardly time to think of its cause, ere it became apparent, for the monster-man himself entered the hall, and clad in his customary dress, stood still in the middle of the apartment. Although his appearance was as usual, yet his manner was entirely

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different, for his step was slow and irresolute, and his voice mild and timid; he scarcely ventured to look up as he asked, in a humble and supplicating manner, if the princess would permit him to pay his duty while she supped. Ildegarda, somewhat reassured by his gentleness, requested him to use his pleasure in a place where unquestionably all things were at his disposal. 'Not so, gracious lady,' replied the courteous monster; 'I will not stay in your presence, but with your express permission: my power I cede to your beauty and virtue, and am content myself to be the first subject of so lovely a sovereign.' This gallant speech was made with so much humility and respect, that Ildegarda was not alarmed by its tenderness; and the monster, to show (after she had granted permission) how highly he valued this trifling favour, and how little he was disposed to encroachment, declined the seat which, after a struggle, she offered him, and seated himself upon the ground, at a considerable distance from her. Touched by this humble homage and generous delicacy of a being so powerful, and at whose mercy she so entirely was, the princess so far conquered her abhorrence, as to present him with food and drink; the former he declined, but he took the again-summoned bowl of milk from her snowy hand, and, with a gesture of respectful gratitude, tasted the balmy liquor, as if to indulge her wish. At length, after a long silence, he asked her if she could be happy in the island. 'I hope so,' replied the princess; 'but will you tell me,

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sir sorcerer, what has thus singularly changed my destiny? I came hither to die—yet I live,—and anxiety is even manifested by my enemy for my happiness. How am I to understand these contradictions?’ ‘Call me not your enemy, beautiful Ildegarda,’ replied the monster, ‘for that I have not been; destiny had decreed you to be a victim, though not of death; I am but its instrument to work out its intentions; the sacrifice of your liberty only was demanded, and your generous resignation of life itself has impelled me to love your worth, and lighten, as far as my power will, the burthen of your sorrows. I cannot release you from this rock, but I can surround you with pleasures, and render your bondage supportable.’ Ildegarda was pleased with this explanation, and, after thanking her host for his generous intentions, withdrew to her chamber, though not till she had accorded to Brandomann (for that he had told her was his name) permission to attend her on the next evening to supper: this was an honour she would gladly have declined,—but she felt it would be ungracious, and that he had some right to calculate upon her complaisance. The next night came, and Brandomann was punctual—conducting himself in the same timid manner—though, observing the dislike of Ildegarda towards him, he put an end to the interview earlier than usual, and quitted her presence in sorrow. The princess was sad that she had inflicted pain, yet she could not but hope that the hideous being would not again seek her society. In this she

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was disappointed ;—he came at night, as before, and seated himself silent and sorrowfully at her feet ; he spoke not, and scarcely ventured to look at her, till she, affected by his grief, offered him the bowl and bade him drink ; he took it with a smile—the poor monster intended it so, but the frightful grin which distorted his features was so odious, that Ildegarda sickened with affright, and heartily repented her condescension. Brandomann understood her disgust. ‘ Ildegarda,’ he said, mournfully, ‘ I too well know how justly I must be an object of abhorrence to the eye of beauty ; I will not give you pain therefore—though it will destroy the only happiness I have ever enjoyed, I will intrude no more into your presence,—I will not destroy the little felicity which fate has left you.’ He arose to retire ; but the generosity of the princess overcame her reluctance,—she was not proof against this noble self-denial,—and, rising hastily from her seat, she requested, entreated,—nay, commanded him to continue his visits. Brandomann was but too happy to obey ; and he retired comforted from her presence. The next night Brandomann was not so silent—he exerted himself to amuse and interest his lovely prisoner ; and he succeeded admirably when he spoke of the present state of Denmark—the disorders of the king—the disappearance of both the princes, sons of Harold—and the courage and integrity of her noble father ; upon this theme he discoursed till tears of pleasure filled the eyes of the princess, whom he repeatedly assured of

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Haquin's safety. 'Should you wish a confirmation of the intelligence which I give you,' continued Brandomann, 'on the first day of every month examine the magic mirror in your chamber; it will satisfy your curiosity, by representing your father and his employments; but only at that time must you consult it.' Still Brandomann continued to talk, and Ildegarda to listen, till she forgot to wish for the hour of separation, and even suffered the monster to retire first; the next day she grew weary ere evening, and waited with something like impatience for the supper hour: it came at last, and Brandomann with it, who perceived, by the reception she gave him, that he was no longer so unwelcome a guest as formerly. Animated by this belief, he again exerted all his powers to interest the princess; he related to her the early history of her country, and the exploits of the greatest heroes, her ancestors of the race of Odin; he then went on to discourse of the Scaldres, their singular union, their mystic occupations, and their magnificent poems; he himself, he remarked to her, was of this privileged order, and, without wearying her attention, recited some of his own compositions and those of his noble brethren. Ildegarda was charmed by his discourses. Balder had touched his lips with eloquence, and Brage had rendered his voice melodious, and many words flowed over his lips, sweet, yet powerful, as a torrent of silvery waters. The princess was pleased while she only listened,—when she looked, the spell was broken.

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PART III

THE GUESTS

‘Misery acquaints a man with strange Bedfellows.’

SHAKESPEARE.

DAY after day thus glided on without much variation, though not so heavily as formerly. One evening Brandomann said to her, ‘Your mornings must still be wearisome to you; perhaps it might give you pleasure to travel around this little island; when such shall be your wish, summon aloud your carriage, with the snow-white deer (that which brought you hither), and it will instantly attend your command.’ The princess was impatient till the next morning gave her an opportunity of indulging this new pleasure;—for when our pleasures are few, every little variation is hailed as a new one;—she sprung lightly from her couch, and, with beaming eyes and a throbbing heart, ascended her chariot, which, at her wish, waited at the gates of the marble palace. For some hours she was delighted to be borne swiftly by the coursers of light through flowery vales and blooming gardens; but at length grew weary of the silence and monotony which everywhere surrounded her, and the inability to utter or reply to an observation. The deer looked at her with their intelligent eyes, and seemed to understand her feelings. ‘Yes, turn then, my lovely deer,’ she replied in answer to their silent interrogatory; ‘bear me again to

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my home.' She entered the marble hall. It was many days since she no longer started at the clap of thunder which announced the approach of Brandomann, and now she heard it with pleasure. 'You have been amused to-day,' said he to her as he entered. 'Not much,' she replied; 'although I blush to say so; I would be happy if I could, yet I cannot help feeling that solitude is melancholy.' 'Alas! yes,' replied the lord of the Maelstrom; 'but there are companions to whom it is preferable. If I did not fear offending by my presumption——' He was eagerly interrupted by Ildegarda, who accepted the embryo offer with delight; and her manner had such an effect upon the monster, that again the princess repented her condescension. He made ample amends for his hideous joy, however, on the following day, when attending Ildegarda on her journey, by his timid and gentle modesty. Mounted on his coal-black steed, he respectfully followed her brilliant chariot, and never, except in answer to her summons, ventured to approach her side. The princess was naturally generous, and this conduct secured her confidence. She now encouraged him to converse, called him frequently to her side, and took pleasure in calling forth and listening to his observations. On their return to the palace, a huge raven flew down from a tree upon the shoulder of Brandomann, and whispered something in his ear; the latter immediately turned to Ildegarda: 'Princess,' he said, 'the only friends who ever

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enliven this solitude by visiting me, are now on the island ; will you permit them to attend you at supper ? ' Ildegarda consented joyfully : the thought of once more seeing human beings filled her spirit with rapture ; and, hastening to her apartment, she spent the intervening time in dressing her lovely person to the utmost advantage, not only for her own sake, but also to do honour to the taste and generosity of Brandomann, who had been most lavish in his preparations for her toilet. At length she descended, and, with a palpitating heart, entered the hall. At the door she was met by Brandomann himself, who courteously led her forward to present her to his guests—they rose to receive her—but imagine the astonishment of Ildegarda !—No words can do justice to her surprise, as she surveyed the assembled party : neither knight nor lady, spirit nor fiend, greeted her entrance,—but on one side stood an enormous wild boar—on the other a beautiful white she-goat—in front stood the eight-legged steed of Odin—and the two ravens, whom she had seen on her landing on the island, had perched themselves with infinite gravity upon Brandomann's club. The princess turned to her friend, and was about to demand an explanation, when she was prevented by the beautiful goat, who, with an air at once kind and dignified, welcomed her to the island, which she said was happy under the government of the good Brandomann, the favourite of Odin, and whom all good spirits loved : the boar made her his best bow—Sleipner assured her of his devotion

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—the ravens were happy in the honour of her acquaintance—and Ildegarda, after replying to each of these extraordinary visitors, recovered something of her composure, and smilingly sat down to supper with her company. She was about to apologize for the want of proper fare, when she beheld them supplied with their own particular dishes by the same unseen attendants who so assiduously waited upon her. Oats and hay, in a silver manger, were placed before Sleipner—a huge tray of nuts and acorns sallied in, and stood stationary at the tusks of the boar—a salad was the supper of the white goat—and a raw rump steak was provided for the accommodation of the ravens. The princess began to be amused with her situation and company, and listen to their conversation with considerable interest : Mumin and Hugo, the raven messengers of Odin, were talking over some of the divinities of Asgard ; and Sleipner mentioned a journey which Thor the Thunderer intended shortly to take upon his back, to correct the impious inhabitants of Jutland, who, since the ascension of the murderer Feggo to his brother's throne, had totally neglected his worship. ‘ Is the murdered prince in Asgard ? ’ demanded Brandomann. ‘ He has a magnificent palace in Valasciolf,’ replied the huge boar, ‘ where he resides among the other heroes and the divine family and ministers of Odin, and with them usually spends his nights at the banquet in Valhalla ; but he is not a favourite warrior there : if he was no more amiable on earth than he is in heaven, I am not

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surprised at his wife's wishing to get rid of him. Hamlet is also there, and almost as unpopular as his father. Can you imagine it possible, he spends all his time with Forsete at Glitner, and has grown so wise and disputatious, that he is continually instructing Odin himself; nay, the other morning, just before the sounding for the combat, he spoke so learnedly to that blind Horror, whom we dare not name out of heaven, and who is already sufficiently inclined to mischief, that Thor, provoked, lifted up his mallet to knock out the shadow of his brains,—but Balder interfered, and his eloquence and Lofna's smile restored peace to heaven.'

'And how go on the happy Scaldres?' demanded Brandomann; 'what is become of the unlucky Hiarn, whose skill in singing gained him a crown?' 'He is singer-in-chief in Valhalla,' replied Sleipner; 'and indeed his strains well deserve this distinction. But see,' he continued; 'the princess looks to you for an explanation: take your harp, Brandomann, and let it tell the story of Hiarn.' 'I obey you,' replied the lord of the Maelstrom; and he caught up his harp and sung—

THE LEGEND OF HIARN

The heart of the monarch was savage and wild,
And his red hand with life-blood was gory;
He spared not the matron, he spared not the child,
Proud youth, nor the head that was hoary.

Then Hiarn arose—and his melody's voice,
As over the wild harp it swept,
Brought relief to the land, bade its nobles rejoice,
For the dark monarch listened—and wept!

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And his sorrow was holy, for into his heart

Those tones tender pity had flung—

And Fate whisper'd, 'Thy soul shall with music depart'—

So he died, while the sweet harper sung.

Then Hiarn was king—for the fierce nobles came

Subdued by his powers alone,

They crowned his bright brow, proclaimed his great name,

And lowlily knelt at his throne.

Then Hiarn was king, and——

'Alack-a-day!' said the boar, who did not appear to have any very great taste for music, and who was beginning besides to be weary of Brandomann's dismal ditty; 'alas! for the poor harper; it is a pity, after such a glorious opening, the close of his history should have been so dismal.' 'What was it?' demanded Ildegarda; 'tell me, I pray you, what was the fate of Hiarn?' 'A prince of the blood,' replied the courteous boar, 'the warrior Fridleff, who did not understand music, challenged the crown from Hiarn: he was too good a musician to make anything but a contemptible soldier, so, as might have been expected, he sunk under the first blow of Fridleff. But grieve not for him, charming princess, he is well rewarded for his short period of suffering; a throne in Asgard—a palace dome in Valasciolf—are surely higher blessings than even reigning in Denmark——' 'Serimnor!' said the white goat, interrupting the conversation, and pointing with her horns to the stars, which were now rapidly gemming the heavens; 'see, the lights in the palaces of Asgard

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are lit—the deities and heroes are on their way to Valhalla—let us not keep them waiting, but hasten to supper, lest we should offend the Highest by our presumption.’ Thus saying, she departed, after a friendly good-night to the princess, and a promise to spend many evenings with her in the island. Serimnor, deeply engaged at that moment in a dispute with Brandomann about the politics of Jutland, did not remark her departure, but was reminded of it, to the no small astonishment of Ildegarda, in a very extraordinary manner: a gigantic pair of hands, the right brandishing an enormous carving knife, coolly entered the folding doors, and, seizing the throat of the luckless Serimnor, without any sort of notice or preparation, cut it from one side to the other, just as he was pronouncing the names of Harwendil and Feggo, which, from the suddenness of this manœuvre, burst through the gaping orifice in his throat, instead of by the usual channel of communication—the mouth. The terror of Ildegarda, who had begun to esteem the polite and obliging Serimnor, was greatly increased by the extraordinary coolness of Brandomann, who stood looking on as if nothing particular had happened, and only discontinued his speech when the body of the poor boar was dragged from the apartment by the murderous pair of hands. It seemed as if the whole party had been in a conspiracy to frighten the timid Ildegarda; for, on the disappearance of the boar, Sleipner started up, and, snorting till fire darted from his nostrils and eyes, sprung up into the air,

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and pawing, and dashing, and foaming, ascended up to the clouds through the roof of the palace, which parted to give him passage,—while the two ravens flew screaming out of the window. Brandomann had disappeared in the bustle, and, as he did not attend her on the following morning, she waited with much uneasy impatience for an explanation in the evening: this was given by the good-natured boar himself, who had marked her anxiety, and hurried first to the palace in order to relieve it. He thanked her for the interest she took in what appeared to be his suffering; ‘But grieve not, loveliest of maidens,’ said the gallant beast, ‘at an event which is to me but the consummation of my glory: every night thus I die without pain, and my flesh is served up to the banquet of the gods,—while my spirit enjoys a blissful sleep, from which it awakes in the morning to animate the same form in which it was clothed the day before. The beautiful goat whom you saw, is the immortal Heidruna, whose milk is the hydromel served up to the table of Odin. She alone, last night, was punctual to her engagement, while the rest of the party, enchanted by your beauty, forgot the hour, and had some difficulty to reach Valhalla in time to avoid the reproach of Odin.’ Scarcely was this explanation given, ere Heidruna herself entered, attended by the ravens and Sleipner, who apologized for their hasty departure the evening before; and a moment after, the clap of thunder announced the approach of Brandomann. The whole party

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now sat contentedly down to supper, infinitely pleased with themselves and each other; and perhaps it would have been difficult to find one more happy, or its members bearing more sincere good-will towards each other. The next day was the first of the month, and the princess hastened to avail herself of the magic gift of Brandomann. With intense anxiety she raised the curtain, and her heart throbbed with delight to behold her father in health and spirits, well armed, and travelling, attended by a band of gallant warriors, who appeared to be anxious for his safety. Ildegarda looked at him with rapture, and new feelings of gratitude to Brandomann gave the evening which followed this happy morning fresh charms in her eyes, and made her confinement in the desolate island, with none but the ugliest of ourang-outangs for a constant companion, no longer either gloomy or dreadful.

One morning, while surveying together the beauties of the island in a sentimental walk, Brandomann asked the princess if she had now entirely resigned herself to the lot of total seclusion in the island of the Maelstrom. 'I may, and do sometimes regret the halls of my fathers,' replied the tender Ildegarda. 'But when I reflect from what miseries my devotion has preserved my beloved country, and still more beloved father, I feel that I ought not to complain. Neither am I insensible of what I owe to you; and I acknowledge that, without any other motive, your generous protection of me and care of my happiness deserves the sacri-

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fice even of these regrets : I am willing to make it, and should even rejoice in an opportunity that would allow me to convince you of my sincerity.' 'You have, then (and permit me to say I hope it), banished from your heart the remembrance of Haldane ?' said the monster. 'Alas ! no,' replied Ildegarda, bursting into tears of tenderness at his recollection ; 'that can I never do ; and it is the certainty of his loss that enables me so well to support this destiny : but do not let this disturb you—the recollection of Haldane will never interrupt my gratitude to you.' 'And you could resolve upon fresh sacrifices if they were demanded of you ?' inquired Brandomann. 'I could,' replied the princess. Brandomann paused—he looked sadly and earnestly at Ildegarda, and then, as with a violent effort, flung himself at her feet, and tremblingly demanded, 'Princess, will you become my wife ?' A shriek of horror, and a look of unmeasured abhorrence, was the only reply of the hapless Ildegarda ; and too plainly these tokens spoke to the unfortunate Brandomann. He calmed his agitation—arose from her feet, and spoke kindly and steadily to tranquillize hers. 'Do not hate me, beautiful sovereign of my destiny,' said he, 'that thus I am compelled to add to your inquietudes. Yet be not alarmed needlessly ; I adore you, but no force shall be put upon your inclinations : forgive me, if, impelled by a power I dare not disobey, I am sometimes obliged to give you pain by this question. But fear not—my wishes shall be sacrificed to yours

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—I would not receive that hand, dear as it would be, unless voluntarily presented by yourself.’

The princess took courage at this declaration of her hideous lover. She knew he was a monster of his word; and she thought if he would not receive her hand till she presented it, she should be safe from the infliction of such a husband. Assuring him, therefore, that she was far from hating him, and expressing with warmth the sentiments she really felt for her grim admirer, the poor monster was somewhat comforted, which Ildegarda was not sorry to remark; for if Brandomann was ugly when he was gay, he was ten thousand times more so when in sorrow. They returned to the palace in tolerable spirits, and in the evening Ildegarda took an opportunity of depositing her perplexities in the bosom of the respectable white goat, for whom she began to experience something of filial affection. Heidruna consoled the princess by her unqualified praises of the honour and sincerity of Brandomann, and her firm conviction that Ildegarda would never be molested by his fondness; although Heidruna thought, and could not help telling her young friend, that in the world she might have matched herself with many a greater beast than Brandomann: but, as this was entirely a matter of opinion, she rather soothed the princess than contradicted her. The good Serimnor interrupted the *tête-à-tête*, and fully seconded the opinion of Heidruna, both as to the honour and goodness of the lord monster of Moskoe. ‘You observe,’ said he to Ildegarda, ‘that he has been admitted

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among the Scaldres, an order which generally requires perfection from its aspirants ; and great must his virtues be, when the unbounded ugliness of his person could not outweigh them, nor conceal the richness and beauty of his mind. He is also, as we are, the descendant of Odin, and peculiarly favoured by the mightiest of the gods, and his son Thor, the thunderbolt : he enjoys extensive power, and many prerogatives not granted to the more beautiful children of nature, to compensate for the imprisonment of such a spirit in so hideous and detestable a frame. Were it possible to overcome your natural repugnance, you would have no reason to regret the change ; but should your aversion be invincible, you will have nothing to fear, since he will continue to you the tenderest and humblest of lovers, and we shall always remain your friends.'

The princess thanked the friendly boar for his kind assurance, and they separated for the night in increased good-will towards each other. In a few days after this conversation, Brandomann sought the princess in her chamber. 'A storm is gathering above the whirlpool,' said he ; 'its effects will be terrific—our friends are collected to watch its progress—shall we follow them to the coast ? If it will interest you, I will raise my magic tent upon the top of the highest rock, and, sheltered even from the slightest drops of rain, you shall see the storm in its terrors, and the fiends unseen of mortal eyes, who increase its horrors and sport in its bosom.' Ildegarda

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accepted the invitation, and the reindeer swiftly bore their light and lovely burthen to the rocks, accompanied by Brandomann, whose eight-legged steed would far have outstripped the nimble coursers of the princess, but for the frequent checks of his rider. Arrived at the point of rock, they beheld the waters raging around them, (for the island was seated in the midst of the gulf), but with less violence than Ildegarda had expected: she remarked this to her attendant. 'The waters are now at their height,' replied Brandomann; 'and for one quarter of an hour it will be tolerably calm, but the power of the storm will be tremendous when that short interval shall be past: many, deceived by the calm, venture out while it lasts, and encounter certain destruction at its close.' Ildegarda continued watching for the termination of the delusive calm, when her meditations were interrupted by the arrival of Heidruna, Serimnor, and the ravens: they arranged themselves round the chariot of the princess, and, protected from the storm by the magic tent of Brandomann, stood watching its progress in silent anxiety. The deceitful calm, as the lord of the island had predicted, was of no long duration. In a few minutes the brightness of Balder was entirely obscured; the wind chorus began, and swept low and sullenly over the waters, which now rose upwards, gently murmuring, as if they were the echoes of the distant song. 'Listen, Ildegarda,' said Brandomann; 'to you it is given to hear the secrets and wonders of the earth, in recompense for being thus shut

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out from its more social intercourse : listen, and you will hear the unknown song of the winds : hark ! how it rises from an immeasurable distance, and yet you can distinguish their voices, and the words they utter. Now they come nearer—hush ! ’

THE SONG OF THE WINDS

From the couch of the billows,
The hollow bed
Where ocean pillows
His giant head—
From secret caves,
Where ancient Night
Sleeps secure
From staring light—
From the breast
Of the trembling earth,
Scorning rest,
We have our birth.
Up, up, upward, murmuringly,
Up, up, upward, still go we.

From wild Hecla’s burning cells,
Where the giant mother dwells,
Who to Lok, in days of yore,
Sin and death and horror bore—
From the Geyser’s boiling springs,
We soar, upborne on rushing wings,
Singing louder as we go,
Blow, ye wild winds, louder blow !

Up from the Dolstein still rise we,
Where about us rolled the sea,
And beneath, for ever whirled,
The master spirit of the world—

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From the raging Dofrefeld,
Where green Niord's feast is held—
From the land of eternal snow,
Blow, ye wild winds, louder blow !

We come, we come ! the forests wave,
As above their tops we rave.
Blow, winds, blow ! the crashing tree
Of our might shall the witness be ;
The staggering ship, and the broken mast,
Heaving, rended, sinking last ;
And the crash of falling towers,
Speak our presence, and our powers.
Blow, winds, blow ! to heaven ascending,
Clashing, crashing, crushing, rending,
Wrath on earth and ocean pouring,
O'er the scared world, raging, roaring.

‘The storm is indeed terrific now,’ said Ildergarda ; ‘I can almost see it in the air, as it scatters the clouds before it : look how the waters rise to meet it, roaring with the fury and force of a cataract !’ Amid the uproar, she thought she distinguished other noises than those of the tempest—a sound like the howls and shrieks of pain : she noticed the circumstance to Brandomann. ‘You are right,’ he replied ; ‘look yonder, where a desperate battle is waging, in despite of this scene of tempest. A bear has swum from his mountain territory of Hilseggen to prey upon the flocks of Suarven, one of the few islands in this gulf which is inhabited ; a single gallant shepherd has attacked him, but I fear the bear has the mastery : see ! the shepherd has lost his staff, and the monster grapples with him closely—he hugs him fiercely !—Is there no

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way by which I can save him ? What, ho ! shepherd !—what, ho !—loosen yourself from the grasp of your enemy and fly—stand on the very edge of the rock, and let him spring against you !—So, so—the fellow fears me no less than the bear, yet he obeys—he is crouching—his enemy runs—plunges—ah ! ah !—he has lost his balance and dashes headlong into the stream—well run, shepherd !—He stays not to sing the death-song for his foe.—Good-night, friend bear, you will sup with the fish of the Maelstrom to-night !’ While they looked on, they beheld the savage animal struggling for his life against the dreadful current, but in vain ; borne onward, despite of his roarings, he was soon over the terrible pool, and then whirled rapidly round, till he was sucked down into the bosom of the dismal gulf, which, sages have written, penetrates the globe. Ildegarda pitied the poor bear, whose love of mutton had occasioned him so miserable a fate ; but a new wonder now claimed her attention and diverted her thoughts from his sorrows : this was, another island, slowly arising from the bottom of the lake, and covered with seaweeds, becoming stationary at no great distance from Moskoe. Before Ildegarda could point it out to her companions, Serimnor advanced hastily towards Brandomann. ‘There is mischief abroad, dear brother,’ said he ; ‘this storm is not of Niord’s raising. Some friend beloved of Odin, and abhorred of Lok, is certainly in danger ; for look who are sporting in the tempest.’ He pointed to the bosom of the gulf and to the rocky shore

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of Otterholm. In the centre of the one, Ildegarda beheld the head of a monstrous serpent reared above the waves, and surveying with fiery eyes the distant sea ; and on the other a hideous wolf, with his attention fixed in the same direction, and howling in concert with the storm. The princess shuddered, and, for the first time in her life, drew nearer to Brandomann for protection. ‘ You have nothing to fear, dearest,’ said he, ‘ from these monsters whom you behold ; they are indeed your foes and mine, for they are the children of Lok, and the enemies of Odin ; but they have no power over you, and mine, by the gift of their conqueror, is greater than their own. He whom you see in the waters is the giant snake, whose folds of sin encircle the guilty earth, and who now, from its centre, is bidding defiance to some noble foe of his evil father. Fenris the wolf-dog, guard of hell, appears only when mischief is in the air, to increase, by his cries and the horror of his form, the fears and the danger of his victim. I deem some hapless vessel has approached too near this coast during the calm, and now the storm will drag it to destruction. But let us watch—Hugo and Mumin, stretch out your pinions—fly over the waters, and tell me what you descry.’ The messengers of Odin obeyed—they flew over the bosom of the lake—then out towards the boundless and ungirt ocean : suddenly they returned. ‘ A sail ! a sail ! ’ said Hugo. ‘ A gallant ship ! ’ cried Mumin ; ‘ the whirl has surely caught her, she comes on so rapidly.’ Soon, very soon, she neared, and drove

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onwards, visible to all. Brandomann grasped his club. 'Some bold adventurers,' said he, 'doubtless, who seek to land upon this island in defiance of the will of Odin; if so, they are lost indeed, for the king of Valhalla has resigned them to the power of the infernals.' It was frightful to mark the force with which the ship drove on. 'They make for the island which has just risen from the lake,' said the princess. 'Death will too surely greet them there,' replied Brandomann; 'for that is no land, but the snare of fiends to beguile; it is the dreadful Kraken, that monster of the deep, who, when the vessel touches him, will sink, and draw it with him.'—And the vessel was near the monster, when a piercing shriek from Ildegarda arrested the thoughts of Brandomann. 'It is my father!' she cried—'it is my father!—I know his banner—he seeks me on this island—have mercy, Odin!—Oh, Brandomann, if thou lovest me——' 'If I love thee!—lo! now I disobey the will of Odin for thee!—judge, then, how dear thou art!' He started from her side, sprung upon Sleipner, darted from the rock, and the next instant Ildegarda beheld his giant form stemming the torrent with a power equal to its own. The wolf beheld him and ran howling away, while a single blow from his mighty club drove the grim serpent beneath the waves, to howl his disappointment in Nifheim. Ildegarda heard none of the consoling speeches addressed to her by her friends; her ear—her eye—her heart, were all with Brandomann: she shrieked aloud. 'He

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will not reach it ere it touches the Kraken,' she cried, 'and then all help will be in vain.' 'Not so, dear princess,' replied Serimnor; 'he acts with the power of Odin, and will save your father; and then what will not his generosity deserve?' 'My life—my love!' distractedly replied the wretched Ildegarda, totally incapable of accepting any consolation, and only alive to the danger of her father. 'Oh, Odin! save him!' she cried; 'and thou, thou the nameless!—the mighty in strength—the blind invincible—preserve the faithful Brandomann!' At this instant the Kraken sunk—the hoof of Sleipner had touched him—and Brandomann sternly approached the vessel: a band of warriors, headed by her father, prepared to oppose him, and Ildegarda beheld their bright weapons gleaming above his head. At this sight, 'Harm him not,' she exclaimed; 'ye know not whom ye strike!' But the next instant showed her the folly of her fear and the mighty power of her lover. Heedless of the flashing swords, Sleipner sprung among the warriors, whose arms were now useless in their deadened hands, and Brandomann stood upon the deck, sternly reproving their presumption, and commanding the gallant ship to return home to Denmark. The vessel obeyed—the warriors knew the eight-legged steed of Odin, and were silent; but Haquin accused aloud the murderer of his daughter, for he judged he beheld the lord of the Maelstrom. 'Thy daughter lives,' replied the terrible Brandomann; 'but she is mine: at her entreaty I have saved

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thy forfeit life—but approach no more the island forbidden by Odin to mortal foot, else will I resign thee to the fate thy presumption will incur, and which, but for thy daughter's tears, thou wouldest ere now have tasted. Hence, Haquin, and learn submission ! ’

Sleipner plunged into the waters, and the vessel, now removed beyond the power of the whirlpool, sailed back to Denmark, while Brandomann returned to Ildegarda, by whom he was received with a welcome far surpassing his hopes or expectations. He said nothing, however, of the important service he had just rendered her; and this delicate conduct, which did not pass unobserved by the princess, created for him an advocate in her bosom stronger than his own entreaties, or those of all his friends united, could have done. She saw how tenderly Brandomann loved her, but she saw also that he was resolved not to give her pain ; and, to say the truth, she could not help being pleased by this circumstance : for her gratitude, great as it certainly was, was yet not sufficiently powerful to make so cruel a sacrifice to his happiness. By the time he had landed, the storm had passed from the face of heaven, and all was as calm upon the bosom of the waters as if the fiends of Nifheim had not been raging within it but a few moments before ; the party returned to sup in the palace, and all things went on as pleasingly as usual. Days, weeks, passed away, but Ildegarda, no longer wretched in submitting to the sentence she had once thought so cruel, took little heed

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of time, except to notice the first day of the month, which presented to her anxious eyes the person and occupations of her father. Twice, successively, she had seen him in his tent, surrounded by heroes, amid preparations for war; he was cheerful, and appeared to be encouraging the spirits of a young man, whom Ildegarda knew to be Prince Harold, and who, with a gentle, downcast look, was listening to his observations: this was confirmed to her by the accounts of Brandomann, whose cares to lighten her anxieties and anticipate her wishes sensibly affected the generous daughter of Haquin. She took increased delight in his conversation; and he, from whose presence she was at first so anxious to fly, was now frequently summoned to relieve solitude by his cheering conversation. She was herself surprised at the change; and could she have shut from her bosom the thought of her early and beautiful love, Brandomann, even in person, would not have been disgusting. As it was, he daily grew less odious, and daily grew the princess more contented with her lot; the happy society of the marble palace met nightly, and mirth, and song, and tale, gave wings to the cheerful hours.

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PART IV

THE RETURN

‘Wilt thou begone?’

SHAKSPEARE.

ONE night when the conversation particularly turned upon the exploits of the ancestors of Ildegarda, Sleipner, who possessed a natural love of noble actions, inquired of the boar whether King Uffon was constant in his attendance upon the nightly festival of the hall of Odin? ‘He is so, frequently,’ replied Serimnor; ‘but he takes more delight in the combat of the morning—from that he is never absent:—but what an extraordinary history is his!’ continued the boar; ‘it is necessary that he should be in Asgard, for its inhabitants to believe it.’ Ildegarda’s attention was aroused; she had never heard of her ancestor, and she entreated Brandomann to indulge her curiosity. He took up his harp immediately—for he appeared to have no occupation so delightful as to obey her slightest wish—and thus related to her the legend of Uffon the Merciful:—

LEGEND OF UFFON

I

There was a halo round
The golden crown which shone on Vermund’s brow
The light of many noble deeds—
Some deathless flowers
From heaven’s immortal tree
(Th’ abode of changeless destiny),

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Were wreathed
Around his conquering sword :
But years rolled on, and age
Silvered his golden locks—
And then a darkness fell
Heavily on him,
Veiling the beauty of his later day—
For Lok in hate,
Or envy, breathed on him a withering curse—
And he grew blind !

II

He was a childless man,
And to the gods he prayed
That his own royal diadem might fall
Upon a kindred brow.
He asked a son—
And Odin granted to his agony
The son he craved.
Again the evil one
Blighted the bud of joy—
He laid his dark hand on the infant's head,
And left its evil shadow on his brain—
He grew an idiot boy !

III

The Saxon king,
A wild, fierce warrior, heard of Vermund's grief,
And he did rage to snatch, with greedy hand,
The sceptre of the blind.
Madly he poured
His thousands o'er the land ;
The red steel clashed—
The curling fire ran—
The ravens fed
On beauty, and the eagles gorged on strength.
The blind prince trembling heard
His people's dying groan !

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IV

The Saxon king
Rode, like the thunderbolt, his mighty steed
To the sad Danish camp.
He mocked the king—
And to his peers, with haughty action, said,
' Doth it become
The noble sons of Odin thus to bend
The knee before a blind man, and a fool ? '

V

' Out on thee, wretch ! '
The sightless prince exclaimed ;
' It more becomes the warrior to protect
Than scorn the weak and aged !—
Mighty !—to thee—
Thee ! whom we fear to name—
Thee ! strongest pillar of great Odin's throne—
Thee ! dark, but terrible !—whose woe I bear—
Thee ! whose most awful name
The reckless echo dares not repeat, and we
Shudder as we pronounce !
HODER !—I call on thee !—
Be thou the judge
Between this wretch and me ! '

VI

The Saxon heard
And shrunk at that dread name—
The nobles groaned—
The father wept, and clasped
To his chilled heart, his dumb and idiot boy.
When, lo ! a wonder !—
His sacred tears fell on the youthful brow
Like holy rain upon the scorched up earth,
And upward to the sun of glory sprung
The buried seeds of intellect—
He spoke !—

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VII

‘Ha ! scoffer !’ said the boy, ‘didst thou not know
The blind and weak are sacred ?’—

His eye shone

With a miraculous light—

‘Hark ! Saxon churl !

I summon thee unto the field of death—

I, the dumb idiot—*I* will meet thee there,

And on thy craven bosom write a truth,

That Vermund hath a son—Denmark a prince,

Who *will* protect their glories !’

VIII

The day came—

And Uffon’s fiery chariot bore him forth

Unto the battlefield—

Less bright—less beautiful

Is Balder when, from Lidscialf’s diamond steps,

He rises to illuminate the worlds

Which wheel caressingly around him—and

Gallantly rode the Saxon.

But the king—

The blind—the father—where is he ?

He sits

On yonder rock, high o’er the foaming sea,

There to await the battle.

Should *he* fall—

His own—his only one—

Ocean will catch his form,

And hide his griefs for ever.

IX

It was a deadly fight

Between the Saxon and the Dane ;

And once

There was a scream, as if the inspired boy

Was lost, for he had sunk upon his knee—

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But he beheld his father's sightless eye
Upturned in agony—
And he arose—and then
Another sound was heard—a mighty shout—
The scorner of the blind was slain !

X

The son—he flew,
A bounding reindeer, to his father's arms—
He paused—
They were upraised,
In attitude of thankfulness ;
His lips
Were pale, and still, and smiling—
But—his heart
Had broke in that fierce struggle—
He was gone—
Heimdaller's wings were shadowing him, as o'er
The wondrous bridge he trod ;
Valkyries bore
His spirit to the foot of Odin's throne,
To tell of Uffon's glory.

XI

Nameless one !
This justice was thy deed—
We worship thee,
Although we love thee not !

‘No, truly,’ said Serimnor, on the conclusion of the legend ; ‘that would be quite impossible either for heaven or earth : but glory to the good Uffon—few warriors in Valhalla are more esteemed than he. The skull of the impious Saxon is now his drinking-cup ; and his father, restored to sight, beholds the pledge of victory with undying felicity : and, in the combats and martial sports of the morning, the battle between his

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noble son and the Saxon is daily renewed, to gladden him with the sound of conquest and triumph over his shadowy foe.' 'Look, Serimnor,' said the horse of Odin, interrupting him impatiently, as a bright flash of lightning darted into the hall and played against his head for a moment; 'look, we are again outstaying our time—the son of Rinda is shooting his brilliant arrows, and one has already touched you: let us obey the summons, and not provoke him to make his fatal shafts unerring.' 'Away, then!' cried Heidruna. The ravens flapped their wings—Brandomann rose—and the hall was cleared in a moment.

Ildegarda had hitherto been happy in the reports of the magic mirror, and satisfied with its assurances of her father's safety. On the first of the tenth month of her residence on the island, she again withdrew the curtain,—but a different spectacle awaited her: Haquin was lying wounded upon his couch, pale and insensible, while his attendants were anxiously endeavouring to stanch the blood which flowed from his injured side. The princess became wild with apprehension; instantly she sought her faithful Brandomann, to pour into his bosom the grief which distracted hers. He listened with tender sympathy. 'There has been a battle between your father and Frotho, no doubt,' he replied; 'but though I am not informed of all the particulars, I know that Haquin will not die of this wound: take comfort from this assurance, for when did I ever deceive you?' But Ildegarda refused all consolation,

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and persisted in thinking and making herself the most miserable of all human beings. Her father was ill—wounded—in need of her assistance—and she herself uncertain of his fate for a whole month at least. Her anxiety hourly increased, and her grief, too powerful to be concealed from Brandomann, affected him no less painfully than herself. It was in vain he exerted his talents to divert her anguish; she was grateful for his kindness, but did not shed one tear the less: his conversation had lost its charms, his tales and songs their interest. Brandomann discovered this, and, after a terrible struggle, his generous nature overmastered every selfish and interested feeling. ‘I cannot,’ said he at length to the weeping princess; ‘I cannot bear to witness your sorrow, and know that I am the cause. For your sake I will again disobey the command of Odin, which had decreed your captivity to be perpetual; you shall go to your father: promise me that you will return hither, and you shall be swiftly conveyed to his tent—and remain with him seven days; at the close of that period you must return, or my life will pay the forfeit of my fault, and be demanded to appease the anger of Odin. Go, then, beloved princess,—but sometimes think of Brandomann, and what he will suffer for your sake.’ The princess could scarcely believe what she heard: in a rapture of joy she accepted the offer, and was most fervent in her promises to return at the expiration of the seven days. Brandomann sighed heavily, but made no reply to her frequent

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protestations of their soon meeting again. ‘ You shall be with your father to-morrow morning,’ said he : ‘ merely take this ring—put it upon your finger when you go to rest to-night, and do the same thing when you wish to return to me ; but do not wear it at any other time.’ The princess joyfully accepted the gift—took an affectionate leave of her admired monster—and retired to rest full of hope and expectation—expectations which were fully realized on her awaking in the morning ; for she found her couch in her father’s tent, and he himself gazing upon her with tender anxiety and wonder.

The joy of Haquin, at again folding his beloved child to his bosom, was considerably damped by the narrative of her adventures, and the promise which she had given to Brandomann to return. As he did not deem it possible that she intended to keep her word, he was not a little astonished at her declaration, when she assured him she could remain with him only during the seven days. He argued strongly against her intention ; and she at present, unwilling to distress him, ceased to oppose his opinions, and occupied herself entirely with the care of his health, knowing that it would always be in her power to return whenever she felt the inclination. Her tender attention was fully appreciated by Haquin, but she herself was far from being at ease in the midst of a tumultuous camp, where her wishes were not anticipated with the swift and delighted obedience of her island attendants : she had no change of dress either ; a circumstance peculiarly

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vexatious, as she was daily surrounded by admiring warriors, who constantly paid homage to her charms,—and among whom Prince Harold was not the least fervent in his expressions of devotion to her beauty. Awakening one morning after many regrets upon this subject to herself overnight, she was surprised to see the chest which ornamented her chamber at Moskoe, and which contained her superb wardrobe, standing by the side of her couch : she opened it hastily : ‘ Kind, generous Brandomann, always alike solicitous for my happiness and pleasure,’ she exclaimed ; ‘ how much do I not owe thee ! ’ She immediately decorated her lovely person and returned to her father, who, cheered by her presence and renovated by her care, was quickly recovering from the effects of his wound : he now informed her that Haldane was universally said to have been murdered by his uncle ; and that, in consequence of their disgust at this act of cruelty, many noble Danes had resorted to the standard of Harold, whom they had unanimously called to the throne, though they held not the gentle boy in the same estimation as his more valiant brother. To this he added, that as the young king had declared a passion for Ildegarda, he had determined to unite them despite of the wrath of Frotho, and thus repay her long captivity by placing her upon a throne. His daughter had many objections to this arrangement, but her father’s heart appeared to joy so deeply in its contemplation that Ildegarda had not the courage to undeceive him : the tenderness of Haquin, the

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novelty of again seeing human faces, and the pleasure of listening to the gallant praises of the noble Danes, at length rendered Ildegarda forgetful of her promise, and not only seven days, but twice that number slipped away, ere she called to mind the probable anxiety of Brandomann. She now determined to repair her fault and hasten back to the island, but when, upon retiring to rest, she sought her ring to place it upon her finger, the talisman was nowhere to be found. In great distress she hastened to her father, expecting him perhaps to sympathize in her misfortune, but, unlike the gentle monster of the Maelstrom, he laughed at her anxiety, and congratulated her upon her loss; he bade her be under no apprehension respecting her ring, since it was safe in his possession—he had stolen it on being informed of its virtue, in order to secure her company,—‘which,’ he continued, ‘it appears, without this precaution I should have lost.’ He observed that he could not permit such a preposterous union between beauty and a beast, who, instead of being a descendant of Odin, was doubtless a member of the infernal royal family of Lok, and consequently some diabolical sorcerer, who had thus bought her, body and soul, of Frotho: he would give her, he remarked, a husband better suited to her rank and beauty, and commanded her to prepare to espouse her royal cousin Harold, within at least ten days. Ildegarda was much startled by this conversation; and she who in the desolate island had mourned over the idea of perpetual

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captivity, now wept with more bitterness her recovered liberty, and the prospect of never more returning to her prison ; she thought of the tender obedience of Brandomann to her lightest wish, and his generous self-denial upon all occasions respecting her. She lamented the kind-hearted Serimnor, the chivalrous horse, the affectionate goat, and even the ravens and reindeer received the tribute of her tears ; but the idea of the probable suffering of Brandomann for his devotion to her, and disobedience in her favour, filled her heart with the most poignant regret ; she hated Harold, and she esteemed her Maelstrom friend, and not a day passed without the severest search for the ring that was to convey her back to his territories. At length Rinda, in pity, heard her prayers. In her father's bosom, during his sleep, she found her glittering ring, which she hastily secured as her dearest treasure, and instantly retired to rest ; and when morning again looked upon her, it was in her chamber of the desolate isle.

Ildegarda scarce waited fully to throw off the fetters of sleep ere she descended to the marble hall, and instantly gave the signal which used to summon Brandomann to her presence, and which he had never neglected ; now it was unheeded. Alarmed, she repeated it more strongly—Brandomann replied not to the call ; half distracted she hurried through the palace, and harrowed her own feelings by recalling to mind his mournful prediction of the fate which awaited him, should she exceed her allotted time. She shuddered to

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reflect how long that time had elapsed. From the palace she traversed the gardens, running wildly with an aching heart and burning brow to every quarter, and asking every object she met for tidings of her lamented Brandomann: the birds and the echoes alone replied to her mournful queries, and disconsolate and despairing she threw herself upon the sod to give vent to the bitterness of her sorrow, and lament undisturbed her affliction. 'Brandomann!' she exclaimed; 'Brandomann! where art thou? friend of my soul, art thou yet in existence, or hath my ingratitude destroyed thee? Oh, if thou hearest, if thou beholdest these tears, have pity on thy wretched Ildegarda, and hasten to relieve her agony, and pardon her involuntary crime.' She started up in a sudden ecstasy, for a low groan at no great distance from her seemed to be an answer to her question; she rushed forward in that direction, and soon beheld the hapless Brandomann stretched upon the earth, and apparently in the agonies of death; but her beloved voice, the touch of her gentle hand, the glance of her worshipped eye, either of these would have recalled him to life, and now all were lavishly employed to restore him: he looked up for a moment. Mournfully he said, 'Beloved, thou art come to see me die!' and then relapsed into stupor and forgetfulness. Ildegarda wept in agony—she was hanging over him in listless sorrow, when her thoughts were aroused by the appearance of Heidruna. 'Brandomann is dying,' said the white goat, 'and from grief at your

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neglect ; but you have returned, and, in compassion to your sufferings, I am permitted to restore him to you : take the bowl you see yonder, draw forth a portion of my milk, and give it to his lips ; the hydromel of heaven will call him back to life.' Ildegarda obeyed—she gave the miraculous draught to Brandomann, who as instantly recovered his reason and his strength ; with tears of joy she expressed her gratitude to Heidruna ; and the Moskoe chief observing her delight, and too happy once more to behold her, readily forgave her all he had suffered in her absence. There was much happiness that night in the marble palace ; Sleipner bowed down his arched neck to receive a pat from her snowy hand ; Serimnor grinned till his huge tusks were completely visible ; the ravens presented her the tips of their wings, and flew screaming about, as if *they* had been drinking the hydromel of Valhalla. Ildegarda was happy, and Brandomann dared not trust his feelings to words. Sunny walks and moonlight musings were now the pursuits of the imprisoned pair ; for instead of retiring to rest, as formerly, when the Valhalla people went to their party, they roamed over the island, contemplating the stars, and talking tenderly, of course, for when were love and moonshine separated ? It is true, in this instance, the tenderness was all on one side ; for though Ildegarda permitted it, since she saw the happiness it gave to Brandomann, she yet could not prevail upon herself to return it, or say the words he wished to hear from her lips. One evening,

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as thus, in the tranquil moonlight, they sat alone in the summery isle, Ildegarda was astonished by the appearance of a wonder she had never yet remarked in the island ; the moon was suddenly eclipsed by a light so glorious, yet so soft, that every object around her was visible in the brightness of beaming gold, yet without giving pain to the sense. Brandomann remarked her admiration. ‘ This beauteous light,’ said he, ‘ is a mark of the approbation of the father of the gods, at some virtuous action of a favourite of heaven ; it is Odin’s fire, dear Ildegarda, the light of his glorious smile ; and shining now as it does upon thee, and our lonely isle, it comes to tell thee he is satisfied with thy past conduct, and approves thy present.’ Scarcely was this explanation given, ere the beauteous light died away from the mountains and the palace, and night wore again her solemn robe of darkness. As they prepared to return, the star-studded sky, the jewel-paved floor of the palaces of Asgard, sparkling with its unnumbered lights, and shining in its soft blue glory, struck on their souls with delight ; and, while they were gazing in rapture, a large and brilliant star shot from its place in the heaven and vanished rapidly from their sight. ‘ Some noble warrior or virtuous sage has closed his eyes upon this mortal scene,’ said Brandomann, tenderly : ‘ that was the star of his destiny ; it fell from its seat in the heaven when he quitted his on the earth : this is the sign that tells to the survivors his fate, if it is fulfilled in the night ; by day it is the vision of the rainbow

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bridge, the sacred arch that connects this earth with heaven, and over which the spirits of the just must pass.' 'I have heard that it is only visible to mortal sight, when the peculiarly brave and virtuous ascend its brilliant road,' said Ildegarda. 'And you have heard aright, dearest,' replied Brandomann; 'it is only then that the guardian spirit of the bridge, Heimdaller of the radiant brow, descends from his abode on its top to meet and welcome the traveller; then it is, that the light from his rushing wings, and the gems which compose his jewelled crown, shine so strongly on the arch, as to render it visible to mortal sight, clad in the reflected glories of its guardian's diadem.'

On the morrow Brandomann relieved her anxiety, which had been awakened by the sight of the falling star, lest her father's should no more have a seat in the heavens, nor himself a name on the earth. 'A mild and gracious being hath left us,' said he, 'for the happier scenes of Asgard; Sevald is dead—the virtuous son of the abandoned Frotho is no more—he fell, as became his race, in the battlefield, contending against your victorious father and his kinsman Harold, against whom the tyrant rages and vows destruction, as now the only rival he has to fear.' The princess was satisfied by this explanation, the more especially as the first day of the month again presented the person of her father, though surrounded by the bustle of war.

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PART V

ODIN

‘He hath borne all things well.’

SHAKESPEARE.

‘WHENCE is it, Brandomann,’ said Sleipner one evening to the Scaldre, ‘that among those of the heroes whose virtues and glories you are nightly celebrating, I never hear the actions of Odin; why, while thus honouring his friends, are you neglectful of the great father of our race? Surely he, from whom all inspiration flows, deserves the best, ay, and first fruits of your genius!’ ‘It was only because I feared my feeble strains would not do justice to the lofty subject,’ replied Brandomann; ‘the glory of the father of gods and men requires a mightier hand than mine to celebrate it; Brage alone should strike the golden chord to his honour—alone should sing of deeds beyond the feeble thought of mortality; that which I can, I will; I dare not wake the voice of song, but I will speak of his wondrous deeds, that to-night, in Valhalla, thou mayest tell bright Asgard’s king that I have instructed this lovely maiden what honours and love are due to the first of her race, and the friend of her father. Will it please thee, Ildegarda, to listen to the legend of Sigge?’ ‘Beyond all other things,’ replied the princess, pleasedly: and Brandomann, smiling, began—

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THE LEGEND OF SIGGE

From his high and everlasting throne in Valhalla, had Odin, the dispenser of good, poured forth, with unsparing hand, innumerable benefits upon his attendant spirits. In the burning benevolence of his heart he forgot, or he disregarded, that to some essences obligation is pain, and gratitude a toil; so high did he raise some of those bright creations that stood nearest to his throne, that they became too great for obedience, and impatient of the most gentle restraint. Lok, the most glorious of these glorious things, seated on the lowest step of the throne of light, saw but one between him and the highest; and once on that, what should restrain him from the throne of the universe? Thus he thought, and thus he did: by his eloquence he seduced the higher spirits from their duty—by his beauty and promises the lower. The worlds of Asgard sent their governing spirits forth to fight under his banner, and Surter brought myriads to his side. For the first time since the creation, the standards of revolt flew in the cities of Asgard, and the proud Lok drove back, with contempt, the interceding ministers of Odin, who came to remonstrate upon his madness. Confident in his power the giant spirit entered Valasciof, the city of the king, and dared even advance to Valhalla: the immortal beings who surround the diamond throne shuddered at his presumption, and, veiling their bright heads from the terrible glances of Odin, wept the approaching destiny of com-

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panions once so beloved, which they read in the eye of their master : the sovereign of the universe gave no command to his people—he uttered no reproach—he suffered his faithful spirits to fly before the sword of Lok and the devouring fires of Surter—he even permitted the lost ones to approach the steps of his eternal throne—then, when with proud exultation they advanced to seize upon him whose power they believed departed, he calmly arose from his seat and stretched out his right hand, armed with its invincible falchion, towards his enemies : at that tremendous signal Niord let loose the oceans of heaven, and, in terrific grandeur, they came rolling down upon the revolted ; the winds from all the worlds were summoned up to heaven to aid their master, and rend and scatter his offenders. Balder deserted his throne in the orb of day,—and the mad and governless globe flew up into Asgard, and burst its destructive flames upon the rebels. Thor, the first-born of Odin, threw by his star-formed diadem, girded his brow with the thunder, and, wielding the red bolt of vengeance, rushed upon them. The sightless horror rose in his terrible strength, and the arrows of Vile, unerring as the lance of Hela, flew among the foes ; all was confusion, terror, and despair—cries of anguish polluted the happy city—till Odin recalled his warriors, and plunged their enemies in the burning lake, bidding the proud Lok and the ambitious Surter obtain their wish and seat themselves on thrones.

But though the power of the infernal spirits

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was thus curbed, it was not destroyed ; and, still invincible in malice, they resolved to wound Odin through his favourite, man. Lok gave birth to the snaky sin, whose folds encircle the earth, and bade him breathe from his poisonous jaws upon her surface the blast of contention and hate : he obeyed ; and man, no longer beneficent and kind, rose up against his brother ; with bitter words, he poured curses on the father who called him into life, and smote on the bosom that had nourished him in helplessness. The father of evil beheld and smiled—his work was half accomplished—and he called into existence death, to finish the deeds begun : the pale shadow stalked over the earth and drank the crimson blood till she grew wanton in her mirth, and besought her father for a companion : he heard, and sent Fenris up to follow her steps, and exult in her multiplied victims. The fiends in hell heard the sounds of their triumph, and shouted responsive, when the shivering spirits of the slain were hurled weeping into Nifheim. At length their cruel joy was heard in Asgard, at the same moment that sounds of sorrow ascended from the earth, from the few who still remembered his name. It was from Scythia the plaining voice arose, and the monarch, looking down from his throne, beheld the last remnant of his people sinking beneath the power of the Roman. Now then he determined to descend to the earth, not only to lead them to conquest, but to teach them wisdom and virtue. Frea, the mother of the gods, resolved to partake the toils of her husband ;

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and Thor, the eldest born of Odin, the ruler of the air, forsook his palace of nine hundred and forty halls, laid by his terrific thunderbolt, and his diadem of twelve stars, and, debasing his giant frame to the standard of humanity, descended with his father to the earth. Cased in the armour of Scythians, they joined the troops of that beloved people, and the father god bidding them contend no longer against the power of the Roman, to whom Odin had given their country, promised to lead them to other fields, and give them other lands for their inheritance. The fierce Scythians yielded to the persuasive voice of him whom they only knew as the warrior Sigge, and, rather than submit to the slavery they abhorred, they forsook the tombs of their fathers, and sought an empire in the north.

In vain the inhabitants of these regions sought to oppose the establishment of the heaven-conducted Scythians ; in every battle they were defeated and driven with loss from their cities : the arrows of Frea carried destruction to the enemy—the mallet of Thor crushed thousands—and Odin, raging through their ranks, now as a warrior, now as a ferocious lion, spread devastation through their armies, and drove them from the field. The Scythians saw these wonders, and secretly acknowledged Valhalla's lord beneath the form of Sigge. When the rage of battle was past, he lulled the wounded to repose, and arrested the parting spirits of the dying with the celestial strains of his harp ; the wounds of his people were cured, and their strength restored by

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his celestial power, while, from the same cause, his enemies were bereft of courage and of vigour. Sweden and Norway yielded to the matchless warrior, and received with joy the unknown Sigge for their king, but the Danes refused to acknowledge the leader of armies; and Mimer, their prince, an enchanter, and the friend of Lok, opposed himself against the victorious prince of Scythia. Before the assembled Danes he contended with the stranger in eloquence and poetry, and in these his own people were compelled, by the severe laws of truth, to yield the palm to his rival. Mimer was wise, eloquent, and brave; the strains of his harp were only inferior to those of Sigge, and he felt deeply the injury which he had sustained by the decision against him. Determined to recover, with his sword, the glory he had lost, he called his armies together, and bade defiance to the Scythians: the opposing bands drew near; furious was the contest, for now like a tiger sprung Mimer on his foes—now as a fiery serpent stung their hearts, or crushed them in his mighty folds. As terrible raged Odin in various forms, carrying dismay around him, and thinning the ranks of the valiant Danes. At length the monarchs met—in human form stood Mimer—in human form, prepared to oppose him, stood Valhalla's mighty king: but momentary was the contest, the terrible blow of the Scythian brought the head of the Dane to his feet, as its faltering tongue pronounced the name of Odin. The foe fled to the camp, while the father of men again raised to life his beloved Scythians who

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had fallen in this, the greatest of his fields. At length, wishing to give peace to the weary land, he summoned the Danish chiefs to meet him in conference. Seated on a throne, he received the warriors : in one hand he held the sceptre of his power, the other rested on a golden dish, in which, now richly embalmed, and adorned with a crown of gold, lay the head of the wretched Mimer. The chiefs gazed in silence—a silence unbroken by human sounds, but disturbed by the voice of the dead, for the ghastly head opened its closed lips, fixed its eyes, and bade, in hollow but authoritative tones, its countrymen no longer oppose the will of the gods, but receive for their prince and lawgiver him who was master of the world ! Again it sunk into silence, and the astonished Danes, obeying its dictates, fell at the feet of the conqueror of Mimer. And now, seated in peace on the thrones of the north, more brightly shone the unmatched virtues of Sigge. He taught his subjects husbandry—he taught them to plough the waters—he opened to them the riches of commerce—and he dug from the earth the treasures which ages had concealed in her bosom ;—he punished vice with severity—he rewarded virtue with munificence—he taught them letters—instructed them in the mysteries of the Runic—and obliged them to cultivate the milder graces of music and verse ;—he allured men to obey by the charms of his eloquence and the splendour of his glory ; and he spoke to their reason by his divine Hovamaal, which he gave them as his best gift—his richest

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legacy. In this he bade them do no wrong to each other—to honour the eternal gods—and to render up life at the command of their country. When he beheld the good effect of his regulations and saw his people firmly attached to his laws, he called around him his children, born of his mortal wives, of the daughters of Scythia, and, dividing his dominions among them, taught them to govern according to his ordinances and example. Satisfied with his work, he called Frea and Thor to his side, and, blessing once more his mortal children, ascended with them into the regions of light. Then loudly the Danes acknowledged Odin, and paid their homage to his glory ; to his race they have ever been faithful, for they still fill the earthly thrones of their father, who, from his abode in Asgard, looks down upon his children, and crowns their lives with prosperity : and thus shall he do till the long night which is to witness the last battle of the gods—the last attack of Lok and his allies, and which for ages they have been preparing—against Odin and the happy spirits of Asgard. In the dreadful conflict, men and demons, oceans, earths, Nifheim, nay, even Asgard itself, shall be involved in one general wreck—one entire and undistinguished ruin ; the infernal spirits shall fall in the convulsions—evil shall be no more—and from the ashes of the universe shall arise a brighter heaven—a gloomier hell, than those which have passed away. To the glorious seats of Gimle, the city of burnished gold—to its diamond-studded palaces and star-paved courts—shall the spirits

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of the just ascend, with Odin and his triumphant sons, to the enjoyment of one endless festival ; while the cowards and wicked of the earth shall sink with their infernal allies—the revolted of heaven—into the caves of Nastronde, an abode more horrible than Nifheim—a den built up of the carcases of snakes, and illuminated by devouring flames, where ever-enduring sorrow shall be the punishment of the lost, from which they shall have no power to escape, again to disturb the repose of the just.

Honour and praise to Frea—victory to Thor—glory to Odin, the greatest, and the best—hail to the master of gods and men !

Happily for his hearers, it was here, at length, that the merciless Brandomann terminated his long-winded history. Sleipner had for some time been his only auditor—Ildegarda had been nodding repeatedly—Heidruna fidgetily trotting backwards and forwards to the portal, watching the clouds—Serimnor had given two or three most portentous yawns—while the two ravens, who did everything in concert, had tucked their heads under their wings, and gone fairly to sleep :—but they all started up when the hum of his voice had ceased, and thanked the good Brandomann as sincerely as if they had been excessively delighted, for they were grateful that he had finished at last, and were besides too well bred not to be charmed with what had been done entirely for their amusement.

On the following day, during their usual

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rambles about the island, the princess looked so unusually depressed, and said so little in reply to the observations of her companion, that his attention, ever on the watch, was aroused by her sadness; tenderly he inquired the cause. 'I will tell you,' replied Ildegarda: 'when absent from you, and believing your life in danger, my only anxiety was to return; now, when that difficulty has passed away, I confess I am wretched respecting my father's feelings and conduct, when he shall discover that I have quitted him for ever; neither is my own heart without a pang when I reflect that I shall see him no more. Oh that I knew what is to come!—that I could look into the future, and behold my destiny and his!' 'I know not that it is in my power altogether to fulfil your wishes,' answered Brandomann; 'but I can give you a glance into the future, so as to discover its general complexion, but not to enable you to read exactly the very page of destiny. That which I can, to gratify your curiosity, I will do,—I will arrest for a few minutes the flight of the triune deity Time, and, by her appearance, we shall be able to judge of what is to come.—Urda, Werandi, Skulda!' continued Brandomann, raising his powerful voice to its utmost pitch, 'obey the command of the lord of the Maelstrom, the mighty delegate of Odin—pause in your flight for a moment, and stand visibly before him!' Scarcely was the peremptory order uttered, ere a light cloud was seen advancing towards them from the sea, and when it became

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stationary Ildegarda beheld a female form slowly and gracefully emerging from its centre; her features were indistinctly visible, and upon the floating misty robe that enveloped her figure, many changing objects were, some faintly, some powerfully, represented. 'It is Urda the Past,' said Brandomann to Ildegarda; 'the events written upon her breast and brow are partially concealed by her garment of oblivion and doubt; and when this is penetrated by mortal sight, they are still seen through the mists of passion and prejudice, by which she is ever surrounded: look now upon her breast and brow—what objects do they represent to you?' 'I see a criminal,' said the princess, 'about to suffer the sentence of justice—the executioner is preparing to strike.' 'To my view the representation is different,' replied Brandomann; 'I see a crowned king falling beneath the murderous swords of his rebellious subjects.' 'I observe a dying parent,' continued Ildegarda, 'who consigns his child to a noble warrior who weeps by his couch, but presses the babe to his heart.' 'I also see the dying father,' said Brandomann, 'but he resigns his infant to a demon in form, and worse than a demon in heart, for he instantly plunges a dagger in its throat: what else do you remark?' 'Many other objects,' continued the princess, 'but nothing clearly; the goddess herself is retiring slowly from my gaze, and to whom does she give place?' 'To Werandi the Present,' answered Brandomann, 'in her snow-white robe, with her unveiled face and open brow and eye

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—how clear she looks upon us!—and her garments will show us our actions of this moment:—but she retires, and Skulda the Future supplies her place; clad in a robe of darkness, she exhibits nothing to our eyes, and the veil which covers her person conceals also her face from our observation: she shall withdraw it, and her smile or frown will shadow forth your destiny.' The goddess gently withdrew her veil, and the soft enchanting smile which she beamed upon the princess banished anxiety from her bosom, and graced the departure of the triune spirit with the sweet attribute of benevolence.

A few days after the prophetic smile of the deity of time had given such hope to the heart of Ildegarda, they were, while wandering about the gardens of the palace, astonished by the roaring of thunders which announced a distant storm: they were surprised by the sudden change from daylight to darkness, and were puzzling each other respecting its cause, when the storm died rapidly away, the clouds fell down in a gentle shower, and the rainbow-bridge stood out in faint splendour from the heavens. 'Look, dearest,' said Brandomann; 'the spirit of the bow has lowered his beautiful bridge—some of the lesser warriors are ascending to Valhalla—I will address the guardian of it, and bid him render the road and its passengers visible to your sight.—All hail, Heimdaller of the coloured crown!' continued Brandomann, 'the friend of Odin speaks to thee; beautiful spirit of the rushing wings and eyes of tender

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glory, let us look upon thy face, and the road which leads to thy dwelling!’ The silvery voice of the spirit answered him, giving an immediate assent to his desire, and in a moment the road and its travellers became visible to Ildegarda. Slowly, and with feeble steps, the wounded warriors dragged themselves on till they reached the summit of the bridge, when the gates of light flew open, and the spirit, in giving them his hand, bestowed upon them strength and beauty, and thus prepared them for the presence of Odin and the glories of the halls of Valhalla.

While Ildegarda with intense interest was watching the solemn procession of the dead, her eyes were suddenly dazzled by a brilliant light thrown upon the bridge, which now shone out in tenfold splendour, colouring the mountains of the island with tints of its beautiful hues. She looked up, and beheld the spirit of the bow descending, glorious in his youthful beauty; his diadem of many-coloured gems was on his lofty brow, and, in the ineffable loveliness of his sunny smile, there was a sweetness that made Ildegarda weep. ‘He goes to welcome one of the greatest of mortal heroes,’ said Brandomann—‘one of the favourites of Odin; his presence throws this glory round him, and at this moment the beings of earth, who gaze upon the bridge, behold its colours at the brightest: but see—at the foot of the arch there is one ascending to meet the spirit!—his wounds are terrible—his bosom is fearfully gored—and his steps are feeble and slow—but he has the brow and the port of a

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hero ; as yet I know him not.' ' But *I* do ! ' shrieked the hapless Ildegarda—' O Brandomann, I know him well ! ' The lord of the Maelstrom looked up again, and painfully recognized the shadow—it was indeed her father ;—the pale inhabitant of another world, whom she saw ascending slowly to meet the welcome smile of the angel of light, was once the noble Haquin, the last friend of Harold and his sons. Brandomann gazed in grief and terror, and the sorrow he felt for the death of the warrior was scarcely mitigated by the change wrought in his wearied frame by the touch of the radiant Heimdaller. ' Ildegarda ! ' he cried in a voice of tenderness and pity ; ' Ildegarda, think not that thou art alone in the world, or that all that loved thee have left it ; look up, my dear one !—look on the happiness of thy noble father, and cease to regret his fate ; what could thy love offer him in exchange for this ? ' Ildegarda mournfully assented as she saw his glory, and her grief became more resigned and gentle. She returned to the palace with Brandomann, who, far from attempting to console, wept with her the loss she had sustained. In the evening her friends did not as usual visit the island, but they explained the cause of their absence on the next. It was in honour of Haquin they had been detained at Valhalla, as Odin had commanded the feast earlier, in order to compliment this noble warrior,—' who now,' continued Sleipner, ' sits highest in the hall, and nearest to Odin's self.'

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Time reconciled the princess to her father's death, and to her hopeless imprisonment in Moskoe. The generous Brandomann, now that she had lost in the world all that was dear to her, and was most entirely in his power, never spoke to her of the love which it was but too plain he bore her. She saw and rewarded his virtue. 'Brandomann!' she said to him one day as they wandered through the gardens of the desolate isle; 'Brandomann, friend of my heart, in the world, where my father walks no longer, I have no interest, and can never wish to return; yet I feel that I could love and render some deserving being more happy than a lonely destiny could make him; thou alone art worthy of this heart, and of the duty which I will pay thee; I cannot love thee as I once loved Haldane—as I fear I should love him still—that feeling it is not in thy power to inspire; but I honour thy virtue, and am grateful for its exercise. Wilt thou accept this hand—this heart? If so, take me, Brandomann, for I am thine!'

She threw herself, as she spoke, into the arms which opened transportedly to receive her, and bowed her head upon his breast. She could not distinguish his reply, for a sudden peal of thunder rolled above their heads, and the earth was shaken to its foundation—a frightful darkness covered the island, and shrieks and howlings rung in their ears, mingled with shouts of triumph and the cheering blasts of the trumpet. Ildegarda clung closer to her lover for protection, when a gentle, well-known voice reassured her spirits

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and relieved her terrors. 'Look on me, my beloved,' it said; 'look on me, and receive the reward of thy virtue, and the approbation of Heaven on thy choice.' The princess raised her eyes to the face of her lover, and beheld—not Brandomann, but Haldane—the one, the only beloved, the first choice of her innocent heart; it was on his bosom she leaned—it was his arm that supported her slender form: she trembled with painful emotion. 'But Brandomann?' she demanded—'Is at thy feet, my beloved,' replied the graceful warrior: 'beneath that hideous form, Lok, in revenge for an ancient scorn, had condemned me to wear out my life, unless I could inspire a royal virgin with sufficient love to become my wife. Odin, in compassion to my sufferings, confined me to this island, and endowed me with sufficient power to fulfil the condition, and deceive and baffle the evil spirits themselves, by the means of their wretched agent, the detestable Frotho. Around thee stand the gallant chiefs and the Norwegian captives, who were sent against the monster of the Maelstrom, and who seemed to be destroyed by my vengeance; they are now my friends, and wait to conduct us to Denmark, where Haldane will lay his crown at thy feet.' The chiefs paid their homage to the princess, and immediately after, there arrived, to offer their sincere congratulations, her tender friends of many moons, the eight-legged, four-legged, and two-legged animals of Valhalla. Ildegarda, even on the bosom of Haldane, wept at the parting; for she knew she

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should behold them no more. They attended her to the shore, and beheld her embark in the gallant ship which Niord, at the command of Odin, had preserved for them in one of the ocean caves. Soon they were wafted to Denmark, and Haldane burst upon the usurper so suddenly, that he had no time even to arm his household guards for his defence. He was presiding at a festival when Haldane entered his presence ; some of his nobles humbly acknowledged their prince, and the others, not caring to attack him, made the best of their way out of the palace, leaving the miserable Frotho in the power of his nephew, who, without giving him time to make his will, threw him headlong into the cistern of mead before which he was sitting.

Whether Haldane, in his natural shape, was as amiable and complaisant as he had been under his assumed one, is a question which the historian of his life cannot answer—nor whether Ildegarda, on her throne in Denmark, found as true friends and faithful servants as she had in the gulf of the Maelstrom : certain it is, she lived to a great age with her glorious husband (who was the greatest prince of the race of Dan that ever swayed the sceptre of the north), and that once or twice during their lives they had together visited the desolate isle ; and the princess, to the great scandal of the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and surprise of her husband, wept bitterly on finding that the marble palace and its beautiful gardens had disappeared, the Moskoe isle had resumed its ancient appearance, and

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nothing remained to mark it out as the scene of such wonders as had passed in it. It has much the same character at this hour ; and it would be very difficult to persuade its inhabitants, or the stranger who may visit its shores, that it once was a paradise only second to the bowers of Valasciolf's own. You, gentle reader, know better ; and, complimenting you on the patience by which you have acquired this knowledge, I bid you, for the present, farewell.

NOTES

NOTES TO THE LORD OF THE MAELSTROM

PART I

Olave the Second—one of the early kings of Denmark, of the race of Dan. These princes believed themselves descended from Odin. Olave was a worthless, profligate prince, who left two sons, who succeeded him; the elder, Frotho the Fifth, murdered his brother Harold, and afterwards the assassin who, by his own order, had stabbed him. He endeavoured to secure the persons of the princes his nephews; but a nobleman, friend to their father, conveyed them out of his reach, and concealed them in a cave till they were of an age to revenge these injuries.

Asgard—the country of the gods; the Olympus of the north.

Valasciof—its chief city, in which the principal divinities and more illustrious dead resided in magnificent palaces.

Valhalla—the chief palace of Valasciof, the regal residence of Odin.

Niftheim—Hell. A territory of devouring flames, typifying eternal remorse; the abode of the evil principle and his attendant spirits.

Feggo—the brother of Harwendil, King of Jutland, and uncle to Hamlet. The latter prince feigned madness after the murder of his father, but killed Feggo at a festival. He succeeded to the crown, which he wore with honour, till killed in battle by Viglet, King of Denmark.

Lok—the evil principle. He gave birth to Midgard (sin), the snake whose folds encircle the earth—Hela (death)—and the wolf Fenris, the guardian of the gate of hell; these were the evil progeny of Lok, begotten for the destruction of the human race.

Surter—the evil divinity of fire—the next in rank to Lok. The Scythians represented him as a beautiful youth; the Saxons as an old man, to whose honour they dedicated the seventh day of the week.

Balder—son of Odin, god of eloquence and poetry, and ruler

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of the sun—the Scandinavian Apollo. He was represented as a youth with a burning wheel upon his breast ; his face resembled the sun.

Nastronde—According to the Scandinavian mythology, at the end of the world, during a night which was to last a year, a tremendous battle was to be fought between the good and evil spirits, in which the former were to conquer and reign in Gimle, a more glorious heaven than Asgard ; while the wicked were to be banished to Nastronde, a new hell, made purposely for them.

PART II

Maelstrom, Malestrom, or Moskoestrom—a tremendous whirlpool on the Norwegian coast, very dangerous, and often fatal to navigators venturing too near it. Moskoe is an island situated in the gulf : there are also several others.

Sleipner—the warrior horse of Odin. He had four black legs and four white ones : he generally travelled through the air.

Rinda—daughter of Balder, and mother of Vile, by Odin. The favourite goddess of the Scandinavian women.

Hydrasil—the tree of heaven, standing in the garden of Odin. It was the abode of the disposer of man's destiny.

PART III

Heidruna—the immortal goat, whose milk was the hydromel served up nightly at the festivals of Valhalla.

Serimnor—the wild boar, whose flesh served them for food.

Hugo and Mumin—the raven messengers of Odin.

Thor—the warrior god—the eldest son of Odin, who, in his journey over the world, defeated Midgard, and loosened his folds from the earth ; he is typical of divine justice and vengeance. In the beautiful fables of the Scalds, he is represented as a stern warrior, armed with an enormous mallet, and wearing a crown of twelve stars. He lived in a palace of Valasciof, of five hundred and forty halls, and was the ruler and wielder of the thunderbolt.

Forsete—divinity of controversy. I believe this deity is peculiar to the Scandinavians. He lived in a palace called Glitner.

NOTES

Blind horror—Hoder—whose name was never pronounced by the Scythians without fear and immediate expiation—son of Odin, and born blind—the deity of strength. He was abhorred in heaven, because, from envy, he attacked Balder, threw him from his throne, and put out the sun. Odin interfered, and punished Hoder by the arrows of Vile (lightning), and afterwards restored the sun. It was thus, in their beautiful and fanciful mythology, like the Greeks, and I think no less elegantly, that the Scalds described natural, but not understood events. This story describes an eclipse of the sun, the strong and blind Hoder signifying darkness.

Lofna—goddess of reconciliation. I believe this deity is also peculiar to the Scythians; they have deified her with great propriety. Her post could not have been a sinecure in a paradise where happiness consisted in drinking and fighting.

Hiarn—his story is strictly historical. It was Eric the Third who was so maddened by music as to commit murder for no other cause.

Geysers—boiling spouting springs in Iceland: they are near to Skalholt and Hecla; they spout water to a tremendous and incredible height.

Dofrefeld—a mighty range of Norwegian mountains, intersected by rivers and cataracts.

Dolsteen—a wonderful cavern beneath the Dofrefeld mountains.

Njord—the Scandinavian Neptune.

PART IV

Uffon—this story is also historical. Shakspeare, who read Danish history, borrowed the circumstance of Vermund's death for that of Gloster in King Lear.

Lidscialf—the throne of Odin.

Heimdaller—guardian of the bridge Bifrost, or the rainbow, by which the happy dead ascended into Asgard. He received the souls who were selected by the Valkyries, and conducted them to Odin.

Vile—god of archery; son of Odin and Rinda.

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PART V

Brage—god of music and song.

Hovamaal—bible of Odin.

Odin—a wise and virtuous warrior, whose beneficence procured him, among the early Scythians, deification. As a divinity, the father of gods and men, he is the husband of Frea (the earth), and from the union of divine love and the earth, spring light, heat, the elements, the seasons, strength, and genius, typified by Balder, Thor, Frey, Hoder, and Balder again, as orator and poet. Odin, mounted upon his horse Sleipner, represents active benevolence.

FAUSTUS:
HIS
LIFE, DEATH,
AND
DESCENT INTO HELL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Speed thee, speed thee,
Liberty lead thee,
Many this night shall hearken and heed thee.
Far abroad,
Demi-god,
Who shall appal thee !
Javal, or devil, or what else we call thee.
Hymn to the Devil.

LONDON:
W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL.
1825.

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE PUBLIC

THE publication of the present volume may at first sight appear to require some brief explanation from the Translator, inasmuch as the character of the incidents may justify such an expectation on the part of the reader. It is therefore necessary to state, that, although scenes of vice and crime are here exhibited, it is merely in the hope that they may serve as beacons, to guide the ignorant and unwary from the shoals on which they might otherwise be wrecked.

The work, when considered as a whole, is strictly moral. The Catholic priest is not praised for burning his fellow-creature at an auto-da-fé, and for wallowing in licentiousness; nor is the Calvinist commended for his unrelenting malignity to all those whose tenets are different from his own, and for crying down the most innocent pleasures and relaxations, which a bountiful and just God has been pleased to place within the reach of His earthly children.

The tyrant and the oppressor of mankind will here find himself depicted in his proper colours; and he will have reason to congratulate himself, that the aid of the devil cannot now be employed in removing him from the earth, and

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hurling him to a place where, in darkness and despair, he will expiate all his deeds of atrocious cruelty.

Neither will the *champions of freedom* pass the fiery ordeal with feet unseared ; since a glorious specimen of what they all are will be found among the following pages. Ye, who with ever open mouths are constantly clamouring at whatever is established, whether it be beneficial to the human race or injurious, will here find the motives for your conduct pointed out and held up to contempt and execration.

But, above all, this work contains the following highly useful advice :—

Let every one bear his lot with patience, and not seek, at the expense of his repose, to penetrate into those secrets which the spirit of man, while dressed in the garb of mortality, cannot and must not unveil. Let every one bridle those emotions which the strange and frequently revolting phenomena of the moral world may cause to arise in his bosom, and beware of deciding upon them, for He alone who has power to check or permit them, can know how and why they happen, whither they tend, and what will be their ultimate consequence. To the mind of man all is dark ; he is an enigma to himself ; let him live, therefore, in the hope of once seeing clearly ; and happy indeed is he who in this manner passes his days.

The present translation has been executed with as much fidelity to the original as the difference of the two languages would allow. Shortly after

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the publication of the German work, a French translation (as bad as French translations from the German usually are) appeared at Amsterdam, adorned with excellent engravings, one of which has been selected for the embellishment of the present volume.

NORWICH, *April* 1825.

CHAPTER I

Ambitious Character of Faustus—His Discovery of Printing—Journey to Frankfort—The Devil, the White Nun, and Father Gebhardt of Mayence—Faustus offers his Bible to the Council of Frankfort—His first Interview with a Spirit—The Infernal Banquet—Speech of Satan—Allegorical Entertainments of Leviathan—Faustus's Dialogue with the Devil.

FAUSTUS, having long struggled with the shadows of theology, the bubbles of metaphysics, and the *ignes fatui* of morality, without being able to bring his mind to a firm conviction, at length cast himself into the dark fields of magic, in the hope of forcing from nature what she had so obstinately withheld from him. His first attainment was the remarkable invention of printing; but his second was more horrible. He discovered, almost fortuitously, the dreadful formula by which devils are called out of hell, and made subservient to the will of man. But as yet he had not exerted his power, out of love to his immortal soul, for whose welfare every Christian is so anxious. At this period he was in the full bloom of manhood. Nature had favoured him in his person, and had given him a noble and expressive countenance. Here was enough to ensure his happiness in the world; but she super-added pride and untameable impetuosity of mind, which displayed itself in deep determination of purpose, and in the constant workings of heated

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imagination, which was never satisfied with the present, but affected to discover the emptiness and insufficiency of the acquired object, even in the zest of its enjoyment.

Faustus soon lost the path by which moderation leads frail mortals to the abode of true happiness. He soon felt the narrow limits of humanity, and endeavoured to burst their bonds. By what he had learnt and believed in his youth, he entertained a high opinion of the capacity and moral worth of man, and, in comparing himself to others, he naturally laid the greatest part of the sum-total to his own account. Here were fine materials for greatness and glory ; but true greatness and true glory generally fly from him who is on the point of attaining them, just before he can separate their fine pure forms from the mist and vapour which delusion has wound round them. It appeared to Faustus that, in his situation, the nearest and most convenient way to honour and reputation would be the sciences ; yet, scarcely had he tasted their enchantment, than his soul became inflamed with an ardent passion after truth. Every one who is acquainted with these syrens, and has heard their deceitful song, will know, that (provided he does not make a mere trade of them) he must infallibly miss his aim, from the necessity of assuaging the burning thirst with which they inspire him. Faustus, after he had for a long time groped about in the labyrinth, found that his earnings were doubt, displeasure at the short-sightedness of man, and discontent and murmuring against the Being who

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had formed him. But he might still have been comparatively happy had he had only these feelings to combat; but, when the perusal of the sages and the poets awakened a thousand new wants in his soul, and his now winged and artificial imagination conjured up before his eyes the many intoxicating enjoyments which gold and reputation could only procure him, his blood ran like fire through his veins, and all his other faculties were soon swallowed up by this sensation.

By the discovery of printing, he thought he had at length opened the door to riches, honour, and enjoyment. He exerted himself to the utmost, in order to bring the art to perfection, and he now laid his discovery before mankind; but their lukewarmness quickly convinced him, that, although the greatest inventor of his age, he and his family would soon perish with hunger unless his genius continually displayed itself in some new forms. Hurlled from the pinnacle of hope, oppressed by heavy debts, which he had incurred by generosity and extravagant living, and by his becoming security for false friends, he now surveyed the world through a gloomy medium. His domestic ties, when he no longer knew how to support his family, became an intolerable burden. He began to think that there was a malign providence in the distribution of men's fortunes; or how did it happen, that the noble and intellectual man was everywhere oppressed, neglected, and in misery; whilst the knave and the fool were rich, prosperous, and honoured in life.

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In this melancholy state of mind, Faustus wandered from Mayence to Frankfort, intending to sell one of his printed Latin Bibles to the magistracy, and then to return, and buy, with the produce, food for his hungry children. He had been able to accomplish nothing in his native city, because at that time the archbishop was at war with the whole Chapter, and all Mayence found itself in the greatest confusion. The cause of it was as follows: a Dominican monk had dreamt one night that he slept with his penitent, the lovely Clara, who was a white nun, and a niece of the archbishop. In the morning it was his turn to read mass; he did so, and, unabsolved from the night of sin, received the Host in his profane hands. At evening tide, after a cup or two of Rhenish, he related his dream to a young novice. The dream tickled the imagination of the novice, he told it with some additions to a monk, and in this manner the story, embellished with horrors and licentiousness, ran through the convent, until it came to the ears of the prior himself. This holy man, who hated Father Gebhardt on account of his intimacy in the most respectable houses, was shocked at the scandalousness of the affair, which he considered as a profanation of the holy sacrament; and, refusing to decide on such a weighty matter, he referred it to the archbishop. The archbishop, wisely concluding that whatever sinful man wishes or thinks by day he dreams of by night, denounced the bann of the Church against the monk. The Chapter, whose hatred

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to an archbishop always increases the longer he lives, and gladly seizes every opportunity to annoy him, took the Father Gebhardt under its protection, and opposed the bann on these grounds: 'It is well known that the Devil tempted St. Anthony with the most licentious representations and voluptuous enticements, and, if the Devil dared to act so with a saint, whose equal was not to be found on the calendar, what should prevent him from playing off his pranks with a Dominican; we must, therefore, advise the monk to follow the example of the holy Anthony, and, like him, to oppose the temptations of the fiend with the weapons of prayer and fasting. It is, however, much to be lamented, that Satan should have so little respect for the archbishop as to make the instrument of his wiles assume the figure of one of his Reverence's family.' The Chapter conducted itself in this case in exactly the same manner as hereditary princes do whose fathers live too long. But what served more completely to confuse the case, was a report from the nunnery. The nuns had assembled in the refectory, and were busied in dressing up a Madonna for the next festival, hoping to surpass by its magnificence their rivals the black nuns, when suddenly the old portress entered, told the hellish story, and added, that the Dominican, whose name she had forgot, would certainly be burnt alive, for that the Chapter had even then assembled for the purpose of trying him. Whilst the portress was relating the tale with all its various circumstances, the

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faces of the young nuns were violently flushed, and Sin, who never loses an opportunity of corrupting innocent hearts, shot into their blood, and hastily pictured the dangerous scene to their imaginations. Fury and consternation, in the meantime, deformed the features of the old ones. The abbess trembled and leaned on her staff, while the spectacles fell from her face. But when the porteress added, that it was the sister Clara whom the fiend had brought to the Dominican in his dream, a dreadful shriek filled the whole hall. Clara alone remained tranquil, and, when the uproar had ceased, she said, smiling: 'Dear sisters, why do you shriek so fearfully? I, myself, dreamt that I slept with Father Gebhardt, my confessor; and, if it was the work of the fiend' (here she and all the rest made the sign of the cross), 'why, we must give him the discipline.' 'The Father Gebhardt!' cried the porteress; 'now all ye saints and angels, that is the very person who dreamt of you: that is he whom they are about to burn.' The porteress having thus expressed herself, this second version of the dream was immediately circulated through the city. The Madonna was allowed to remain naked, for the sisters cared now very little if the black nuns bore away the palm. The abbess did all in her power to spread the news abroad, the housekeeper followed her example, the porteress harangued an audience beneath the gateway, and Clara candidly replied to the yet more candid questions of her companions. The last trumpet could not have diffused in Mayence

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more terror and confusion than this extraordinary tale.

No sooner did the Dominican prior hear of this accident, than he ran to the assembled Chapter, and gave, by his information, a new turn to the affair. The archbishop would willingly have suppressed the whole business; but it was now time for the Chapter to take it up, and all the canons were unanimously of opinion, that so strange a circumstance ought to be communicated to the Holy Father at Rome. They now became infuriated, and nothing but the midday bell had power to separate them. From that moment, all Mayence, clergy and laity, divided into two parties, and for many years nothing was heard, spoken, or dreamt of, but the Devil, the white nun, and Father Gebhardt. The matter was argued from the pulpit of every sect; mountebanks, Capuchins, and dog-doctors made it their theme, while the lawyers, after having taken the depositions of the nun and the father, and confronted them with each other, wrote folio volumes concerning the sinful and un sinful chances of the dream.—Was this a time for Faustus and his discoveries to succeed?

In Frankfort, which is at the present day the asylum of science, Faustus, however, hoped for better fortune. He offered his Bible to the reverend Town Council for two hundred gold guilders; but, as a large sum had just been expended in purchasing five hogsheads of prime Rhenish for the Council cellar, his demand came rather unseasonably. He paid his court to the

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town-clerk, to the speaker, and to the senators, from the proud patrician to the yet prouder head of the shoemaker guild. He was promised by all favour, protection, and assistance.

At length he attached himself to the then presiding mayor, from whom he for a long time gained nothing, but, as if in recompense, the lady mayoress kindled a violent passion in his susceptible heart. One evening the mayor assured him, that the Council, on their next day of meeting, would come to a determination, by virtue of which the assembled members would most probably pay down the sum for the Bible. Faustus replied, that his children might very possibly die of hunger before so enlightened an assembly had decided, and, maddened with despair, he now returned to his solitary apartment. In this moment, he suddenly recollected his magic formula. The thought of running some bold risk, and of purchasing independence of man by an alliance with the Devil, rushed more vividly than ever through his brain. And yet the idea terrified him. With hasty steps, furious gestures, and fearful cries, he walked up and down the chamber, struggling with his rebellious spirit, which urged him to penetrate the surrounding darkness; but still his soul shuddered and was unresolved. The clock struck eleven from the neighbouring tower. Black night hung about the earth. The north wind howled, and clouds obscured the face of the full moon. Nature now appeared in a second chaos. A night more suited to bewilder an excited imagina-

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tion could not be imagined. Yet was the beam of his mind balanced. In one scale hung religion, and its firm supporter, the hope of immortality ; while thirst for independence and knowledge, pride, pleasure, malevolence, and bitterness, filled the other.

At length Faustus, according to the custom of magic, drew the horrible circle which was for ever to remove him from the providential care of the Almighty, and from the sweet ties of humanity. His eyes sparkled, his heart beat louder, and his yellow tresses stood erect on his head. At this moment, he thought he saw his aged father, and his blooming wife and children, wring their hands in despair, and fall down upon their knees, to pray for him to that Being whom he was about to renounce. ' It is their misery, it is their situation, that maddens me ! ' he wildly shrieked, and stamped on the ground with his foot. He now became enraged at the weakness of his heart, and advanced towards the circle ; the storm rattled against the windows, the foundation of the house trembled : a noble angelic figure appeared before him, exclaiming, ' Stay, Faustus ! ' and the following colloquy ensued :

Faustus.—Who art thou, that disturbest my daring work ?

Figure.—I am the genius of man, and will save thee, if thou art to be saved !

Faustus.—What canst thou give me to assuage my thirst for knowledge, and my desire for freedom and enjoyment.

Figure.—Humility, resignation in suffering,

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content, and a proper estimation of thyself; above all, an easy death, and light in the world to come.

Faustus.—Begone, vision of my heated fancy. I know thee by the cunning with which thou wouldst deceive the wretches whom thou hast made subservient to power. Begone, and hover around the brows of the beggar, of the monk, of the debased slave, and of all those who have their hearts fettered by unnatural bonds, and who keep their senses locked up, in order to escape from the claws of despair. The powers of my soul require room, and let him who has given me it answer for its workings.

‘Farewell, unhappy man,’ sighed the genius, and disappeared.

Faustus cried, ‘Am I to be frightened on the very brink of hell by nursery tales? But they shall not prevent me from piercing the darkness; I will know what the gloomy curtain conceals, which a tyrannic hand has drawn before our eyes; and who is to blame, I repeat? Was it I that formed myself so that trifling exertion exhausts my strength. Did I plant in my bosom the seeds of passion? Did I place there that impulse for aggrandizement, which never lets me rest? Did I fashion my soul, so that it will not submit, and will not bear contempt? Perhaps I am like the earthen pot, which, formed by a strange hand, is broken into pieces, because it does not hit the fancy of the maker, and because it does not answer the use for which he appears to have designed it. Alas, I am a mere vessel; yet where-

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fore then this struggle with my destiny, which would fetter my noblest resolves? And was mind given for no purpose?—ah, surely not! The bull trusts in his horns, and the stag in his swiftness, to escape from the hunter; and is that which so eminently distinguishes man, less his own. Mind, I have; I employed it for the benefit of my fellow-men, and neglect was my reward—perhaps the devils will respect it more.’

Here he furiously sprung forth into the circle; while the lamentations of his wife, father, and children seemed to echo, in the deep tones of despair, ‘Lost, for ever lost!’

Satan, ruler of hell, had, by the hoarse sound of his trumpets, which echoed even to the glowing sides of the sun, announced to all the fallen spirits, dispersed through the upper and lower world, that he intended on this day to give a great festival. The hellish spirits assembled at the mighty call. Even his envoys at the papal stool, and at the different courts of Europe, forsook their posts, for the invitation led them to expect something great and important.

Already the monstrous vaults of hell resounded with the wild cries of the fiendish populace, while myriads seated themselves upon the scorched ground. The princes then stepped forth, and commanded silence to the multitude, whilst Satan heard the intelligence, brought by his envoys from the upper world. The devils obeyed, and a deathlike stillness prevailed amid the thick, misty darkness, interrupted only by the groans of the damned. In the meantime, the

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slaves of the fiends,—shades, who are neither worthy of happiness nor damnation,—prepared the immeasurable tables for the banquet, and they deserved to be under the thralldom of such a task. When they were yet in flesh and blood, and ate the fruits of the earth, they were of that equivocal kind, who seem the friends of all men, and yet are the friends of none : whose tongues continually prattle of the noble precepts of virtue, which they feel not in their hearts ; who only abstain from evil, because it is accompanied by danger, and from doing good, because it requires courage and self-denial ; who traffic with religion, and, like avaricious Jews, lay out their capital at interest, for the purpose of securing a comfortable berth for their miserable souls ; and who worship God from fear, and tremble before Him like slaves.

The devils, who, to say the truth, are no better masters than the Polish, Livonian, and Hungarian nobility, drove them about in hell at a furious rate. Others were sweating in the infernal kitchen, and cooking the meal for their haughty lords ; an unpleasant service for a soul which had once supported its own human body by eating and drinking. For, although the devils originally neither ate nor drank, yet they have learnt from men the custom of celebrating every solemnity by means of the glass and platter, and, on such occasions, they feast on souls. The general of each legion (for hell is arranged on a military footing, and in this respect resembles every despotic government, or rather every

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despotic government in this respect resembles hell), chooses a certain number of damned souls, as food for his subalterns. These are delivered over to the slaves, who stew, broil, and baste them with hellish sauce. It frequently happens, that these wretches have to stick their own wives, daughters, fathers, sons, or brothers upon the spits, and to keep up the purgatorial fire beneath them. A truly horrible and tragic employment, rendered yet more so, since their overseer, a capricious devil, like all understrappers of great lords, stands behind them with a whip, in order to expedite the work. On the present occasion, two popes, a conqueror, a celebrated philosopher, and a recently canonized saint, were intended to feast the palates of Satan, his viziers, and his favourites. Abundance of fresh victuals had just arrived for the common people. The pope had a little time before set by the ears two armies of French, Italians, Spaniards, and Germans, in order to fish up in the tumult certain districts to add to the patrimony of Saint Peter. They fought like heroes, and fell by thousands into hell. What happiness would it be for the souls, intended for these devilish repasts, if they were thereby to find an end to their torments; but no sooner are they swallowed, digested, and returned piecemeal into the pools of hell, than they are regenerated, and arise to become the patients of new suffering.

While these were writhing on the spits, the cellarers and butlers, slaves of the above-mentioned order, decked out the sideboards. The

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flasks were filled with tears of hypocrites, of would-be saints, of pretenders to sensibility, and of persons who repent from weakness of soul, with tears, which envy squeezes out, on hearing of another's prosperity, with tears of egotists, who weep for joy, because they themselves have escaped the misfortunes by which others are overwhelmed, and of sons, who weep over the palls of their harsh and avaricious fathers. The flasks on the supper-table were filled with the tears of priests, who, like actors, play a part in the pulpit, in order to move their auditors ; and, to give the liquor a sharper flavour, it was mingled with tears of courtezans, who walk the streets weeping for hunger, until some inexperienced youth barter his dollar with them for sin. Reserved for Satan and his princes, stood, on various sideboards, flasks of the noblest drink. It was heady and foaming, being a mixture of the tears of monarchs, who weep for the misery of their subjects, whilst they issue commands only suited to perpetuate it ; of the tears of maidens, who weep for the loss of their chastity, and prostitute themselves with streaming eyes ; and of the tears of favourites, who have fallen into disgrace, and now weep, because they can no longer rob and oppress under the protection of their sovereigns.

No sooner had the slaves arrayed the table, and stationed themselves behind the chairs of their masters, than the grandees of hell poured forth from the chambers of Satan. The furies went foremost, the bodyguards followed them,

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and were succeeded by the chamberlains. Then came pages bearing lighted torches, woven out of the souls of monks, who seduce wives, and press round the death-bed of husbands, to force them to leave their property to the Church; without reflecting that their own adulterous spawn must beg for bread through the land. Then came Satan himself, closely followed by the remaining nobility of his court, according to their rank and favour. The devils bowed their heads in reverence, the pages placed the torches upon the table of their sovereign; while Satan, with a triumphant air, mounted his high throne, and made the following speech:—

‘Princes, potentates, immortal spirits! welcome, thrice welcome! Rapturous emotions glow through me when I cast my eyes along your squadrons of countless heroes. We are yet what we were, when for the first time we awoke in this pool from the stunning consequences of our fall, and for the first time assembled. Only one feeling still rules here,—unanimity alone maintains her sway in hell, and in this place only do all devote themselves to the same end. He who has the happiness of commanding you, may easily forget the heartless lustre of Paradise. I own, we have suffered, and still suffer, much, especially since the full exercise of our powers is restrained by one who seems to fear us far more than we do him. But, in the feeling of the vengeance which we take on the sons of dust, his contemptible favourites,—in the contemplation of their madness and crimes,

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by which they continually thwart his purposes,—lies a recompense for our suffering. Welcome, thrice welcome, all ye whom this sentiment inflames.

‘Hear now the occasion of the festival which I intend this day to celebrate with you. Faustus, a daring mortal, who like us is at war with the Eternal, and who, through the strength of his spirit, may at some future period be deemed worthy to dwell along with us in hell, has discovered the art of multiplying, on an easy principle, a thousand and a thousand fold, those things denominated books,—those dangerous toys of men,—those vehicles of delusion, of error, of lies, and of horror,—those fountains of pride and of painful doubt. Until now they have been too costly, and only in the hands of the rich, whom they filled with fancies, and from whom they chased that humility which God had for their happiness infused into their hearts. Triumph! soon will the poison of knowledge and inquiry be communicated to all classes. New cravings, new wants, will arise; and I doubt whether my enormous kingdom will be able to contain all those who will destroy themselves by this delicious poison. But this were only a slight victory; my eye pierces deeper into that distant period, which is to us no more than an hour is to man. Soon will cavillers and haters of the established Church spread about like the plague: pretended reformers of heaven and earth will arise, and their doctrines, from the facility of communication, will penetrate even

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into the hut of the beggar. They will think to do good, and to purify the object of their hope from falsehood. But, if men begin well, how long do they continue to act so. Sin is not more inseparable from them, than are ill consequences from their noblest pursuits. The well-beloved people of God, whom He endeavoured to snatch from hell by the sacrifice of His only Son, will quarrel about tenets which no one understands, and tear each other to pieces like wild beasts. Horrible atrocities, surpassing all the abominations perpetrated by men since they first sprung into existence, will desolate unhappy Europe. My hopes appear to you too bold,—I read it in your doubting countenances: but listen to me whilst I explain. Religious disagreements will give rise to these frenzies. Then first will Fanaticism, the wild son of hatred and superstition, untie all the bonds of nature and humanity. The father will murder the son, and the son the father. Kings will joyfully dip their fingers in the blood of their subjects, and place the sword in the hands of bigots, in order that they may slaughter their brothers by thousands, because their opinions are different. Then will the water of the rivers turn into streams of blood, and the shrieks of the murdered will shake hell to its very centre. We shall see wretches come down to us stained with crimes for which we have had hitherto neither names nor punishments. Already do I see them attack the Papal Chair, which keeps together the fragile fabric through treachery and deceit, whilst it undermines itself

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through crime and luxury. The great props of the religion which we dread give way ; and, if the Eternal One does not sustain the sinking structure by means of new miracles, it will disappear from the face of the earth, and we shall once more shine in the temples as worshipped divinities. Where will the spirit of man stop, when he has once undertaken to illumine that which he formerly honoured as a mystery ? He will dance on the grave of the tyrant, at whose frown he the day before trembled. He will break to pieces the altar on which he lately sacrificed, if he once endeavour to find the way to heaven by his own wisdom. Can the Creator take home to Himself a human being, who is not a million times more allied to us than to Him ? Man abuses everything, and the strength of his soul as well as of his body. He abuses all that he sees, hears, feels, or thinks ; and all with which he trifles, or with which he is seriously engaged. Not content with deforming whatever he can seize with his hands, he soars upon the wings of imagination into worlds to him unknown, and arrays them in ideal deformity. Even freedom, the noblest of his treasures, to obtain which he has shed rivers of blood, he readily sells for gold and pleasure, before he has tasted its sweets. Incapable of good, he yet trembles at evil, heaps horror upon horror to escape it, and then destroys his own handiwork.

‘ After the bloodshed of war, mankind, wearied with slaughter, will take a few moments’ repose, and then their venomous hatred will be displayed

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in petty and private bickerings. Some, indeed, will every now and then erect piles of wood and faggot, and burn those alive who disagree with them in religion ; others will attempt the solution of inexplicable riddles : and those born for darkness will dare to struggle for light ; their imaginations will become inflamed, and their desires insatiable. Truth, simplicity, and religion will be trodden underfoot, for the sake of writing a book. Yes, yes, book-writing will become a universal employment, by which fools and men of genius will alike seek fame and emolument ; caring very little whether they confuse the heads of their fellow-creatures, and hurl fire-brands into the hearts of the innocent. The heaven, the earth, the secret strength of nature, the dark causes of her phenomena, the power which rules the stars and bowls the comets through the void, —everything visible and invisible,—they will wish to handle, measure, and dive into. They will invent, for all that is incomprehensible, words and numbers ; and heap system upon system, till they have brought deeper darkness upon the earth, through which doubt, like the fen-fire, will only shine to allure the wanderer into the morass. Only then will they think to see clearly, and then I expect them. After they have shovelled away religion like ordure, and are forced, out of the stinking remains, to patch together a new and monstrous mixture of human wisdom and superstition, then I expect them. And then open wide the gates of hell, that the race of man may enter. The first step is already

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taken ; the second is near. But this must be preceded by a horrible revolution upon the face of the earth. Soon will the inhabitants of the old world emigrate, for the purpose of discovering new, and to them unknown, districts of the globe. They will there attack and slaughter millions, to possess themselves of that gold which the innocents value not. They will fill this new world with all their crimes, and then return with materials for corrupting even the old one. Thus will nations become our prey, whom till now innocence and ignorance have protected from us. And thus shall we, by the assistance of the favourites of heaven, triumph over our master.

‘ This, then, O potentates ! is what I wished to communicate to you ; and now rejoice with me over this mighty day, and enjoy in anticipation the victory which I, who know men, promise you. Long live Faustus ! ’

With horrible uproar, which made the axis of the earth tremble, and the bones of the dead rattle in their coffins, the devils shouted ‘ Long live Faustus ! ’ ‘ Long live the corrupter of the sons of dust ! ’

Hereupon the chief nobility of the kingdom were permitted to kiss the hand of his Satanic majesty.

The triumphant devils now sat down to table, and fell upon the prepared meal. The goblets clattered, the souls were crouched beneath their iron teeth, and they drank the health of Satan, of Faustus, of the clergy, of the tyrants

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of the earth, and of future and living authors, amidst the clang of hellish artillery. In order to render the banquet more magnificent, the masters of the revels went to the pools, drew out the burning souls, and chased them over the tables, to illumine the gloomy scene ; while they ran behind the wretches with poisoned whips, forcing them to caper, while sparks ascended to the blackened roofs, crackling like wheat-sheaves ignited by lightning in an autumn storm. That the devils might have music to their meat, others hastened to the pools, and poured molten metal amid the flames, so that the damned howled and cursed in grisly despair. If priests now could, instead of their cold and fruitless sermons about penitence, give a specimen upon earth of these horrid outcries, sinners would quickly turn a deaf ear to the voluptuous warblings of castrati, and join in some pious psalm : but, alas ! hell is distant, and pleasure close at hand ! After the banquet, a great stage was erected, and various plays were performed, founded on the heroic deeds of Satan ; as, for example, the seduction of Eve, Judas Iscariot, etc.

The performance was then suddenly changed to an allegorical ballet. The scene was a wild and dreary spot. In a dark cavern sat Metaphysics, in the shape of an Egyptian mummy, whose eyes were fixed upon five glittering words, which flitted continually backwards and forwards, and at each change had a different import. The mummy ceased not to follow them with its stony eyes ; while in a corner stood a little roguish

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devil, who incessantly blew bubbles of air into its face. Pride, the amanuensis of Metaphysics, gathered them up as they fell, pressed the air out, and kneaded them into hypotheses. The mummy was clothed in an Egyptian waistcoat, embroidered with mystic characters. Over this it wore a Grecian mantle, which ought to have concealed the characters, but was much too short and too narrow for that purpose. Its legs, thighs, and middle were cased in long loose drawers, which did not, however, entirely conceal its nakedness. A huge doctorial hat covered its bald head, which was marked with the scratches worn by its long nails, in provoking deep reflection. Its shoes were made after the European fashion, and sprinkled with the finest dust of the schools and universities. After it had gazed a considerable time on the moving words, without being able to understand them, its attendant, Pride, gave the wink to Delusion, who was walking near. He seized a wooden trumpet, and sounded a dance. No sooner did the mummy hear the noise, than it took Pride by the hand, and danced about with antic gambols; but its thin, withered legs could not bear this long, and it soon sunk breathless into its former posture.

Then came forward Morality, a fine female form, hooded in a veil, which, chameleon-like, sported all colours. She held Virtue and Vice by the hands, and danced a trio with them. For music, a naked savage played upon an oaten pipe, an European philosopher scraped the fiddle, while an Asiatic beat the drum; and, although

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these contradictory tones would have distracted an harmonious ear, yet the dancers did not once lose the step,—so well had they learnt their parts. When the maiden gave Vice her hand, she coquetted and languished significantly before him ; but when she gave it to Virtue she moved along with the modest gait of a matron. After the dance, she reposed upon a thin, transparent, and beautifully painted cloud, which her admirers had woven out of various shreds and remnants.

Next appeared Poetry, in the form of a lovely naked woman. She danced with Sensuality a figurative lascivious dance, to which Imagination played the flute d'amour.

History then advanced upon the stage. Before her went Fame, with a long brazen trumpet. She herself was hung round with stories of murders, poisonings, perjuries, conspiracies, and other horrors. Behind her panted, beneath a prodigious load of chronicles, diplomas, and documents, a strong, nervous man, clothed in the German fashion. She danced with Slavery, to the rustling of the stories with which she was hung. Falsehood at length took the trumpet from the mouth of Fame, and tuned it to the dance ; and Flattery pointed out the figures.

Then appeared Medicine and Quackery, and were received with loud laughter : they danced a minuet, to which Death clinked the music with a purse of gold.

After them were seen Astrology, Cabala, Theosophy, and Mysticism. They grasped each other by the hands, and whirled around in intricate

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figures ; while Superstition, Delusion, and Fraud stood near, and blew the bagpipes.

These were followed by Jurisprudence, a sleek, rosy-faced dame, fed with fees, and hung about with commentaries : she coughed through a tedious solo, and Chicanery played the bass-viol.

Last of all entered Policy, in a triumphant car drawn by two mares, Weakness and Deceit. On her right sat Theology, holding in one hand a sharp-pointed dagger, and, in the other, a blazing torch. She herself wore a golden crown upon her head, and supported a sceptre over her right shoulder. She descended from the car, and danced with Theology a *pas de deux*, to which Cunning, Ambition, and Tyranny played on soft tinkling instruments. After she had finished the *pas de deux*, she made all the other figures a sign to begin a general dance. They immediately obeyed, and sprang about in wild confusion. All the before-mentioned musicians played on their instruments, and raised a din, only surpassed in loudness by the table-music of Satan. Yet Contention soon insinuated herself among the unsuspecting dancers ; and, animated by Zeal and Fury, they hastily snatched up weapons. When Theology perceived that all embraced delightful Poetry, and that Morality wished to tear off her own veil, in order to cover her with it, she gave the latter a thrust with a poignard from behind, and singed the tender buttock of Poetry with her flaming torch. Both raised a dreadful shriek : Policy commanded peace, and

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Quackery hastened to bind up the wound of Morality, whilst Medicine cut a shred from her robe in payment. Death stretched out his claw from under the mantle of thievish Medicine, to seize Morality, but Policy gave him such a blow that he yelled aloud, and grinned most hideously. Poetry was allowed to hop about with her scorched buttock, because she was naked, and had nothing to be despoiled of. At length History took pity upon her, and laid upon the sore a wet leaf from a sentimental romance. Policy then tied them all behind her chariot, and drove away in triumph.

All hell expressed their approbation of this last spectacle, by reiterated clappings; and Satan embraced the devil Leviathan, for having got up this entertainment, which flattered him exceedingly; it being one of his chief whims, to be reckoned by the fiends as the inventor of the sciences. He often said, in his pride, that he had begotten them in adulterous intercourse with the daughters of earth, in order to divert men from the straightforward and noble feelings of their hearts, to remove from their eyes the mystic veil which constitutes their happiness, to make them acquainted with their state of restriction and weakness, and to fill them with painful doubt concerning their after destination. 'I taught them,' he would continue, 'by their means, to reason upon virtue and the Almighty, so that they might forget to practise the one and to worship the other. We ourselves have fought heaven with bold and open weapons, and

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I have at least shown them the way of skirmishing incessantly with the eternal.'

The sensible reader will here pause, and admire the strict resemblance of all courts to each other ; that is, how the great, through the service, toil, and sweat of the little, win the favour of their sovereigns, and bear away the rewards. Leviathan gave himself out as the inventor of this allegorical ballet, and was on that account thanked and caressed, although the real author of it was the Bavarian Poet Laureate, who a short time before had died of hunger, and found his way to hell. He prepared the ballet after the latest court-fashion, by the command of Prince Leviathan, who had at least talent enough to discover merit ; and the reason of his bitter allusions to the sciences was, probably, because they had so ill supported him ; and, perhaps, Leviathan, who knew perfectly well what would please Satan, had given him a hint to that effect. Be this as it may, the devil had the reward, and the thin shade of the Bavarian Laureate sat cowering behind a rock of the theatre, and observed with bitterest agony the marks of unmerited favour which Satan had lavished on Leviathan.

The half-intoxicated devils now became so clamorous as nearly to drown the howls of the damned ; when suddenly the powerful voice of Faustus echoed from the upper world through hell. He had at length surmounted every obstacle, and now summoned before him one of the first princes of the kingdom of darkness.

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Satan started up in ecstasy: 'It is Faustus who calls there. No one else has the power; and no one else, if he had such power, would dare to knock so loudly against the iron portals of hell. Up! up! a man like him is worth a thousand of the scoundrels who come down to hell every day by rote.' Then, turning to the devil Leviathan, his favourite, he added, 'I choose thee, the subtlest seducer, the deadliest hater of the human race, to ascend and purchase for me, by thy dangerous services, the soul of this desperado. Only thou canst chain, satiate, and then drive to despair, his craving heart, and his proud and restless spirit. Quick, quick, ascend! dispel the vapours of school-wisdom from his brain. Consume with the fire of voluptuousness the noble feelings of his heart. Disclose to him the treasures of nature, and hurry him into life, that he may the sooner grow tired of it. Let him see evil arise from good, vice rewarded, justice and innocence trodden under foot, as is the custom of men. Conduct him through the wild and terrible scenes of human life; let him mistake its aim, and lose among its horrors the guiding thread of virtue. And, when he stands separated from all natural and heavenly ties, in doubt concerning the noble destination of his race,—when even pleasure and enjoyment have left him, and the inward worm awakes,—then depict to him, with infernal bitterness, the consequences of his deeds and delusions; and unfold to him all their links, extending to remotest generations. If despair

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should then seize him, hurl him down, and return in triumph to hell.'

Leviathan.—Wherefore, O Satan, dost thou impose this work upon me? Thou knowest that I have long ago had enough of men, and of their playground,—the world. What is to be made out of wretches, who, as thou hast observed, have neither strength for good nor evil. Gold, ambition, or pleasure can quickly make rascals of them, who have for a short period pursued the phantom virtue, and if any one should move boldly at first along the path of vice, he will be driven back, when half-way, by the spectres of his crazy imagination. If, indeed, it were a proud, hot-headed Spaniard, a revengeful, assassinating Italian, or even a wild, lascivious Frenchman, whom you wanted me to catch: but a German, one of those thick-pated swine, who slavishly bend before rank, riches, and all the unnatural distinctions of men, who believe that their lords and princes are made of superior materials to themselves, and have a right to dispose of them just as they please, either in fighting their own battles, or those of other sovereigns! Hast thou heard from them for centuries a single word of rebellion against tyranny, or of shedding blood for the rights of man? Not one of them has, as yet, come down to hell in glory, a proof that these people have no distinguished heads among them. Those are to my mind who wish to clear up everything, who fight with the adamant shield of individuality, against which, all prejudices, earthly

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or heavenly, are shivered. Show me such a man who is willing to become great on earth, at the expense of his soul, and I will immediately ascend.

Satan.—Shall devils, O Leviathan, let themselves be blinded by prejudice, like the sons of dust? I tell thee, the man after our own heart is born under that district of heaven. He is one of those, who, endued by nature with hot and furious passions, rebel against all the old-established customs of society. When such a spirit tears its way through these cobwebs, it resembles a flame, which, by its own fury, speedily consumes the materials which feed its lustre. He is one of those visionary philosophers, who wish to seize, through imagination, what is denied to cold understanding; and who, if they are unsuccessful, laugh at all knowledge, and make pleasure and enjoyment their gods. Away, away, Leviathan! soon shall a fire break out in Germany, which will spread through all Europe. Already is the germ of that delusion springing up, which shall endure for centuries. What the German has once caught, he will not easily let go.

The commanding voice of Faustus now resounded for the second time. Satan continued:

‘Thou mayst know by this call that he is no trembler. Hasten to him, for, if thou delayest, perhaps he may doubt the strength of his charms, and hell will lose the fruits of his temerity. Truly, the fellow is such a genius, that I can almost overlook his origin.’

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The devil Leviathan angrily replied : ‘ I swear by the hot and stinking pool of the damned, that the rebel shall one day blaspheme his Creator, and curse this and the hour of his birth.’

He went away wrapt in a veil of smoke, and the fiends pursued him with loud huzzas.

Faustus stood within the magic circle, while his breast swelled with rage. For the third time he repeated the dreadful formula, in a voice that resembled thunder. The door suddenly flew open ; a thick vapour hovered around the margin of the circle ; he struck into it with his magic rod, and cried in triumph, ‘ Unveil thyself, thou thing of darkness.’ The vapour dispersed, and Faustus saw a tall figure, concealed beneath a red mantle.

Faustus.—Why this tedious disguise to one who wishes to see thee ! Discover thyself to him who fears thee not in whatever shape thou mayst appear.

The devil flung back his mantle, and stood in a daring and majestic attitude before the circle. His fiery eyes sparkled from beneath their black brows, between which malice, hatred, fury, agony, and scorn had formed themselves in thick folds. These furrows were sunk in a smooth, clear, high-arched forehead, which contrasted strangely with the fiendish marks between the eyes. A fine-formed aquiline nose inclined towards a mouth which seemed to have been framed only for the enjoyment of immortal things. He had the mien of a fallen angel,

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whose countenance was once illuminated by the God-head, but which was now obscured by a gloomy veil.

Faustus (in surprise).—Is man then everywhere at home? Who art thou?

Devil.—I am a prince of hell, and come because thy mighty call compels me.

Faustus.—A prince of hell under this mask; under the figure of a man! I wished for a fiend, and not one of my own race.

Devil.—Perhaps, Faustus, we are most so when we resemble ye; at least, no mask suits us better. Besides, is it not your custom to conceal what ye are, and to appear what ye are not?

Faustus.—Bitter enough, and yet true as bitter; for, if our outsides looked like our insides, we should not be very different from that which we imagine you to be; still, I expected to see thee more terrible, and even hoped that thy appearance would try the strength of my courage.

Devil.—Thus do ye always imagine things contrary to what they are. Probably you expected a devil with horns, and a cloven foot, as the cowardly age has depicted him. But, since you have ceased to worship the powers of nature, they have forsaken ye, and you can no longer conceive anything great. If I were to stand before thee such as I really am, my eyes threatening comets, my body a dark-hovering cloud, which shoots lightning from its womb,—in my hand the sword, which I once brandished against

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the Avenger, and on my arm the ponderous shield which his thunder pierced, thou wouldst become a heap of ashes in thy circle.

Faustus.—But then I should at least see something great.

Devil.—I might admire your courage; but you are never more ridiculous than in these would-be grand bursts of feeling, when you contrast the little you can embrace, with the monstrous and great which are so high above ye. Thus may the worm measure the trampling elephant, and reckon his weight in the moment when it dies beneath his powerful foot.

Faustus.—Mocker! and what then is the spirit within me, which, if it once get fairly on the ladder, will mount from step to step into infinity? What are its limits?

Devil.—The length of your own nose. But, if you called me out of hell merely for this chit-chat, permit me to return for ever. I have long known your inclination to prate about that which you do not understand.

Faustus.—Thy bitterness pleases me, it chimes in with my humour, and I should like to be better acquainted with thee. What is thy name?

Devil.—Leviathan; which signifies *all*, for I can do all.

Faustus.—Hear the braggart: are devils then so boastful?

Devil.—'Twas said merely to do honour to the shape in which thou seest me: but words are vain. Set me to the proof. What dost thou require?

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Faustus.—Require ? What an indefinite word for a devil. If thou art what thou seemest, anticipate desires, and gratify them, ere they become wishes.

Devil.—The noble steed bites the bit in fury, when curbed by a timid rider ; how he then resembles the man who feels wings that could bear him into light, yet who is kept down in the dark abyss. Faustus, thou art one of those fiery spirits, who are not contented with the scanty meal of knowledge, which the Almighty has set before them. Great is thy strength, mighty is thy soul, and bold thy will ; but the curse of finite reason lies upon thee, as it does upon all. —Faustus, thou art as great as man can be.

Faustus.—Masquerading fiend, return into hell ; must thou too deceive us by flattery.

Devil.—Faustus, I am a spirit formed of flaming light ; I saw the monstrous worlds arise out of nothing,—thou art of dust, and of yesterday : do I flatter thee ?

Faustus.—And yet must thou serve me, if I command.

Devil.—For that, I expect the approbation of hell, besides a reward : neither man nor devil will work for nothing.

Faustus.—What reward dost thou expect ?

Devil.—To have that which animates thee, that which would make thee my equal, if it had power. '

Faustus.—I were well off then, truly ; yet, adept as thou art, thou knowest little of men, if thou doubttest the strength of one, who has

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set himself free from the bonds which nature has drawn so tightly round our hearts. How gentle did they appear to me once, when the eye of my youth clothed men and the world in the pure colours of morning. 'Tis gone, dark is my horizon ; I stand on the gloomy verge of eternity, and have broken through the laws which keep the human race in harmony.

Devil.—What madness is this, Faustus ? Harmony ! does *she* rule the confused dance of life ?

Faustus.—Silence ! I feel it perhaps for the last time ; and perhaps look back for the last time upon the pleasant, joyous days of youth. How lamentable, that man must awake from this dream of bliss : that the plant must shoot up, in order to wither away as a tree, or be felled ! Ha ! demon, smile ; I was once happy. But let that be forgotten which can never be recalled. Yes, we have only strength when we pursue wickedness. But wherein am I great ? If I were so, should I want thee ? Go, cunning flatterer, thou wilt only make me feel my own littleness.

Devil.—He who is capable of feeling where the shoe pinches him, and has courage enough to tear away the cause of it, is at least great so far. More I will not say, and woe to thee if I were to stimulate thee with words.

Faustus.—Observe me now, and tell me what my spirit requires, but what I dare not utter.

At these words, Faustus pointed to himself, then towards the heavens, and moved his magic staff towards the east and the west. He then continued, 'Thou wast, when nothing was.' He

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laid his hand upon his breast and forehead :
' Here is darkness ; let it be dispelled.'

Devil.—Desperate ! full well I know thy wish,
and tremble, devil as I am, at thy boldness.

Faustus.—Wretched spirit ! thou shalt not
escape by this subterfuge. In my burning thirst,
I would undertake to drink dry the deep sea, if
I hoped to find at its bottom what I sought. I
am thine, or another's : I yet stand there, where
no devil can penetrate. Faustus is yet his own
master.

Devil.—Thou wast so a few minutes since.
But thy lot was cast when thou enteredst this
circle. Whoever has looked me in the face turns
back in vain, and thus I leave thee.

Faustus.—Thou shalt speak, and remove the
dark covering which conceals from me the world
of spirits. I will know the destination of man,
and the cause of moral evil in the world ; I will
know wherefore virtue suffers, and vice is re-
warded ; I will know why we must purchase a
moment's enjoyment by years of agony and
sorrow. Thou shalt disclose to me the source
of things, and the mysterious causes of the
phenomena of the physical and moral world.
Thou shalt make Him, who has arranged all,
comprehensible to me. Yes ! even if the vivid
lightnings, which at this moment shoot from
thy demon eyes, were to stretch me lifeless in
this circle of damnation. Dost thou think that
I have summoned thee merely for pleasure and
gold ? Any dastard may fill his belly, and
sate the desires of the flesh. Thou tremblest !

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—Have I more courage than thyself? What quaking devil has hell vomited out? And thou callest thyself Leviathan, who canst do all! Away, away! thou art no fiend, but a miserable thing like myself.

Devil.—Madman! thou hast not yet felt, as I have, the revenge of the Avenger, the anticipation of which alone would make thee return to dust, even if thou didst bear in thy bosom the united strength of men, from the first to the last sinner. Urge me no further.

Faustus.—I will, and am resolved.

Devil.—Thou inspirest me with reverence and pity.

Faustus.—Obedience is all I require.

Devil.—Go to war with him who has lighted up a torch within thee which will consume thee, if fear does not extinguish it.

Faustus.—I have done so, and in vain.—Obey.

Devil.—Insatiable man! But know, that a devil has his bounds, too. Since our fall, we have lost the idea of these sublime secrets, and forget even the language to express them. The pure spirits of yonder world can alone sing and imagine them.

Faustus.—Dost thou think by this crafty excuse to cheat me of that which I desire?

Devil.—Fool! I would wish for no better revenge upon thee than to be able to paint to thy soul, in the glittering colours of heaven, all what thou hast lost, and then see thee writhe in despair. Knew I more than I know, can the tongue formed of flesh make intelligible to the

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ear of flesh what lies beyond the bounds of sense, and the bodiless spirit only comprehends ?

Faustus.—Then be a spirit, and speak ! Shake off this figure.

Devil.—Wilt thou then understand me ?

Faustus.—Shake off this figure, and let me see thee as a spirit.

Devil.—Thy words are folly, Now then see me,—I shall exist, but not for thee,—I shall speak, but thou wilt not catch my meaning.

Leviathan then melted into a thin clear flame, and disappeared.

Faustus.—Speak, and unfold the enigma.

As the soft west wind moves along the perfumed meadows, and gently kisses the tender flowers, so did it murmur around the ears of Faustus. Then the murmur changed to a loud continued tumult, which resembled the rolling of thunder, or the dash of a breaker against the coral reef, or its howl and bellow in the caves of the ocean. Faustus crept close within his circle, and with difficulty supported himself.

Faustus.—Ah, if this be the language of spirits, my dream has vanished ; I am deceived, and must gnash my teeth in darkness. I have then exchanged my soul for the gratification of earthly lust, for that is all in which this intriguing devil can assist me. That is all against which I risked eternity ! I thought to move among men, enlightened as no one had ever yet been ; and to dazzle them with my glory, like the rising sun. The sublime thought of living for ever as the greatest in their hearts is gone ; and I am more

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wretched than I was. Where art thou, trickster, that I may vent my fury upon thee ?

*Devil (in his former figure).—*Here I am. I spoke, and thou didst not understand the sense of my words. Dost thou not feel that thou art born for darkness. Thou canst not become that which thou must not. Withdraw thy mind from impossibilities, and direct it to what is attainable. Thou wishedst to hear the language of spirits : thou heardst it, and wast stunned and deafened by the sound.

*Faustus.—*Provoke but my wrath, and I will bruise thee to tears with my magic rod. I will chain thee to the rim of my circle, and then stamp on thy neck.

*Devil.—*Do it, and hell will laugh at thy anger. For every tear thou makest me shed, Despair shall one day wring a drop of blood from thy brow, and Revenge shall hold the scales to weigh it.

*Faustus.—*How revolting to a noble creature like myself, to hold converse with an outcast, who has only sense for wickedness, and will only assist in wickedness.

*Devil.—*How disgusting to be forced to listen to a man, who reproaches the Devil because he is a devil, and does not boast of that shadow—Virtue, like one of you.

*Faustus.—*Boast ! If thou couldst but taste the moral value of man, by which he approaches the immortal, and which makes him worthy of immortality !

*Devil.—*I can prove that it does not exist.

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Faustus.—Yes : I believe thou canst. And so can any one of us who makes the measure of his own wickedness that of all mankind, and who makes that virtue contemptible which he has never felt in his breast. We have had philosophers who, in this matter, have long had the start of the Devil.

Devil.—Better if thou hadst never read them ; thy head would then have been more clear, and thy heart more sound.

Faustus.—Damnation, is the Devil always right ?

Devil.—I will show ye that which those philosophers only talk of. I will blow away from your eyes the clouds which pride, vanity, and self-love have collected, and so charmingly coloured.

Faustus.—How wilt thou accomplish that ?

Devil.—By conducting thee through the theatre of the world, and showing thee men in their nakedness. Let us travel by water, by land, on foot, on horseback, on the rapid winds, and see the race of man. Perhaps we may discover that for which so many thousand adventurers have broken their necks.

Faustus.—Agreed : let us go through the world ; I must intoxicate myself by variety and enjoyment, and I have long wished for a broader sphere of observation than my own wild heart. Let us go forth, and I will force the Devil to believe in human virtue. He shall avow to me that man is the eye-apple of Him whom I now no more must name.

Devil.—Then will I return to hell a convicted

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liar, and give thee back the bond which thou wilt presently sign with thy blood.

Faustus.—But if I were to trust a devil, who might palm upon me his own hellish performances for the works of men, how would the scoffer laugh ?

Devil.—Such a monkish notion I should not have expected from one who has so long toyed with philosophy ; but in this ye are all alike, fools and wise men. If anything goes wrong, pride and self-love will never permit ye to lay the blame on yourselves. Observe now those two words, Good and Evil, which you would fain stamp into ideas, for when you have words you always think you have coined the empty sound into a thought. You labour with your eyes closed, and when you open them it is but natural that the good should be your own work, and the evil that of the Devil. Thus then must we poor devils ride about day and night, in order to turn to this or that piece of roguery the heart or the imagination of this or that scoundrel, who, if it had not been for us, would have remained an honest fellow. Faustus, Faustus ; man seeks abroad and in the clouds a thousand things which lie in his own bosom, or before his face. No, during our tour I will add to nothing, except thou command me. All that thou seest shall be the work of man : and thou wilt soon perceive that they do not require the Devil to incite them.

Faustus.—And is this all that thou canst afford me ?

Devil.—I will lead ye from step to step ; when

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we have run through this course another scene will immediately open. Get first acquainted with that which surrounds thee, and then mount upwards. The treasures of the earth are thine, —thou mayst command my power,—do] but dream—do but wish.

Faustus.—That is something.

Devil.—Only something! Discontented being, thou shalt be able to force Leviathan to further the projects which thou callest good and noble, and the consequences of them shall be thy earnings, and the reward of thy heart.

Faustus.—That were more, if the Devil did not say it.

Devil.—Who can boast that he has forced the fiend to do good? But, however, let this thought inflate thy bosom.—Faustus, step out of the circle!

Faustus.—It is not yet time.

Devil.—Dost thou fear me? I repeat, thou shalt spend the moments allotted to thee according to thy own pleasure: yes, Faustus, I will fill for thee the intoxicating cup of enjoyment, as it has never been filled for any other mortal. Thy nerves shall wear away before thou hast emptied it. Count the sands of the beach, and thence thou mayest guess the number of joys that I will strew before thee.

Thereupon he placed a casket of gold near the circle. The figure of the mayoress, and a train of lovely maidens then passed by.

Faustus.—Ha, Devil, who has showed thee the way to my heart?

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Devil.—Is not my name Leviathan? I have weighed thee, and thy strength. Dost thou respect these?

(He shook upon the ground, from a sack, a quantity of orders of knighthood, bishops' hats, crosses of honour, and diplomas of nobility.)

'No, no; I know Faustus better: knowledge and pleasure are his gods,—remain what you are; these things are vain and futile. Thus, by different bribes may ye all be won; and for the sake of lust or advancement, ye would work bare your hands and your intellects. But, whilst fools toil for them in the sweat of their brow, and in the exhaustion of their mind, do thou enjoy, without care or labour, what I shall dish up.—To-morrow, with thy consent, I will conduct thee to the mayoress.'

Faustus.—But how.

Devil.—Accept the conditions, and I will tell thee. Come out of the circle; thou lookest still like a drunken man.

Faustus.—I would annihilate myself if it were not for one thought!

Devil.—Which is——

Faustus.—That I shall only thereby sooner fall into thy power.

Devil.—How rash and hasty are men!—Learn but to know me, and, if I cannot gratify thy wildest earthly desires, return to poverty, to contempt, and thy starving philosophy. Step forth, I say.

Faustus.—The fury of a lion inflames me, and,

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if hell were to yawn beneath my foot, I would spring beyond the limits of humanity.

He sprang out of the circle, and cried,—

‘I am thy lord.’

Devil.—Yes ; as long as thy time runs. I lead a mighty man by the hand, and am proud to be his slave.

CHAPTER II

Leviathan meets Faustus at an Inn at Frankfort—Assembling of the Council, and Discussion on Faustus's Bible—Corporation Squabbles—Leviathan and Faustus invited to a grand Civic Entertainment—Faustus presents his Bible to the City—His Introduction to the Mayoress—Matrimonial Arguments—Knighthood of the Mayor—The Devil's Revenge on the Corrupt Corporation—the Hermit of Homburgh—A Lesson to Misanthropists—The Hermit and the Lovely Pilgrim—His Hut burnt by Leviathan, and he perishes in the Flames—Faustus returns to his Wife and Family at Mayence—Espouses the Cause of a Despairing Client, and corrupts the Judge—Dispute about the Nun Clara—Leviathan's Revenge on the Avaricious Judge—Faustus's Adventure with Clara—Takes leave of his Family—Rescues a Youth from Drowning.

THE following morning the devil, Leviathan, came with all the pomp and retinue of a nobleman to the inn where Faustus dwelt. He alighted from his richly caparisoned steed, and asked the host whether the famous Faustus sojourned there. The host replied by a reverential bow, and ushered him into the house. The devil then advanced to Faustus, and said to him, in the presence of the host :

‘ Your renown, your great talents, and, above all, your mighty invention, have induced me to make a wide circuit in my journey, in order to become acquainted with so remarkable a man, whom the world, in spite of its lukewarmness, knows how to value. I came, likewise, to re-

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quest your company in the tour of Europe, and shall be happy to accede to whatever stipulations you may choose to make, for I am perfectly aware that such a pleasure is above all price.'

Faustus played his part agreeably to that of the devil, and the host hurried out in order to relate the adventure to his household. The rumour was immediately spread, by a thousand channels, through all Frankfort, and the arrival of the distinguished stranger was soon known, from the sentinel at the city gate, to his most worshipful the mayor himself. Away ran the magistrates, as if the devil drove them, to the senate-house; leaving all the weighty affairs of state to remain unsettled, whilst they consulted about this unexpected apparition. The senior alderman, a patrician, who was particularly expert in deciphering the meaning of the signs which occasionally appeared in the political horizon, and had thereby obtained a powerful ascendancy in the council, pressed his fat chin into furrows, and his narrow brow into wrinkles, and, with reflection in his little eyes, assured his sapient brethren that—

'This distinguished stranger was nothing else than a secret envoy of his imperial majesty, who was come into Germany to observe attentively the situation, the comparative strength, the disagreements, and the alliances, of the various states and princes; so that the high and mighty court, at the opening of the approaching Diet, might know how to comport itself. And, since the imperial court had always kept

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a watchful eye upon their republic, they must now endeavour to convince this distinguished visitor of the fiery zeal which they had always entertained for the high imperial house, and not let him depart without winning him over to the interest of the state. That they must, in so doing, take as their pattern the prudent senate of Venice, who never failed to show the greatest friendship and honour towards him whom they intended to deceive.'

The subordinate members of the assembly affirmed that the alderman had spoken like the doge of Venice himself; but the mayor, who bore the alderman a secret grudge, because the latter, like a true patrician, hated the democratic form of government and was accustomed to say, whenever he was out-voted,—'Ha, thus it goes when tradesmen and shopkeepers are made statesmen,'—quickly took up the cudgels against him in these words :

'Truly laudable and excellent, most sapient masters, seems to me that which our most prudent and politic brother has now advanced, were it not for one single circumstance which unhappily spoils all. I, indeed, do not make a boast of possessing the deep visual penetration of the alderman, a penetration, my brethren, which can spy out a storm before it arises; but, nevertheless, whether it be from chance or reflection, I have long foreseen, and have long foretold, that which is now gathering around us. You must all remember, that at each of our sittings I advised you not to treat this Faustus

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so contemptuously, but to purchase his Latin Bible for the small sum he demanded. Even my wife, who is a mere woman, like all other women, has frequently said, that, although we ourselves neither understood nor could use the book, we ought nevertheless to have it, and, on account of the beautiful letters in the title-page, and of the curious invention, to make a show of it, as we do of our golden bull, and attract strangers from all parts. It was likewise fitting that a free and rich state like ours should protect the arts, and give them a helping hand. But I know very well what was in your minds ; 'twas envy—sheer envy. You could not brook that my name should be rendered immortal. You could not digest that posterity should read in the chronicle, "*Sub consulatu* . . . a Latin Bible was bought from Faustus of Mayence, for two hundred gold guilders." Yes, yes ; 'twas that stuck in your gizzards ; but, as you have brewed, so may you drink ; Faustus is a devilish wild fellow, and a very strange hand to deal with ; I saw that proved yesterday. And, now that the imperial envoy has travelled hither merely on his account, merely on account of him whom we have treated worse than a broken cobbler, think ye not, he will blow us up with the envoy out of revenge, and all our scrapings and grimaces will serve for nothing but to make us appear ridiculous before the citizens ? But he who has driven his cart into the mire may draw it out again. I wash my hands of the whole business, and, like Pilate, am innocent of Israel's blindness and destruction.'

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Here followed a deep silence. The bloody battle of Cannæ, which threatened Rome with ruin, did not terrify her senate more than did this eloquent philippic the enlightened magistracy of Frankfort. Already the mayor triumphed in proud anticipation; he thought even that he had hurled the alderman entirely from off his saddle; when the latter, collecting his political wisdom and heroic strength, hastened to the assistance of the sinking state, and, bellowing aloud, *ad majora*, undauntedly proposed—

‘Immediately to send an embassy from the council to the hotel, in order to welcome the distinguished guest, and to offer Faustus four hundred gold guilders for his Latin Bible, and thereby to appease him, and to make him favourable to the state.’

The mayor scoffed at the idea of giving four hundred gold guilders for a thing which the day before they might, in all probability, have had for one hundred; but his jeers and his scoffs availed nothing. ‘*Salus populi suprema lex,*’ cried the alderman, and, with the approbation of the council, he commanded the mayor to entertain Faustus and the envoy in the most sumptuous manner, and at the expense of the state.

This circumstance consoled his worship, who willingly displayed his wealth, partly on account of his defeat by the alderman, while the concluding words, ‘at the expense of the state,’ put him in good humour. The junior alderman im-

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mediately set out with one of the four syndics, and the mayor sent to his house to order everything ready for the festival. The devil, Leviathan, was engaged with Faustus in a deep discourse when these ambassadors were announced. They were instantly admitted. They welcomed, with all humility, in the name of the senate, the distinguished guest, and gave him to understand, that his noble person, as well as his important errand, were well known to them, assuring him at the same time, in set terms, of their zeal and devotion for the high imperial house. The devil, upon this, screwed up his features, turned to Faustus, took him by the hand, and assured the speakers that nothing had brought him to their town but the desire of removing from it this great man, whom he had no doubt they knew how to prize. The ambassadors were now somewhat disturbed ; however, they soon recollected themselves, and continued thus :

‘ It rejoiced them highly that they could give him on the spot a convincing proof of the respect which the magistracy entertained for so great a man, as they were authorized to tender to Faustus four hundred gold guilders for his Latin Bible, which they had long been anxious to possess, and preserve as a precious treasure. The illustrious magistracy would also be most happy to enrol him, if it were agreeable, among the number of citizens, and thereby open to him the way to glory and emolument.’

This last stroke was added by their own political wisdom ; a proof that they, as skilful

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negotiators, knew how to supply and fill up every vacuum which had been at first overlooked.

Faustus started up in a fury, stamped on the ground, and cried :

‘ Base, lying, deceitful pack ! how long did I not fawn upon you, from the proud patrician down to the shoemaker and the pepper-seller, around whose necks you hang the magisterial insignia like halters around asses, and did ye not permit me to wait at your dirty thresholds without deigning me a single look ! And now you hear that this noble personage sees that in me which ye did not, you come and would pay me back in my own coin. But see, here is gold, for which you would barter the Holy Roman Empire, provided you could find fools gross enough to buy the huge, monstrous carcase, without head, sense, or proportion.’

The devil highly enjoyed the rage of Faustus, and the downcast looks of the young senators ; but they, who had never read the Roman history, were not so high spirited as to fling Faustus a declaration of war from beneath their closely folded robes of office ; on the contrary, they communicated the invitation to the mayor’s festival in as unconcerned a tone as if nothing had happened,—a new proof of their expertness in negotiation. Had they, for example, replied to the insult, they would thereby have acknowledged that they felt the justice of it ; but, when they let it fall flat upon the ground, as if it were nothing to any of them, it lost all its power,

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and assumed the colour of an unfair reproach. Genius alone is capable in such critical moments of a like discrimination.

At the word mayor, Faustus pricked up his ears, and the devil gave him a significant side-glance. Faustus thereupon took the Bible from the casket, handed it over to the senators, and said, with some degree of complaisance :

‘ That, upon due consideration, he was determined to make the city a present of his Bible, on condition that they showed the sentence which he marked under, and of which he wrote a German translation on the margin, to the assembled magistrates ; and, in remembrance of him, caused it to be written in letters of gold on the wall of the council chamber.’

The senators hastened back to their brethren, as delighted as envoys who, after a bloody and ruinous war, return with an advantageous peace. They were received with great joy, and, the Bible being opened at the appointed place, they read :

‘ And lo ! the fools sat in council, and idiots clamoured in the judgment chamber.’

They swallowed this bitter pill, because the presumptive shadow of imperial majesty, in the form of the demon, prevented them from spitting it out. They comforted themselves with having been spared the four hundred gold guilders, and wished each other joy for having escaped so well out of this unpleasant affair. The envoys received a vote of thanks, and it is to be regretted that their names are not handed down to pos-

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terity. When at last they spoke of Faustus's well-filled money-chest, the glitter of gold darted like lightning through the souls of all, and each secretly determined to make the man his friend, in order to get possession of it. The alderman shouted, 'We must make him a citizen, and give him a seat and voice in the council. Policy demands that we should step over law and custom, if the advantage of the state depends upon it.'

Faustus, in the meantime, strolled out with the devil; but they found the people of the place modelled after so unsightly a pattern, with such ugly figures and flat features, that the devil owned he had never seen them equalled, except by the inhabitants of an English town called Norwich, when dressed in their Sunday's best. 'Envy, malice, curiosity, and avarice,' said he, 'are here and there the sole springs of action, and both places are governed by a pitiful mercantile spirit, which prevents them from being grandly wicked or nobly virtuous. In short, Faustus, there is little to be done in either place by a man of spirit, and we will hurry away from hence as soon as you have brought the mayoress to the point you wish her.'

The clock sounded the hour of dinner; the devil and Faustus mounted upon noble horses, and, attended by a numerous retinue, proceeded to the house of the mayor. They entered the hall of assembly, where all the magistrates awaited them, and, on their appearance, bowed before them, even to the dust. The fat, bloated

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mayor, after a long speech, introduced them to the wives of the dignitaries of the corporation, whose figures, loaded with tawdry ornaments, seemed now to display a double portion of awkwardness and vulgarity. They stared like a flock of geese, and could not satiate themselves with looking at the dress and physiognomy of Leviathan; but the mayoress, a native of Saxony, towered above them all, like an Oriad. The expressive look of Faustus had attracted her attention, as well as his prepossessing figure, and his fine, handsome face. She blushed when he saluted her, and could find no other answer to his eloquent address than a few broken words, which the ears of Faustus caught like enchanting music. The senators exerted their wits to the utmost in complimenting their guests, and all now sat down to the well-covered table. After dinner, the devil led the mayor by the hand to a private apartment, a circumstance which flattered him extraordinarily, but which was a dagger blow to all the other guests, especially to the alderman.

The mayor, heated with wine, and intoxicated with the honour which the supposed imperial envoy showed him, in a bending attitude, and with staring eyes, awaited the communication. The devil assured him, in soft silvery tones, how much he was flattered by the mayor's hospitable reception, and how very desirous he was to prove himself thankful, adding, that he carried with him a number of letters of nobility, signed by the emperor's own hand, and he would gladly bestow the first upon him, provided——

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Joy, transport, and astonishment darted through the mayor's soul ; he stood before the devil with wide, gaping mouth, and at length stammered out,—‘ Provided how—what—oh ! ’ The devil then murmured softly into his ear,— ‘ His friend Faustus was desperately in love with the beautiful lady mayoress, and that, for his sake only, he would do it ; and, if the mayoress would retire with Faustus for a few moments, a step which would be entirely unobserved amid the noise and confusion of a festival, he should deliver into her hand the patent of nobility.’

Thereupon the devil hastened to Faustus, informed him of what had happened, and gave him the letter of nobility, with certainty of success. Faustus doubted, and the devil laughed at his doubts.

The mayor remained in his cabinet almost petrified. The sudden glitter of such unexpected happiness was at once so clouded by an odious and detestable condition that he determined upon rejecting it. But, all at once, ambition blew into his ear,—‘ Ho ! ho ! Mister Mayor, to be dubbed a nobleman at once, and in such an off-hand manner, as the saying is, and thereby to be placed on a footing with the proudest of thy foes, and to raise thy voice in the council like a trumpet, and appear among those there, like a man, whom, on account of his services, his imperial majesty will exalt above the head of all.’

Another feeling softly whispered :

‘ Uh ! uh ! with my own knowledge and con-

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sent to become a cuckold ! But, then again, who will know it ? and what is there in the whole affair ? I receive a certain good in lieu of what has long ceased to have any charms for me. The evil consists in the idea alone, and it will be a secret between me and my wife. But, stating the case fairly,—can I arrive at so high a distinction at a cheaper rate ? Will it not be a nail in the alderman's coffin, and what will the citizens not say when they see that his imperial majesty knows how to value me. Shall I not get everything into my power, and revenge myself on those who have thwarted and contradicted me. Ho ! ho ! Mister Mayor, be no fool, seize fortune by the forelock. Man is only what he appears in the eyes of the world, and no one asks the nobleman how he became so. But there is my wife, she will set herself against my advancement, for I well know her Saxon prudery.'

At that very moment she entered the room, eager to learn from her husband what the magnificent stranger had confided to him in private. He looked at her with a roguish leer, but still with some degree of bashfulness.

Mayor.—Well, my chick, suppose I were to make thee a noblewoman to-day.

Mayor.—Then, duck, the wives of all the citizens and magistrates would swoon with envy, and the alderman's lady would instantly die of that husky cough which has so long assailed her.

Mayor.—That she would, for certain, and I could crush her proud husband beneath my foot ;

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but hark, my chick, it only rests with you to bring all this about.

Mayoress.—Whoever heard of wives making their husbands noblemen, duck ?

Mayor.—Who knows, my child, how many have been made so ; but, be not terrified, you have driven that cursed Faustus out of his wits.—(*The Mayoress blushed ; he continued.*) Only on his account will the envoy create me a nobleman, and Faustus is to deliver to thee the patent of nobility in private. You understand me, I perceive. Hem ! What do you think of the plan ?

Mayoress.—I was thinking, my treasure, that if these two gentlemen were to change their minds, the patent would certainly escape us.

Mayor.—Curses ! so it might, let us be quick, my mouse ; such bargains are not met with every day.

The company had, in the meanwhile, dispersed themselves in the garden ; and his worship, getting behind Faustus, whispered softly in his ear,—that ‘his wife would esteem it an honour to receive the patent of nobility from his hand, and he had only to step up a back staircase which he would show him, to an apartment where he would find her. That, as for himself, he feared nothing from a man who had shown so much honour and conscience.’ He led him, thereupon, to the back staircase. Faustus glided up immediately and entered a chamber, where he found the mayoress in the most voluptuous confusion. He flew to her arms, and created the mayor a knight of the Holy Roman Empire.

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She, on her part, imagined that she could not be sufficiently grateful; and asked, in conclusion, if, in future, any such formalities would be necessary. She then went and delivered to her spouse the letter of nobility; and they determined between them that it should be laid upon the supper-table in a covered golden dish, in order, by its unexpected appearance, to make the blow more painful to the guests. The devil, to whom the mayor confided the plan, highly approved of it; but Faustus murmured in the ear of Leviathan—‘I command thee to play this rascal, who has prostituted his wife for ambition’s sake, a thorough knavish trick; and to revenge me, at the same time, on all these sheep-headed magistrates, who so long forced me to pay my court to them.’

They sat down to supper, and the glasses went quickly round; when all at once the devil commanded the dish, which had so long excited the curiosity of the surrounders, to be uncovered; then, holding up the letter of nobility, he delivered it to the mayor, with these words: ‘Worthy sir, his majesty the emperor, my master, is pleased by this patent letter of nobility, to create you, on account of your fidelity and services, a knight of the Holy Roman Empire. I hope and trust that you will never grow lukewarm in your zeal for the high imperial house; and now, Sir Knight, I have the honour of first drinking your health.’

These words rolled like thunder in the ears of the guests. The drunken became sober, and the

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sober drunk : the lips of the women turned blue with rage, and could scarcely stammer out a congratulation. The alderman was seized with an apoplectic fit, and his wife was near dying of her husky cough. Fear, in the meantime, obliged the rest to assume a joyous countenance ; and they drank, with a loud huzza, the health of the new-made knight. While the tumult was at the highest pitch, a thin vapour suddenly filled the hall ; the glasses began to dance about the tables ; and the roasted geese, turkeys, and fowls cackled, gobbled, and crowed. The calves', sheep's, and boars' heads cried, bleated, and grunted, bounced across the table, and snapped at the fingers of the guests. The wine issued in blue flames from out the flasks, and the patent of nobility caught fire, and was burnt to ashes in the hands of the trembling mayor. The whole assembly now sat like so many ridiculous characters in a mad masquerade. The mayor bore a stag's head upon his shoulders ; and all the rest, men and women, adorned with grotesque masks, spoke, cackled, crowed, neighed, or bel-lowed, according to the kind of mask which had been allotted to each individual. The alderman alone, in the dress of a harlequin, sat motionless ; and Faustus avowed to the devil, that the *ruse* did great honour to his ingenuity. After Faustus had satiated himself with gazing at the spectacle, he gave the devil the wink, and they both flew out of the window ; the latter personage, according to custom, leaving behind him the sulphureous stench of hell.

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By and by the whole illusion disappeared ; and when the sapient magistrates re-assembled next morning in the council chamber, they scarcely mentioned to each other what had taken place the night before. They kept the whole matter a state secret, and only revealed it now and then to a chosen few. All that the mayor got by this business was, that his adversary, the alderman, lost the use of his limbs, and never again took his seat in the council.

Faustus and Leviathan, in the meantime, passed over the city walls ; and when they were in the open field, the devil despatched an attendant spirit to the hotel, in order to pay the reckoning, and to fetch away Faustus's baggage. Then turning to Faustus, he asked him if he were contented with this first feat.

Faustus.—Hum, if the devil wants praise, I am content to give it him. But I should never have imagined that yon pompous scoundrel would have prostituted his wife for ambition's sake.

Devil.—Let us proceed a little farther, my Faustus, and I will soon convince thee that ambition is the godhead which ye all worship, although you disguise it under all kind of glittering forms, in order to conceal its nakedness. Till now you have studied man merely in books and philosophical treatises ; or, in other words, you have been threshing empty straw. But the film will soon fall from your eyes. We will shortly quit this dirty country of yours, where priest-craft, pedantry, and oppression reign unmolested

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and undisturbed. I will usher you upon a stage where the passions have a freer scope, and where great energies are employed to great ends.

Faustus.—But I will force thee to believe in the moral worth of man before we quit my native land. Not far from hence lives a prince, whom all Germany praises as a paragon of every virtue. Let us seek him, and put him to the test.

Devil.—Agreed ; such a man would please me for his rarity.

The spirit now returned with the baggage, and was sent forward to Mayence to bespeak a lodging in an hotel. Faustus, for secret reasons which the devil guessed, proposed spending the night with a hermit who dwelt in the hill of Homburgh, and who was renowned through the whole neighbourhood for his piety. They reached the hermitage about midnight, and knocked at the door. The solitary opened it ; and Faustus, who had dressed himself in the richest clothes which the devil had provided for him, begged pardon for disturbing the repose of the holy man, and said, that the night had surprised him and his companion while hunting, and had separated them from their attendants, and that they should be obliged by his giving them house-room for a few hours. The hermit looked on the ground, and replied, with a deep sigh :

‘He who lives for heaven seldom abandons himself to dangerous repose. You have not disturbed me ; and, if you wish to stay here till sunrise, you must take things as you find them.

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Bread and water, with straw to lie on, is all I can afford you.'

Faustus.—Brother hermit, we have brought all that the stomach requires along with us. We will only trouble you for a draught of water.

(The hermit took his pitcher and went to a fountain.)

Faustus.—Peace dwells in his heart as well as on his brow, and I may think myself happy that he is not acquainted with that which binds me to thee. Faith and hope serve him instead of those things which I have damned myself for; at least, it seems so.

Devil.—And only seems. What if I were to prove that your heart is pure as gold in comparison with his?

Faustus.—Devil!

Devil.—Faustus, thou wert poor, ill-treated, and despised: thou didst see thyself in the dust; but, like an energetic being, thou hast sprung out of contempt at thy own risk. Thou wast incapable of gratifying thy lusts by the murder of thy fellow-creatures, as this saint would, if I led him into temptation.

Faustus.—I see all thy infernal craftiness. If I were to command thee to put him to a fair trial, thou wouldst confuse the senses of the just man so, that he would commit acts which his heart abhorred.

Devil.—Ridiculous! Why then do ye boast of your free will, and thereby ascribe your deeds to your own hearts. But ye are all saints while there is nothing to seduce ye. No, Faustus, I

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will remain neuter, and merely offer delights to his senses, for the Devil has no need to creep into ye when you are already disposed for wickedness.

Faustus.—And if things do not turn out as you assert, think not that your assurance shall remain unpunished.

Devil.—Thou mayest then torment me a whole day by preaching of the virtues of men. Let us see whether this will allure him.

A table, provided with dainty meats and delicious wines, now appeared in the middle of the hermitage. The solitary entered, and silently placed the pitcher before Faustus, and then retired into a corner without heeding the luxurious banquet.

Faustus.—Now, brother hermit, since the things are on the table, fall to without waiting to be asked twice. You may eat of our fare without the least injury to your reputation. I see your mouth begins to water. Come, a glass to the honour of your patron saint. What is his name?

Hermit.—Saint George.

Faustus.—Here 's his health.

Devil.—Ho, ho, brother hermit, the renowned Saint George of Cappadocia was a fellow after my own heart; and, if you take him for a model, you cannot go wrong. I am perfectly well acquainted with his history, and will relate it in a few words for your instruction. He was the son of wretchedly poor people, and was born in a miserable hut in Cilicia. As he grew up he early

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perceived his own talents; and, by force of flattery, servility, and pimping, found his way into the houses of the great and opulent, who at length, out of gratitude for his services, procured him a commission in the army of the Greek emperor. But, when there, he pilfered and plundered to so enormous an extent, that he was soon obliged to fly, to avoid being hanged. Thereupon he joined himself to the sect of the Arians; and, by his quick parts, soon learnt to gabble the unintelligible jargon of theology and metaphysics. About this time the Arian emperor, Constantine, kicked from the episcopal chair at Alexandria the good and most Catholic Athanasius, and your redoubtable Cappadocian was, by an Arian synod, appointed to the vacant see. George was now completely in his element: he puffed, strutted, and filled his paunch. But, when he by his injustice and cruelty had driven his subjects to the verge of madness, they put him to death, and carried his body in triumph through the streets of Alexandria. Thus did he become a martyr, and, consequently, a saint.

Hermit.—There is not a word of this in the legend.

Devil.—I believe ye, brother; and, for the sake of truth, the Devil only ought to have written it.

The hermit then crossed himself.

Faustus.—Do you call eating and drinking crimes?

Hermit.—They may tempt us to commit crimes.

Devil.—Your virtue must be very weak if it

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cannot resist temptation, for temptation and resistance should be the glory of a saint.

Hermit.—You are right so far, but every one is not a saint.

Faustus.—Are you happy, brother?

Hermit.—Solitude makes me happy; a good conscience makes me blessed.

Devil.—How do you obtain your food?

Hermit.—The peasants bring me wherewithal to support my existence.

Faustus.—And what do you give them in return?

Hermit.—I pray for them.

Faustus.—Are they bettered by your prayers?

Hermit.—They think so, and I hope so.

Devil.—Brother, you are a rogue.

Hermit.—The reproaches of the sinful world are what the just man ought to expect.

Devil.—Why do you not look upwards, and why do you blush? But know, that I have the art of reading in a man's face what is passing in his heart.

Hermit.—So much the worse for yourself. You will have little enjoyment in company.

Devil.—Ho, ho! you know that?—(*looking at Faustus*).

Hermit.—It is a vile world in which we live, and woe for you if thousands did not hasten into solitude to avert by their prayers the anger of incensed heaven from the heads of sinners.

Faustus.—Reverend brother, you own yourself that you are paid for your prayers; and, believe me, it is much easier to pray than work.

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Devil.—Listen once more. You have a twist of the mouth which tells me you are a hypocrite ; and your eyes, which revolve in so narrow a circle, and which are generally cast downward, tell me that you are convinced they would betray the feelings of your heart were you to raise them.

The hermit lifted his eyes towards the heavens, prayed with clasped hands, and said, ‘ Thus does the righteous man reply to the scoffer.’

Faustus.—Enough : come, brother, and bear us company in our repast.

But the hermit remained inflexible. Faustus looked scornfully on the devil, who merely smiled and shook his head. Suddenly the door opened, and a young female pilgrim rushed in almost breathless. When she had recovered from her fear, she related how she had been pursued by a knight, from whom she had the good fortune to escape by reaching the cell of the pious hermit. She was received in a friendly manner ; and, unclasping her long mantle, she exhibited such blooming and voluptuous beauty as would have made the victory over the flesh no easy matter for the holy Anthony himself. She placed herself by the side of Leviathan, ate sparingly of the meal, and the devil began to—

*	*	*	*	*	*
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The hermit was at first shocked, and at last confused ; but, when the devil suddenly exposed for a moment her full, milk-white, and heaving bosom, he felt the hot fire of lust flowing from

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that bosom into his own so fast, that he had scarce power to struggle with the temptation. The pilgrim tore herself, ashamed and angry, from the arms of Leviathan, to seek protection by the side of the hermit, which he could not refuse her for her garment's sake.

The devil and Faustus now pretended to be intoxicated and overwhelmed with sleep ; but, before they took repose, the devil placed, in the presence of the hermit, a weighty purse of money under the straw, and deposited his own rich rings, and those of Faustus, in a casket, which the latter laid close beside him. On the table they placed their swords and daggers, and then flung themselves down and snored.

The pilgrim softly approached the table, and poured out with her delicate and snow-white hands a goblet of foaming wine. She just touched the rim with her rosy lips, and then offered it to the hermit. He stood like one amazed ; and, in his confusion, emptied it and another besides, and greedily swallowed the luxurious morsels which the enchantress, one after another, held up to his mouth. She then led him out, and, bursting into tears, entreated his pardon for having been forced to outrage his holy eyes. She then looked mournful and inconsolable, pressed his hand warmly, and at last fell down on her knees before him. At this instant her stomacher flew open, and the silvery moon beamed upon her glittering bosom, over which the gentle night-wind moved her dark dishevelled locks. The feelings of nature, long suppressed,

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now awoke so furiously in the hermit, that he sunk upon this dazzling bosom without knowing whether he was dead or alive. At length the pilgrim said, 'That she would yield herself entirely to his wishes, if he would revenge her first on those daring reprobates, and take possession of their treasure, which would enable him and her to live happily to the end of their days.'

The hermit, at these words, recovered in some degree from his intoxication ; and asked her, in a trembling voice, what she meant, and what she would have him do.

Amongst lustful kisses, and broken exclamations of rapture, she murmured yet more softly, while she pressed her warm bosom against his panting heart,—' Their daggers lie on the table : do you murder the one, I will manage the other ; then dress yourself in their clothes, and seize their treasure. We will then set the hermitage on fire, and fly to France together.'

The horrible idea of murder made the hermit shudder. But lust raged in his bosom ; he hesitated, was undecided, looked on the charms of the syren, and seemed to riot in their possession ; he saw that he could make himself master of them, and of the treasure, without danger ; and, all his virtue yielding, he forgot heaven and his oft-repeated vows. The pilgrim dragged the reeling miscreant into the hut ; each seized a dagger ; and, just as he was about to aim a blow at Faustus, the devil burst into the scorn-laugh of hell ; and Faustus saw the hermit, with a lifted dagger, standing by his side.

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Faustus.—Damned monster, who, under the mask of religion, wouldst murder thy guest !

The hermit sunk trembling to the earth. The pilgrim, a phantom of hell, appeared to him in a frightful form, and then vanished.

Faustus commanded Leviathan to set fire to the hut, and burn it to ashes, along with the hypocrite. The devil obeyed with joy, and the following morning the peasants shed many tears for the fate of the righteous man ; and, having collected his bones, they preserved them as precious relics.

Faustus and the devil arrived early the next day at Mayence, and alighted at the dwelling of the former. His young wife fell with a cry of joy upon his neck, embraced him, and then burst into tears of sorrow. The children clung sobbing to his knees, and greedily examined his pockets, to see whether he had brought them anything. His old grey-headed father next staggered towards him, and shook him mournfully by the hand. The heart of Faustus was moved, and his eyes began to moisten, while he trembled, and looked angrily upon the devil. When he asked his wife why she wept, she wrung her hands, and replied—‘ Ah, Faustus, do you not perceive how the hungry ones examine your pockets for bread ? how can I see that without tears : they have eaten nothing for a long time ; we have been unfortunate, and all thy friends have forsaken us ; but now I see thee again, it is to me as though I saw the countenance of an angel. I and thy father have suffered more on thy account than on our own.

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We have had such frightful dreams and visions ; and when my eyes, weary with weeping, have closed for a few hours, I saw thee torn from us by force, and all was dark and horrible.'

Faustus.—Thy dream, love, is about to be partly fulfilled. This gentleman here will reward thy husband for those talents which his ungrateful country overlooked or despised. I have agreed to travel with him far and wide.

Old Faustus.—'My son, stay at home and support thyself honourably,' says Scripture.

Faustus.—And die of hunger, says Experience.

The wife began to weep yet more bitterly, and the children screamed for bread. Faustus gave the devil a sign, and he called to his servant, who presently afterwards brought into the room a heavy coffer. Faustus unlocked it, and flung a large bag of gold upon the table ; which being opened, and the yellow coin appearing, a lively flush of joy was instantly diffused over the melancholy countenances of the family. He then took out magnificent clothes and jewels, which he delivered to his wife. Her tears vanished, and vanity at once dried them up as the sun-rays dry up the morning dew. The devil smiled, and Faustus muttered to himself, 'O magic of gold and of vanity ; I may now go to the Antipodes, and no other tears than those of hypocrisy will be shed' : then aloud—'Well, wife, these are the fruits of my journey, reaped in advance. Is not this better than staying at home with you and starving ?'

But the wife heard him not ; for she stood

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with her rich robes and jewels before the looking-glass, to see how they became her. The little girls frolicked around her, took up the clothes and ornaments she had laid aside, and aped the mother. In the meantime, a servant brought in a substantial breakfast, the children fell upon it, cried, and shouted with joy; but the mother had, in the meantime, forgotten her hunger.

The old father took Faustus aside, and said, 'If thou hast obtained all these things by honourable means, let us thank God, my son, and enjoy His bounty; but, for some nights past, I have had horrible dreams, although I hope they were merely caused by our necessities.'

This remark of the old man sunk deep into the heart of Faustus; but the pleasure of seeing his children eat so heartily, and of observing with what love and thankfulness his eldest son, and favourite, looked at him, the thought of having relieved them from their misery, and above all, an inward longing for pleasure, considerably damped the impression. The devil added a large sum to the money in the bag, presented the young wife with a costly necklace, gave each of the children a trifle, and assured the family that he would bring back Faustus to them safe, sound, and wealthy, at no very distant period.

Faustus, attended by the devil, now went to see a friend, whom he found much dejected. He asked him the cause of his unhappiness, and the other replied, 'This afternoon, the law-suit, which you have often heard me speak of, is

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going to be determined, and I am certain of losing it, although justice is on my side. In short, Master Faustus, nothing remains for me to do but to beg, or drown myself in the deepest part of the Rhine.'

Faustus.—How can you be certain that you will lose your cause, if justice is for you, as you say it is?

Friend.—But the five hundred gold guilders which my opponent has given the judge are against me, and, if I cannot outbid him, I must fall to the ground.

Faustus.—Pooh! does it merely depend on that? Come, lead me to the judge. I have a friend here who willingly assists people out of such difficulties.

They found the judge to be a proud, inflated man, who would scarcely deign to honour a poor client with a look. Faustus had long known him for what he was: when they entered the room, the judge, in an imperious tone, thus addressed Faustus's friend, 'Why do you come to trouble me? Do you not know that tears never interrupt the course of justice?'

The unhappy friend looked humbly to the ground.

Faustus.—Mighty sir, you have spoken well, tears are like water; they merely spoil the eyes of those that shed them; but do you know that my friend has right on his side?

Judge.—Master Faustus, I know you for a man who plays away his money at ducks and drakes, and who has a loose tongue. Right and law are

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very different things ; if he has the first for him, it is no reason that he should have the second.

Faustus.—You say that right and law are two different things : something like judge and justice, perhaps.

Judge.—Master Faustus, I have already said that I know you.

Faustus.—Perhaps we are mistaken in each other, most enlightened sir. But it is mere waste of soap to attempt to wash a blackamoor white.—(*He opened the door, and in stalked the devil.*) Here is a gentleman who will lay before you a document, which I hope will give the cause of my friend a new aspect.

When the judge saw the richly-dressed Leviathan, he assumed a more friendly countenance, and asked them all to sit down.

Faustus.—We can settle the whole business standing.—(*To the devil.*) Produce the document which we have found.

The devil counted out of his purse five hundred gold guilders ; he then stopped and looked at the judge.

Judge.—The document is by no means a bad one, gentlemen ; but the adverse party has long ago given me one of equal weight.

The devil continued counting till he had told out a thousand ; he then stopped.

Judge.—In truth, I had overlooked this circumstance. Such vouchers, however, are not to be withstood.

He then gathered up the gold, and secured it in his coffer.

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Faustus.—I hope now that right and law will go together.

Judge.—Master Faustus, you understand the art of appeasing the bitterest enemies.

Faustus, whom the servility of the judge as much offended as his former rudeness, whispered to the devil, in going away, ‘Do thou avenge justice on this wretch.’

Thereupon he left his friend, without waiting for his thanks, and went about with the devil to discharge his debts. He then paid visits to his other friends, showered gold upon them by handfuls, even upon those who had forsaken him in his adversity, and felt happy in being able to give unbridled scope to his generosity and greatness of soul. The devil, however, who saw deeper into things than Faustus, laughed within himself at the consequences.

They now went to the hotel. Faustus, recollecting the conduct of his wife, was once again in an exceeding ill humour. He could not pardon her for having ceased to lament his departure the moment she had seen the gold and jewels. Till now, he had imagined that she loved him more than all the treasures of the earth; but what he had just observed, forced him to believe the contrary, and his affection for her was turned to bitterness. The devil, who perceived where the shoe pinched, willingly allowed him to torment himself with these gloomy thoughts, so that he might tear himself from that sweet tie by which nature still gently fettered him. He foresaw, with secret rapture, the dreadful anguish

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which would one day arise in the bosom of the headstrong Faustus, when the future should disclose to him all the horrors which he was now about to perpetrate.

They dined in the public room, in company with some professors of law and divinity, who, to the great delight of the devil, soon fell into a violent dispute concerning the nun Clara. The flame of that controversy was still at its full height; party spirit raged in all houses, and the present disputants talked so loud, and said so many ridiculous things, that Faustus soon forgot his ill humour. But, when a doctor of theology asserted that it was possible for Satan to have carried his wickedness so far as to have brought the nun into certain circumstances, by means of the dream, the devil burst into a bellowing laugh; and Faustus immediately thought of a scheme by which he might revenge himself, in a signal manner, upon the archbishop, who had paid so little attention to his discovery. He hoped then to involve the thread of the theological and political war at Mayence in such confusion, that no human power would be able to unravel it. After dinner, he asked the demon whether it would be possible for him, under the figure of the Dominican, to pass that night with the lovely Clara. The devil assured him that nothing was more easy, and, if he chose, the abbess herself should usher him into the nun's cell. Faustus, who had always considered the abbess to be a strict, pious, and conscientious woman,

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laughed in scorn at these last words of the devil.

Devil.—Thy wife, O Faustus, set up a shriek of despair, when thou didst tell her of thy intended departure: but, when the glitter of gold and dress burst upon her view, the sorrows of her heart vanished at once. I repeat, that the abbess herself shall introduce thee to the cell of the nun, and I will employ no supernatural means. Thou thyself shall see how the old gudgeon will swallow the hook. Come, we will pay her a visit under the pious figures of two nuns. I know the manners and ways of the nuns, ay, and of the monks too, of Germany, well enough to ape them. I will represent the abbess of the black nuns, and thou shalt be her friend, sister Agatha.

At this moment, Faustus's friend came, full of joy, to inform him of the happy issue of the lawsuit. He was about to thank Faustus and the devil upon his knees, but Faustus said, 'Spare your thanks, and take care of my wife and family during my absence.' He then whispered into the ear of the devil, 'It is time to think of the judge.'

The judge wished after dinner to gratify his beloved wife, by counting the gold pieces in her presence. He unlocked the coffer, and started back in a tremor at the sight of its contents: the gold pieces were changed into large rats and mice, which sprang out, and fell furiously upon his face and hands. The judge, who had great aversion to these animals, rushed out of the

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room, but they pursued him, and hung upon his heels. He hurried from the house, and ran through the streets, but still they were close behind him. He fled into the fields, but they allowed him no rest, and at last forced the terrified wretch to seek shelter in the stone tower, where the tolls are gathered, and which stands in the midst of the Rhine. Here he thought himself safe from further pursuit; but rats and mice, hot from hell, are not to be terrified by water. They swam through, fell upon him, and ate him up alive. His wife, in her terror and astonishment, told the history of the transformation of the gold pieces by which her unfortunate husband had allowed himself to be dazzled; and, from that time, there has not been, in the whole diocese of Mayence, a single instance of a judge or a man in office taking a bribe. The devil could not have foreseen this, or he certainly would have let the scoundrel go unpunished.

Faustus and the devil stood in their disguises before the gate of the convent of white nuns. The portress ran as fast as she could, in order to inform the abbess of the unexpected visitors. The abbess received them with conventual greetings, which the devil answered in a similar tone. Sweetmeats and wines were then brought in, and, while partaking of them, the two abbesses talked together of cloister affairs, and of the wicked world; and the devil, with a deep sigh, turned the discourse to Clara's accident. Clara, who, on account of her rank, was the pet-lamb

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of the cloister, stood near the abbess, and laughed beneath her veil. Faustus observed this, and, looking eagerly at her, rejoiced within himself at the approaching adventure, for he really thought he had never seen a more charming rogue wear the sacred veil. The devil, at length, gave the conversation a serious turn, and led the abbess to conclude that he had something weighty to confide to her.

Abbess (to Clara).—You may go, my lamb, to the nuns in the garden, and divert yourself with them. I will send you out some sweetmeats, so that you may celebrate the coming of our venerable sister.

Clara bounded away. After a few words, which the devil uttered in a disturbed and thoughtful kind of tone, so that he might thereby arouse the curiosity of the abbess, he came to the point.

Devil.—Ah, dear sister, how much do I pity you : it is true, and that ought in some degree to comfort you, that the whole city, and the entire district, are convinced of your holiness, your piety, and the strictness of your discipline. In a word, you possess all the virtues requisite for a bride of heaven. But, alas, the world will be the world still, and the Fiend very often infuses evil thoughts into the minds of worldly men, so that through them he may disturb those saints who are thorns in his side. No, no, the wicked Devil cannot bear that you should bring up your lambs in untainted purity. I pity you, as I said before, and still more the little inno-

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cents who are at present confided to your care ; what will become of them when they lose you ?

Abbess.—Kind sister, be of good cheer ; although I am old, I am yet, thanks to heaven, sound and hearty, and the little inconveniences which attend a uniform course of devotion and penitence, prolong life rather than shorten it. So, at least, the physician of the convent tells me when I complain to him.

The devil looked at her attentively.

‘ Have you then had no anticipation of what is hanging over your head ? No warning vision ? Has nothing occurred in the convent to make you look forward to the future with anxiety ? It is customary for pious souls to be informed, by certain signs, when any disaster menaces them.’

Abbess.—You frighten me so, that I tremble in my whole body. But let me reflect,—yes, yes, I am very restless, and dream of raw heads and bloody bones ; and some days ago,—ah ! yes !—that certainly was a sign and a warning,—some few days ago, I went with my lap-dog, which you see there, to walk in the garden : I was alone ; the nuns were at some distance, telling stories beneath the linden-trees. All at once, the gardener’s great mastiff sprung upon *Piety*, for that is the name of my pet, and wished to do the devil’s work with her. I shuddered from head to foot, and crossed myself again and again, but that would avail nothing. At last, I struck at the hideous brute with my staff, yes, I struck with all my strength the filthy hound who would thus profane the cloister ; and I continued

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striking, until the staff, which his reverence the archbishop delivered to me upon my consecration as abbess, broke in two.—Was that a sign or a warning, think ye ?

The devil and Faustus pretended to be shocked.

Devil.—Ah, the very worst in the world. All now is but too clear and manifest. Did not I tell you how it would turn out, sister Agatha ?

Faustus made a humble bow of assent.

Abbess.—For God's sake speak, or I shall run mad.

Devil.—Contain yourself, dear sister. Help is to be found, and who knows but I bring it with me. Remember that it was the staff which the archbishop presented to you upon your being consecrated an abbess, which you broke ; and now listen to me attentively. You know my cousin, the prebend ; well, he confided to me a very terrible affair. He indeed made me solemnly promise not to tell you ; but I know it is best to commit a little sin, if by its means we can prevent a great one, and confound the projects of Satan.

Abbess.—You are perfectly right, and the fathers of the Church hold that doctrine, as my confessor has often told me.

Devil.—Know, then, that the archbishop has so far got the upper hand of the Chapter, that he has brought them to consent to your being deposed after the lapse of a few months, and his niece Clara being made abbess in your stead.

‘Jesu, Maria!’ cried the abbess,—wrung her hands, and fell into a swoon. The devil made

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a sour face at her exclamation, and Faustus, laughing, rubbed her wrinkled brows. After she had recovered herself, she shed a torrent of tears, and shrieked a thousand curses against the wickedness of the world.

Devil.—Do not despair, dear sister. For a distant evil, there is always a remedy.

Abbess.—And what do you advise me to do ? Wretch that I am,—O heavens, what will become of me ? what will become of the nuns ?

Devil.—I have already said that it is best to commit a slight sin, if, by so doing, we prevent a great one, and you yourself have proved it by the authority of holy fathers ; but, dear sister, courage and understanding will be necessary, if you wish to obtain your purpose without danger to your own soul, by loading another person with the capital sin.

Abbess.—Ah, dear sister, and how is that to be contrived ?

Devil.—I was once in our convent in almost a similar perplexity. The good sister Agatha here is my witness ; and, as she saw everything, and assisted me, we may speak out before her.

Faustus bowed with humility.

Devil.—A nun, who by sinful wit, and yet more sinful beauty, had found favour among the great and powerful, was, by their assistance, on the point of rising above me. Ah ! I have felt how grievous are the thoughts of being forced to obey, after one has for a long time exercised boundless power. Well, in the presence of sister Agatha, I entered into a consultation with my

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relation the prebend : he is very knowing in affairs of conscience and crime, and understands to a hair's-breadth what is damnable and what is not. This wise man gave me a piece of advice which helped me out of my trouble, and for which I shall always have reason to bless him. I admit, that the expedient at first appeared to me sinful ; but he assured me, and proved to me out of the casuists, that a little fasting and penance would do away with all that was culpable in it.

Abbess.—But the advice, the advice.

Devil.—I am ashamed to tell it you aloud.

Abbess.—Then whisper it into my ear. What the abbess of the black nuns could do without endangering her salvation, the abbess of the white nuns may do also.

Devil (softly into her ear).—He advised me to contrive so that this dangerous nun should commit the sin of . . .

Abbess (crossing herself).—Blessed Ursula ! Why, that is the work of the Devil, and leads directly to hell.

Devil.—Ay, very true,—but only the person who commits it, and I was not advising you to do it. Remember, dear sister, you are not to be punished for all the sins which your nuns may choose to commit.

Abbess.—But, in heaven's name, how did you manage this dangerous affair without being discovered ?

Devil.—Oh, my situation was much more difficult than yours, for you are assisted by the

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report of the dream, which already fills the whole city. Suppose, now, you were to let a man, dressed like the Dominican, slip into Clara's cell, and the signs of the sinful deed were afterwards to appear, would not the whole world say that it was a trick of the arch foe of mankind? Let Satan have the credit of it, and do you remain sitting on your chair, adorned with that dignity which heaven has been pleased to grant you. I have given you this advice out of friendship, and for your good; you are now at liberty to do as you please. At all events, I will send you some one to-night to personate the Dominican, and he will only have to return if you are too scrupulous.

The abbess sat like one amazed, and, in her confusion, began to tell her rosary:—‘Ave Maria! It is certainly allying oneself to the Devil.—Blessed Ursula, illumine my darkness’: she cast her eyes upon the image of the saint. ‘It would certainly be a great scandal to the convent. Ave Maria.—But then it would be placed to Satan's account. Perhaps, though, I might be damned for it.—Pater noster. And am I now to become a servant in the cloister, and in my old days to be tormented by a superior, after I have so long tormented the nuns! This little baggage has already afforded sufficient scandal to the whole town, without this. Alas, when I have no longer authority to box the nuns about, how will this and that malignant creature revenge herself upon me! Ave Maria.—Well, I have made up my mind, and, for the good of

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the cloister, I will continue abbess the remainder of my days, cost what it will.'

The devil applauded her, and the plan was soon arranged. Upon going away, the devil said to Faustus :

'Now, what have I done else than ask the pride of this old beldame whether it is better to risk eternal damnation, or to give up that tyrannic power over the poor nuns, which the hand of death will soon deprive her of ? '

Whatever pleasure Faustus derived from the certainty that his desires would be gratified, he was nevertheless much displeased that the devil should always be in the right. That same evening, the abbess herself introduced him, under the disguise of the Dominican, into Clara's cell, while the nuns were at vespers. Clara herself soon appeared, and, after she had commended herself to St. Ursula, she laid herself down. Her imagination, which had once been directed to a certain object, often repeated to her, in dreams, her former vision ; and she lay in just such a transport, when Faustus crept to her, and embodied the apparition, upon which Clara awoke, and still believed herself merely in a dream. The abbess in the meantime did penance in her cell, and made a vow to fast every week for the good of her soul. But the consequences of this night were horrible to poor Clara.

The next morning Faustus took leave of his family. Few tears were shed ; but his old father, in a mournful tone, gave him wholesome advice.

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As Faustus, with the devil, rode over the bridge which leads across the Rhine, enjoying himself with the thoughts of his nightly adventure, and making comments upon the abbess, he saw afar off a man in the water, who seemed upon the point of drowning, and only feebly struggled against approaching death. He commanded Leviathan to save the man. The devil answered, with a significant look :

‘ Think well of what thou requirest ; he is a youth, and perhaps it will be better for him and for thee that he ends his life here.’

Faustus.—Thou fiend, only ready for mischief, wouldst thou have me withstand the sacred call of nature ? Hasten and save him, I repeat.

Devil.—Canst thou not swim thyself ?—No. Well, the consequences be thy reward ; thou wilt repent of this.

He rushed into the stream, and rescued the youth. Faustus consoled himself with the idea of having, by this good act, atoned for the preceding night of sin ; and Leviathan laughed at the consolation.

CHAPTER III

The Devil and Faustus continue their Journey on the Banks of the Fulda—The Oppressive Prince Bishop—Faustus's Interview with the Bishop—Clerical Luxury—Case of Dr. Robertus, the Protector of the People—Faustus espouses his Cause, and liberates the 'Patriot'—The Devil and Faustus visit the Court of the Prince of —.—The Betrayed Minister and his Daughter—The Devil and Faustus imprisoned—The Devil suffocates the Prince, and, with Faustus, resumes his Journey—The Wildgrave and Burning Village—The Infatuated Monk—School of Physiognomy—Faustus and the Virgin Student—The Devil's Peep-show, and its Talismanic Influence—Portrait of the Devil.

THE devil now led Faustus through a series of adventures which were to serve as a prelude to the most afflicting vicissitudes. What Faustus had hitherto seen, had embittered his heart; but the scenes which now opened upon him, by degrees so wounded his spirit, that his mind was unable either to support or remedy them; and only one of the worldly great, or, what is nearly synonymous, a worker and designer of human misery, could have witnessed them unmoved.

The devil and Faustus were riding in close conversation along the banks of the Fulda, when they saw beneath an oak-tree a country-woman sitting with her children, appearing to be the lifeless image of agony and dumb despair. Faustus, whom sorrow attracted as much as joy, went hastily up to her, and inquired the cause of her

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grief. The woman gazed at him for some time, and it was not until his sympathizing look had in some degree melted her frozen heart, that she was able, amidst tears and sobbings, to explain herself in the following words :

‘ In the whole world, there are no beings so wretched as myself and these poor children. My husband was indebted to the prince bishop for three years’ rent. The first year he could not pay it, on account of the failure of his crops. During the second, the bishop’s wild boars grubbed up all his seed from the ground ; and, during the third, his whole hunting train galloped over our fields and destroyed our harvest. As my husband had often been threatened by the steward with a distress, he intended to have gone this morning to Frankfort, to sell a fat calf and his last pair of oxen, and with the amount to have paid his rent. But, just as he was setting out, the bishop’s clerk of the kitchen came and demanded the calf for his lordship’s table. My husband pleaded his poverty, and told him how unjust it would be to take away his calf, which would fetch a high price at Frankfort. The clerk of the kitchen answered, that no peasant had a right to carry anything out of his master’s domain. The steward and his bailiffs then came ; and, instead of taking my husband’s part, he drove off the oxen ; the clerk of the kitchen took the calf ; the bailiffs turned me and my children out of house and home ; and, while they were pillaging and carrying off our goods, my husband went into the barn

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and cut his throat in despair. The poor wretch lies under that cloth, and we sit here to watch the body, so that it may not be devoured by the wild beasts, for the priest has refused to bury it.'

She tore away the white cloth which had concealed the body, and fell to the ground. Faustus started at the horrible sight, while tears gushed from his eyes, and he cried, 'Man ! man ! is this thy lot ?' Then, looking up to heaven, 'O God, didst Thou create this unfortunate man merely that a servant of Thy religion might drive him to despair and suicide !' He cast the cloth over the body, flung the woman some gold, and said, 'I will go to the bishop and tell him your melancholy story. I am certain that he will bury your husband, give you back your goods, and punish the villains.'

This circumstance made so strong an impression upon him, that he and the devil reached the bishop's castle before he could collect himself. They were received with great civility, and shown into a spacious hall, where his reverence was at table. The prince bishop was a man in his best years, but so enormously corpulent that fat seemed to have overwhelmed his nerves, his heart, and his very soul. He was only animated while eating ; all his sense lay in his palate, and he never knew vexation, except when he was disappointed of a dish which he had ordered. His table was so well furnished, that Faustus, whom the devil had often banqueted by means of his spirits, thought to himself that the bishop surpassed the master of a thousand arts in his

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dinners. In the middle of the table stood, amongst other dishes, a large calf's head, a favourite morsel with the bishop. He was engaged, both body and soul, in the feast, and had not yet spoken a single word, when suddenly Faustus exclaimed :

‘ Gracious sir, do not take it ill of me, if I spoil your appetite, but it is impossible for me to look on that calf's head without telling you of a shocking affair which has this day occurred in the neighbourhood of your palace. I hope, from your humanity and Christian mildness, that you will cause those aggrieved to be recompensed, and take care in future that your officers do not again outrage humanity, as they have done in this affair.’

The bishop raised his eyes in wonder, looked at Faustus, and emptied his glass.

Faustus related the story with warmth and feeling ; none of those present, however, paid any attention to him, and the bishop continued eating. Faustus then said, ‘ I think I am speaking to a bishop, a shepherd of his flock, and am standing among teachers and preachers of religion and Christian charity. My lord, am I right or not ? ’

The bishop eyed him scornfully, then calling for the clerk of the kitchen, he said, ‘ What hubbub is this about a peasant who has been fool enough to cut his throat ? ’

The clerk of the kitchen laughed, told the story as Faustus had done, and added, ‘ I took away his calf because it would grace your lord-

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ship's table, and was too good for the Frankfort burgers, to whom he wished to sell it. The steward distrained his goods because he had always been a bad tenant, and for three years had not paid his rent. Thus, my lord, does the case stand; and, truly, no peasant shall drive anything good out of your demesne with my consent.'

Bishop.—Go; you are quite right.—(*To Faustus.*) What have you now to say? you see that he did his duty in taking the calf; or do you think that the Frankfort citizens ought to eat the fat calves of my land, and I the lean?

Faustus was about to speak.

Bishop.—Listen! eat, drink, and be silent. You are the first peasant that has ever spoken of peasants, and such rabble, at my table. Verily, if your dress did not declare you to be a gentleman, I should be inclined to think that you were sprung from beggars, since you speak so warmly in their favour. Learn, that the peasant who does not pay his rent, does just as well in cutting his throat as certain people would do in holding their tongues, instead of spoiling my appetite with useless speeches.—Clerk of the kitchen, that is a noble calf's head.

Clerk of the kitchen.—It is the head of Hans Ruprecht's calf.

Bishop.—So, so! Send it me here, and reach me the pepper. I will cut myself a slice. And you, Mr. What's-your-Name, may as well take a piece with me.

The clerk of the kitchen placed the pepper-

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box before the bishop. Faustus whispered into the ear of the devil; and, at the moment the bishop ran his knife into the calf's head, the devil changed it to the head of Hans Ruprecht, which—wild, horrible, and bloody—now stared the bishop in the face. The bishop let fall his knife, and sunk back in a fainting fit; while the whole company sat in lifeless horror and stupefaction.

Faustus.—My Lord Bishop, and ye most reverend gentlemen, learn from this to practise Christian charity, as well as to preach it.

He hurried away with the devil.

The sang-froid of the bishop and his table companions, and the brutal manner in which he spoke of the fate of the unfortunate suicide, sowed the first seeds of gloomy horror in the breast of Faustus. He revolved in his mind his former experience, as well as what he had seen since he had roamed about with the devil, and perceived, whichever way he turned, nothing but hard-heartedness, deceit, tyranny, and a willingness to commit crime for the sake of gold, preferment, or luxury. He wished to seek for the cause of all this in man himself; but his own unquiet and doubtful spirit, and his imagination, which always avoided difficulties within its reach, began already, in dark dissatisfaction, to make the Creator of mankind, if not the author, yet, by His sufferance of all these horrors, at least the accomplice. These impious ideas only required the aid of a few more horrible scenes to derange his understanding entirely;

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and the devil inwardly rejoiced in being able to afford a future opportunity for that purpose. Faustus hoped soon to cure himself of this sadness at the court of the renowned prince, and his companion willingly left him in this delusion. About evening they arrived at a city, at the entrance of which they perceived a crowd of people assembled round a tower, in which culprits condemned to death were accustomed to pass the last night of their lives. Faustus, observing that the people were looking up to the ironed windows with the deepest sorrow, asked the cause of this assemblage? Whereupon a hundred voices gave him an answer.

‘ Dr. Robertus, our father, the friend of freedom, the protector of the people, the avenger of the oppressed, sits imprisoned in yonder tower. The cruel, tyrannic minister, once his friend, has now condemned him to death; and to-morrow he is to be executed, because he dared to uphold our privileges ! ’

These words sunk deep into the soul of Faustus. He conceived a high opinion of a man who, at the risk of his own life, had dared to stand forward as the avenger of his fellow-creatures. As he himself had just been a witness of the consequences of oppression, he commanded the devil to carry him to this doctor. The devil took him aside, and then flew up with him into the tower, and entered the cell of the avenger of the people. Faustus saw before him a man whose daring and gloomy physiognomy was truly disgusting. But the romantic imagination of

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Faustus pictured at first sight the form of a great man, from what he had heard, and what he saw before him. The doctor did not seem much surprised at their sudden appearance. Faustus approached him, and said :

‘ Doctor Robertus, I come to hear your story from your own mouth ; not that I have any doubts, for your appearance confirms all that has been told me of you ; I am now convinced that you fall a sacrifice to that tyranny which oppresses the race of man, and which I abhor as much as you do. I come likewise to offer you my assistance, which, contrary to all appearances, can extricate you from this dreadful situation.’

The doctor looked coldly upon him, let his face sink into his hands, and replied :

‘ Yes, I fall a victim to power and tyranny, and, what is most grievous to me, through the means of a false friend, who sacrifices me more to his fear and envy, than to his despotic principles. I know not who ye are, and whether ye can save me, but I wish that men of your appearance should know Dr. Robertus, who is to bleed to-morrow in the cause of freedom. From my earliest youth the noble spirit of independence, which man is bound to thank for everything great that he is capable of, fired my breast ; from my early youth the numerous examples of tyranny and oppression which I saw with my eyes, or read of in history, roused my soul and inflamed me to fury. Often did I shed tears because I felt myself unable to avenge the suffer-

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ings of mankind ; to increase my misery, I read in the history of the Greeks and Romans what advancement man made in virtue, when tyrants were put down, and he was left to follow the bent of his own nature. Think not that I am one of those fools whose idea of freedom is, that every one should do as he pleases. Full well I know that the capacities of men are different, and that their situations in life must be different ; but, when I considered the laws which should secure to each individual his life and property, I found nothing but a wild chaos, which tyrannic power had artfully mixed up, in order to make herself the sole and arbitrary mistress of the happiness and the existence of the subject. After this discovery, the whole human race appeared to me as a flock of sheep, which a band of robbers had conspired to plunder and devour, by means of laws enacted by themselves, and to which they themselves are not amenable : for, where is the law that fetters the rulers of the earth ? Is it not madness that those very people, who by their situations are most liable to the abuse of their passions, are subservient to no law, and acknowledge no tribunal which can call them to account. There is a heaven above, we are told ; and verily they lose nothing by that, for it seems deaf to the groans of the wretched. Misery is near, and promised vengeance is far off ; and that chimes in but poorly with the feelings and nature of man.'

Faustus earnestly listened to all this, looked furious, and struck his forehead with his hand.

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The devil was quite enraptured with the orator, who continued :

‘ The wild indignation which I expressed at every new act of oppression, does honour to my heart ; and, therefore, I care very little if my enemies can reproach me for want of prudence : for, what is termed prudence by the world, is nothing else than blind submission, servility, flattery, and being unscrupulous how, or in what manner, a place is obtained ; but an independent being, like myself, seeks for happiness by purer means. I had the misfortune to be allied, by the bonds of friendship, to the present minister from the time we were at school together. He sought advancement, and he has the spirit which ensures it ; for, from his very infancy, he has endeavoured to obtain power and riches by principles entirely opposite to mine, and, according as I have attacked tyrannical forms of government, he has defended them. We have disputed this delicate point privately and in public, and my honesty has always enabled me to defeat him ; but, as it was natural that I should have the oppressed part of mankind on my side, so was it yet more reasonable that he should succeed in winning over all those who derive advantage from enslaving their fellow-men. As these are the very people who can open the door of happiness and fortune to their confederates, so was he soon distinguished, and raised, step by step, to the degree of prime minister of the kingdom ; whilst I, neglected, despised, and unknown, remained stationary. The proud despot exerted

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his utmost to bring me over to his party by bribery and promise of place ; but I saw that he only wished to make me thereby more deeply feel his power, and that he felt that nothing more was wanting to complete his triumph, than to have a man of my principles acknowledge him as patron, and sanctify his arbitrary measures by co-operating with him. True therefore to myself, I the more eagerly exposed and censured the crimes which he was daily committing. You must be aware that, if he had been capable of feeling what was great, this hostility would have inspired him with admiration for a man who took him to task with so much danger to himself ; but it operated in a different manner. The more I exposed him, the more his hatred against me increased ; and when I, a month ago, published a paper in which I depicted him in his true colours, and the people thereupon assembled round his house, threatened his life, and shouted my name with enthusiasm,—the wretch had the baseness to send the paper forthwith to the prince, who had me tried and condemned to death. Thus, the laws of tyrants condemn me, but the rights of man acquit me. I have now told you my history, and you shall hear nothing more from me. I die without a murmur, and merely grieve that I cannot burst the chain which fetters my fellow-men. If you can assist me—good ; but know that death from the hand of my foe is more welcome to me than mercy. Leave me now to myself,—return to slavery, while I wing my course to everlasting freedom.’

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Faustus was confounded at the magnanimity of the doctor, and hurried away to reproach the minister with his injustice, and put him to shame. The devil, who saw deeper into matters, perceived that the doctor was animated with quite a different spirit than that of freedom. The minister gave them an immediate audience; Faustus spoke to him with much warmth and boldness concerning the situation and opinions of the doctor. He represented to him how injurious it would be to his reputation to sacrifice a man, whom he once called friend, at the shrine of despotism. He gave him to understand, that every man would believe that revenge and fear had actuated him to get rid of so sharp-sighted an observer of his actions. ‘If your proceedings be just,’ he continued, ‘you have then nothing to fear from him; if, on the contrary, you are such a man as he proclaims you to be, his execution will only strengthen his assertion, and every honest man will call you a false friend, and an oppressor of your fellow-citizens.’

Minister.—I do not know you, nor do I ask who you are. The manner in which I bear your reproaches and your epithets, will best prove my opinion of you. Consider, now, whether you have a right to bestow them from mere hearsay, being yourself unacquainted with the affairs of this country. I will conclude, however, that you speak from compassion, and therefore I will give you an answer. I was, and am still, the friend of Dr. Robertus, and I deplore the necessity which forces me to deliver up to justice a

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man whose talents might have made him useful to his country, had he not perverted them to her destruction. I will not search for the cause of this in his breast, but will leave it to his own conscience. For a long time I have tolerated his dangerous infatuation; but, since he has inflamed the minds of the people, for whose welfare I am answerable, and has placed himself at the head of a rebellion, he must die, as my own son must, were he guilty of the like offence. The law has judged him, and not I; he knew this law, and knew what penalties rebellion draws down upon its sons. I have nothing to say against the opinion of the people: when they are no longer misled, I believe they will consider me as their father. If you please you may stay among us, and, whenever you can say anything really calculated for the people's good, be assured that I shall always pay attention to it.

After these words, which he spoke in a firm and unaltered tone, he retired, and left Faustus, who was unable, at that moment, to make any reply. Upon going away, the latter said to the devil, 'Which of these two, now, shall I believe?' The devil shrugged his shoulders; for he generally appeared to be ignorant when concealing the truth would be profitable to hell, and injurious to mankind.

Faustus.—But why should I ask thee? I will obey the call of my own heart. A man who is so nearly allied to me, by his way of thinking, shall not die.

If Faustus had been acquainted with some of

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our late bawlers for freedom, he would not have been so mistaken in the doctor; but such a being was a novelty at that period.

The next morning, when the execution was to take place, Faustus went into the grand square, attended by the devil, and told him, in going along, what he was to do. At the very moment the executioner was about to decapitate the doctor, who had kneeled down, looking very ghastly, the latter disappeared. The devil carried him through the air beyond the frontiers, and there, delivering him a large sum of money, he abandoned him joyfully to his fate, for he saw pretty clearly how he would employ his gold and liberty. The people raised a wild shout of joy at the disappearance of the doctor, and believed that God had rescued their favourite. Faustus also shouted, and rejoiced at the glorious action.

Faustus and the devil now rode to the court of the prince of ——. ¹ They soon reached the court of this prince, who was cried up through all Germany as a wise and virtuous ruler, whose only happiness consisted in the welfare of his subjects. It is true that the subjects themselves did not always join in this cry, but the prince is not yet born who can give satisfaction to all men.

¹ It is not out of fear that I refrain from giving the names of the German princes who appear in this work, but because I, having discovered the secret springs of their actions, should too often have to contradict their lying, flattering, ignorant historians; and men who willingly allow themselves to be deceived, might perhaps doubt the truth of my assertions. Hercules himself could not clear away all the ordure which these historians have heaped up.—*Original.*

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Faustus and the devil, by means of their dress and equipage, soon found admittance at court. Faustus regarded the prince with the eyes of a man whose heart was already prepossessed in his favour ; and, to carry this prepossession even to conviction, nothing more was necessary than the noble exterior of the prince himself. He was, or appeared to be, frank and open,—endeavoured to please and to win all hearts without appearing to do so, was familiar without laying aside his dignity, and possessed that prudent coldness which inspires respect, though we scarcely know why. All this was blended with so much elegance, urbanity, and decorum, that it would have been difficult for the most acute eye to have distinguished the acquired, the artificial, and the assumed, from the plain and natural. Faustus, who had as yet seen few of those men of the world whose natural characters are swallowed up by political prudence, formed an ideal one out of the above-mentioned materials ; and, after he had for some time visited the court, and believed that he had obtained a thorough knowledge of the head personage, the following conversation took place, one evening, between him and the devil :

Faustus.—I have hitherto purposely said nothing to you of this prince, but now having, as I flatter myself, caught his character, I venture to affirm, that report is no liar, and I hope to wring from thee an avowal that he is the man we have been seeking.

Devil.—I guessed, from your beginning, how

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you would end. I suppose you verily believe that you have brought the devil into a quandary, —but of this anon. Your prince shall be for the present a thorough honest fellow. I will tell you nothing of the result of the observations I have made upon him, for, from what I have learnt at the minister's, there is something going forward which will soon give you ocular demonstration of his worth ; till then, keep the idea you have formed of him in your bosom, and tell me what is your opinion of Count C——, his favourite.

Faustus.—Curse it : he is the only person here whom I cannot comprehend. He is the bosom friend of the prince, and yet is as slippery as an eel, which always escapes through your fingers, and as smooth as a woman is towards her husband when she has resolved to deceive him. But perhaps he is obliged to conceal the emotions of his soul, lest some of those spies, who are always hanging round the favourites of princes, should take advantage of him.

Devil.—His soul ! Dost think then, Faustus, that a man who so studiously endeavours to disguise himself, has a breast that would bear the light ? Never trust him in whom art and subtlety have so far overcome animal nature, that even the signs of his instinct and his sensations are extinguished. When that which works and ferments within you shows itself no more in your face, in your eyes, and in your actions, you are no longer what nature formed ye ; but are become the most dangerous brutes on the earth, —abortions whom over-refined subtlety

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has begotten out of the last, last throb of enjoyment.

Faustus.—And is the count such a being as you have described ?

Devil.—The count is a man who has travelled much and has made the tour of the courts of Europe, has smoothed down the rugged man, and has sacrificed the noble feelings of his heart at the cold shrine of reason ; in short, one of those calculating heads who laugh at your ideal virtue, and act with men like the potters, who dash the work of their hands to pieces if it does not please their fancy. He is one of those who think themselves justified, by their experience, to consider the entire race of man as a pack of murdering wolves who will devour all who put confidence in them. Nothing delights him more than to carry on an intricate state-plot ; and he enjoys a maiden as he does a rose which he plucks from the stalk,—inhales the sweetness, and then very coolly treads it underfoot.

Faustus.—Malicious devil !—and can the man thou hast depicted to me be the bosom friend of the prince of —— ?

Devil.—Time will show what he is to him. I tell thee there is something going forward. Didst thou, by the by, observe the minister this evening ?

Faustus.—He appeared sad and melancholy.

Devil.—He, now, is one of those whom you call honest men. He is just, noble-minded, and attentive to the duties of his situation ; but, like all of you, he has a foible to counterbalance his

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virtues,—this is an unbounded tenderness for the other sex : and as he, out of principle, required the blessing of the priest to his pleasures, so did he, after the death of his first wife, make a fool of himself by marrying the woman whom you have seen. Through her he enjoyed a few hours' sensual delight, and destroyed the fabric of his fortune. She took advantage of his doting fondness, wasted in luxury, dress, and play, her, his, and his children's property, and involved him in debts to an immense amount. It is true she found in Baron H——, whom you know, and who is sole master in the house, a powerful coadjutor. When they were completely aground, and their desires had become more craving in proportion as the difficulty of gratifying them increased, the lady readily agreed to a plan which her minion proposed to her in private, and which was nothing else ' than to sell the honour of her step-daughter, under an equivocal promise of marriage, at as high a price as the favourite would buy it.' The minister had not the slightest suspicion of all this ; he only felt his lack of money, the weight of his debts, the full mass of his folly, and trembled in momentary expectation of the arrival of his son, whom the wife had driven from home in order that she might dissipate his property. The poor youth had in the interval departed for the Turkish wars, and had been rewarded, for his interference, with a wooden arm. I do not say that the favourite might not have had, at the commencement of this affair, serious views of marrying the daughter, for he

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was well aware of the father's interest with the prince, but during these last few days the scene is quite changed. The prince has proposed to him an alliance with one of the richest heiresses in the land, and he has determined, by one secret stroke, so entirely to overwhelm the minister and his whole house, that no one shall dare to cry for revenge or to complain of him. They will all be silent, and the minister will be crushed beneath his foot, like the worm whose sufferings are unheard.

Faustus.—But will not the prince hear of this deed, and punish it.

Devil.—Thy own eyes shall be witnesses of the issue of the affair.

Faustus.—I command thee, under pain of my displeasure, to play none of thy tricks here.

Devil.—Those who by their crimes put the devil himself to blush, have very little need of his assistance. We begin now, O Faustus, to remove the covering from the hearts of men; and I own that I feel sincere joy in finding that the Germans are capable of something grand. You, indeed, are merely the imitators of other nations, and lose thereby the glory of originality, but in hell that is not esteemed essential; and good-will in the cause of wickedness is all that is required.

Faustus passed his time among the women of the court, by turns seducing all those who were to be obtained by money or a fine face; whilst the drama of the favourite was rapidly hastening to a conclusion. He now discovered his finely

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spun design to Baron H——. The latter was to be the instrument of it, and, as the glitter of gold was no longer at hand to sharpen his palled appetite for the minister's wife, and as the tears of the unfortunate daughter, the misery of the father, and the expected arrival of the crippled son, began to bear heavy upon his tender conscience, he determined at once to free himself of all these burdens. His reward consisted in the count's undertaking to persuade the prince to send the baron in an important employment to the imperial court. In consideration of this, the baron was to procure the wife of the minister to purloin secretly, from the cabinet of her husband, a certain parchment, considered to be one of the most important title-deeds of the princely house, and which the favourite was well aware would shortly be called for, on account of a certain law-suit with another illustrious family. The count then hoped to make it appear that the minister, for a sum of money, would have delivered it into the hands of the adversaries, if the favourite's watchfulness had not detected his treachery. The spouse of the minister, who thought that an old man who could no longer supply her with gold for her follies, deserved no mercy, readily delivered the paper into the hands of the baron, for whom she had the most dotting fondness.

The minister was walking, in a melancholy manner, up and down his apartment. The sense of approaching shame, and the certainty of deceived love, had removed from him even his

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daughter, who latterly had been his only consolation. She was weeping in her chamber, and breaking a heart worthy of a better destiny. The minister's meditations were interrupted by his wife, who now came to reproach him, and thereby add to his misery. Baron H—— presently entered, and coolly demanded the commission, by virtue of which he was to act at the imperial court. As he brought with him the prince's order for the same, the minister instantly went into his cabinet to fetch it. In the meantime the lady, who now first heard of the baron's intended departure, began to rave at him in all the agony of despair. No sooner did the minister return with the baron's commission, than a messenger brought him a note from the prince, in which he was commanded instantly to bring the title-deed to court, in order that it might be laid before the envoy of the adverse party. The minister searched in the cabinet, emptied all his drawers of their contents, and the cold sweat of death began to trickle down his face: he questioned all his secretaries and clerks, his wife also, and his daughter, but to no purpose. At length he was obliged to resolve, fortified as he was by his innocence, to expose himself to the dreadful storm. He hastened to the prince, who was sitting alone with the count, informed him of his misfortune, assured him of his innocence, and submitted to his destiny. The count allowed the prince to give way to his first indignation at this unwelcome intelligence, when, advancing very coolly, he took the title-deed out

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of his own pocket, and delivered it to the prince, with a low bow. He then suffered himself to be closely questioned as to the means by which it came into his possession, but not until the prince had threatened him with his displeasure, did he confess, with the greatest apparent reluctance, the process of the affair according to his concerted plan. The minister was dumb; this evidence of his guilt so confused him, that not even the consciousness of his innocence could dispel the darkness which had come over him. The prince looked furiously upon him, and said, 'I ought long since to have expected that you would endeavour to pay the debts of your waste and extravagance by betraying me.' This last reproach, in some degree, restored the wretched man to his senses; he was about to speak, but the prince commanded him to be silent, to resign his situation immediately, and go home to his house, and not leave it till sentence should have been pronounced upon him.

The minister accordingly went home, while big tears rolled down his cheeks. Despair forced from the daughter the secret of her shame, and from the wife the avowal of her crime. The strength of his spirit gave way, his senses became confused, and that most frightful of all comforters, insanity, drew a gloomy veil over the remembrance of the past, and, by the ruin of his mind, healed his heart of the wounds which his nearest and dearest had inflicted upon it.

It was at this moment that the devil led Faustus into the chamber of the minister, having

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previously informed him of every particular of the affair. All the fibres of feeling were not yet entirely destroyed, and some few drops of paternal sensibility were yet falling from the eyes of the good old man, upon the miserable daughter, who was clasping his knees. He smiled once more, played with her dishevelled locks, and smiled yet again. Suddenly his son rushed in, and was about to precipitate himself into his embrace. The father gave him a ghastly look,—a wild shriek of madness, which thrilled through the nerves of every one present, burst from his heaving breast; and the poor sufferer became for ever an object of horror and painful compassion.

Faustus raged, and uttered the most frightful curses. He instantly determined to inform the prince of the whole proceeding, and to unmask the traitors. The devil smiled, and advised him to go softly to work, if he wished thoroughly to know this prince whom he boasted of as an assemblage of all human virtues. Faustus hastened to court; and, certain, as he imagined, of being able to cause the ruin of the favourite by this discovery, he coolly communicated everything to the prince. When he came to the motive which urged the count to this horrible action, namely, his wish to free himself from his engagements with the daughter of the minister, the countenance of the prince brightened; he sent for the count, and, embracing him on his entrance, said :

‘ Happy is the prince who finds a friend, who,

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out of obedience and the fear of displeasing him, dares commit an action which the common rules of morality condemn. The minister has always acted like a fool. I am glad that we have thus got rid of him. Thou wilt fill his situation much better.'

Faustus stood for a moment petrified with horror. Noble warmth soon, however, began to fire his breast. He depicted in frightful colours the present situation of the minister. He then burst into fury and reproaches, and, without the least reserve or fear, spoke like an avenger of humanity, when unmasking a cold-blooded hypocritical tyrant. He was turned out of the palace as a madman. He returned home, and the devil received him with a triumphant air. Faustus said nothing, but gnashed his teeth, and, in his venomous wrath, rejoiced that he was entirely separated from the race of man.

About midnight the count caused the devil and Faustus to be arrested, and cast into a frightful dungeon. Faustus commanded the devil to submit quietly, because he wished to see how far these hypocrites would carry their wickedness. When in prison, the dreadful scene of the day floated before his mind's eye, arrayed in colours of tenfold horror, and wild thoughts against Him who rules the destiny of man, arose from the contemplation of it. His soul became inflamed; and at length he exclaimed with scornful laughter:

'Where is here the finger of the Godhead, and where is that Providence which presides over the

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path of the righteous? I see the just man insane, and the wretch who drove him to madness rewarded; I disclosed to the tyrant, who affects virtue, the wickedness of his favourite, and he found him only so much the more worthy of his friendship and favour. If this be the order and harmony of the moral world, then there is harmony and order in the brain of the poor lunatic, whom his Creator suffers to fall unprotected and unrevenged.'

He continued, while the devil listened and laughed. 'But, allowing that man is obliged, by necessity, to do everything he does, then must his deeds and his actions be ascribed to the Supreme Being, and they thereby cease to be punishable. If nothing but what is good and perfect can flow from a perfect being, then are our deeds, horrible as they seem to us, good and perfect also. If they are wicked, and in reality what they seem to us, then ought that Being to be looked up to with horror and aversion. Come, devil, resolve my doubts, and tell me what causes the moral misery of man.'

Devil.—A truce to your doubts; no one clothed in flesh is permitted to untie that knot, and *therefore a thousand fools will hang, drown, and destroy themselves*. Do not, O Faustus, forget the end which we proposed to ourselves at our first interview. I promised to show thee men in their nakedness, in order to cure thee of the prejudices thou hadst imbibed from thy books, so that they might not disturb thee in the enjoyment of life. But, when thou hadst rid thyself

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of all these human frailties, and hadst discovered that the pretended guidance of the Eternal One whom thou hast renounced on my account, and before whose sight thou mayst commit, undeterred, the most horrible atrocities, is only a delusion, perhaps thy soul will then have sufficient strength to understand these horrible mysteries, and, if so, I will reveal them to thee.

Faustus.—Then, by the mists of hell which surround men from their birth to their grave, I shall yet be the greatest of my race ; for, in summoning thee, I shall have threaded the labyrinth in which the rest must grope about to all eternity.

Devil.—It is well that the rest of men do not possess the magic art which has enabled thee to render me thy subject, else would hell soon be emptied, and thou wouldst see more devils walking upon the earth, than there are saints in the calendar. Hey ho ! I know what a troublesome life a devil has, who is forced to put in execution all the designs of an honest heart and a sound head ; what then would become of us, if every rascal and fool could call us out of hell !

This observation of the devil was on the point of putting Faustus into a better humour, but his attention was almost immediately directed to another subject. Six armed men, with dark lanthorns, followed by two executioners with empty sacks, now entered the dungeon. Faustus asked them what they wanted, and the leader answered with great politeness, ‘ We are merely come, sir, to request you and your honourable

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companion to creep into these sacks, for we are ordered to tie you up in them, and then fling you into the neighbouring stream.' The devil laughed aloud, and said, 'See, Faustus, the prince of —— wishes to cool in you that enthusiasm for virtue which you displayed so warmly before him to-day.' Faustus looked furious, and gave a sign,—a hellish roaring instantly filled the arched vaults, the soldiers and executioners sunk trembling to the ground, and out flew the prisoners, on the wings of the mighty wind.

Revenge now inflamed the breast of Faustus, and arrayed itself in the brilliant hues of a great and noble call. The idea of avenging mankind on its oppressors rushed through his brain, and he determined to employ the power of the devil, in clearing the earth of hypocrites and villains. He therefore exclaimed :

'Fly this moment to the palace, and strangle the wretch who makes a game of virtue. Annihilate him who rewards the traitor, and knowingly treads upon the righteous man. Avenge mankind on him in my name.'

Devil.—Faustus, thou art forestalling the vengeance of the Avenger.

Faustus.—His vengeance sleeps, and the righteous man suffers ; I will have him destroyed who wears only the mask of virtue.

Devil.—Bid me then breathe pestilence and death over the whole earth, so that the whole race of man may perish ! I tell thee, Faustus, thou art giving thyself useless trouble, and send-

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ing wretches down to hell in vain, for things will still go on as they did, or perhaps worse.

Faustus.—Crafty fiend, thou wouldst willingly save him, in order that he might commit more horrors. Princes like him do indeed deserve the protection of hell, for they render virtue contemptible, by rewarding villainy. Die he shall, and, loaded with his last deed, sink trembling into damnation.

Devil.—Know, thou fool, that the devil rejoices over the death of a sinner, and what I said was merely to secure myself from thy future reproaches, and that thou mightest have no excuse remaining. The consequences of this deed be thine.

Faustus.—Yes, be they mine. I will lay them in the scale against my sins. Hasten and be firm. Be thou the arrow of my vengeance. Seize the favourite, and hurl him among the sands of burning Lybia, so that he may perish by inches.

Devil.—Only private revenge, and spite in finding thyself deceived, drive thee to this.

Faustus.—Talkative fiend! It is a solitary remnant of what you call my youthful prejudices, which inspires me with angry thoughts at the sight of any atrocious act. If I could have seen and tolerated the wickedness of men, should I have wanted thee? Hasten and obey.

The devil suffocated the prince on his magnificent couch, then seized the trembling favourite, and hurled him among the glowing sands of Lybia. He then returned to Faustus, and cried,

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‘The deed is done.’ They once more mounted the rapid winds, and sailed out of the country.

Faustus sat melancholy upon his horse (for, after they had passed the frontiers, the devil had changed their method of travelling). The history of the minister still gnawed at his heart, and he was stung to the quick in being obliged to acknowledge that the devil had as yet been right in respect to men; and the bitterness of his mind increased in proportion as they displayed themselves to him in their true colours. Yet the idea of having avenged the unfortunate minister upon the hypocrites, cheered him in the midst of his gloomy sorrows. Pride, by degrees, so inflated his heart, that he almost began to consider his alliance with the devil, as the act of a man who yields up his soul for the good of his race, and thereby surpasses all the heroes of antiquity, who merely sacrificed their temporal existence, nay more, for as they sacrificed themselves for the sake of glory, or for a recompense, which he, on account of his engagement, could entertain no hopes of, so at last he imagined that they were not worthy to stand for a moment in comparison with him. Thus, place men in whatever situation you will, they soon begin to feel happy, provided their self-love has an opportunity of working; for self-love can even gild the yawning throat of hell, as in the case of Faustus. He forgot, in his pride, the motives of his alliance with the devil, and his thirst for pleasure and enjoyment; and while he sat upon his horse, his imagination dubbed him the knight-errant of virtue, and the champion of

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innocence. The devil rode by his side, without once disturbing his meditations ; for he only saw in each of these would-be noble feelings, fresh matter for future torments and despair. His hatred against Faustus, however, increased in proportion as the ideal prospects of the latter brightened and expanded ; he enjoyed, in anticipation, the hour when all these airy visions would melt and disappear, and all these painted images of fancy would deck themselves in the livery of hell, and tear the rash one's heart, as the heart of mortal had never yet been torn. After a long silence, Faustus suddenly exclaimed :

‘ Tell me how it fares with the false favourite ! ’

Devil.—He pants upon the glowing sands, and stretches his parched tongue from out of his burning jaws, that the air and dew may refresh and moisten it ; but no cooling wind blows there, and for a millennium there will fall no refreshing drop from heaven. His blood boils like molten metal in his veins, and the rays of the sun fall perpendicularly upon his naked head. Already is a curse against the Almighty conceived in his inflamed brain, but his tongue is unable to stammer it forth. He turns up the hot sand like a mole, in order that he may suck the damp earth,—but thus he only digs his own grave. Is thy revenge satisfied ?

Faustus.—Revenge !—Why dost thou call the exercise of justice revenge ? Here am I shedding cold drops of sweat through my skin at what thou hast been telling me, but I saw him laugh when I described to him and his patron the

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sufferings of the noble father and the seduced daughter.

Devil.—Time, which slowly draws up the curtain, will at length disclose everything. If the villainies of a petty despot and his catamite horrify thee, what wilt thou think when thou seest men who have a thousand times more power, and consequently will, to commit harm? We have, as yet, only removed the first skin of the monster; what will become of thee when we tear open his breast? Soon would He, to whom vengeance properly belongs, empty the magazine of His thunder, were He to destroy all those who, according to thy opinion, do not deserve to live.

Faustus was about to reply, when he saw, afar off, a village in a blaze. As everything uncommon excited his curiosity, he spurred forward his horse, and the devil followed at his heels. He was soon met by a confused rout of knights and footmen, who had been vanquished by another party, which, however, did not pursue them. When they came nearer to the village, they found the plain strewn with the bodies of men and horses. They saw among the dead a miserable wretch, who, with both his hands, was endeavouring to force back his bowels, which were hanging out of his mangled belly. He howled and cursed frightfully during this horrid operation. Faustus asked him very courteously the cause of all this bloodshed?—the fellow screamed, ‘Get to the devil, Mr. Curiosity; if you saw your inside outmost, as I see mine,

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you would have no wish to answer questions. If you want to know why they have ripped open my belly, inquire of that noble gentleman, my master, who lies there dead, and whom I have to thank for this breakfast.'

They left him, and approached a knight who was wounded in the shoulder, and Faustus put the same question to him. The knight answered thus: 'A boor belonging to yon burning village, killed, some time ago, a stag, the property of the mighty Wildgrave. Thereupon the Wildgrave demanded the culprit of my master, in order that he might be tied upon the back of a stag, and run to death according to the German custom. My master refused to give up the boor; but, in order to punish him, seized everything he possessed, and confiscated it to his own use. The Wildgrave then sent a letter of defiance to my lord, in the name of God, and with the permission of the emperor. We were worsted in the battle, and the Wildgrave has set fire to the village, which he has surrounded with his horsemen, so that the inhabitants cannot escape; for he intends to fulfil the oath which he swore upon the blessed sacrament, viz. to roast all the peasants, like Michaelmas geese, for his hounds and wild boars.

Faustus (furiously).—Where is his castle?

Knight.—On yonder eminence; it is the strongest and most magnificent in the whole country.

Faustus rode to the top of a hillock, and looked down upon the burning village, which lay beneath him in the valley. Mothers with

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children in their arms, old men, youths, and maidens, rushed out, cast themselves at the feet of the riders, and begged for mercy. The Wildgrave shouted, till the valley re-echoed, 'Drive the rabble back, they shall perish in the fire.' The peasants screamed out, again and again: 'We are innocent! we are innocent! he who offended you has escaped; what have we and our children done? ah! spare but them.' The horsemen whipped them up from the ground, and drove them into the fire. The poor mothers flung down their babes, in hopes that they would pity them, but the hoofs of the horses trampled them to pieces.

Faustus cried, deliriously,—'Fly, devil, and return not till thou hast consumed the tyrant's castle, and all that is therein. When he returns home, let him find retribution.'

The devil laughed, shook his head and flew away, whilst Faustus flung himself down beneath a tree, and gazed impatiently upon the castle. When he beheld it in flames, the madman imagined that he had restored all things to their right order, and received the returning devil with the utmost joy. The latter came back in triumph, and boasted of the ruin he had caused; and, pointing to the Wildgrave and his myrmidons, who were scampering towards the castle, he exclaimed, 'The vapours of the hellish pool will not, one day, strike him with such horror, O Faustus, as this thy deed: his young and beloved wife was a few days ago delivered of her first-born.'

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Faustus.—O save her and the new-born babe!

Devil.—It is too late. The mother pressed the boy in her arms, and he was burnt to ashes upon her bosom.

This episode made Faustus shudder, and he said, ‘How ready is the devil to destroy!’

Devil.—Not so ready as daring men are to decide and punish. Had ye but our might, ye would long ago have shattered the vast globe, and reduced it to a chaos. Are you not a proof of this yourself, since you so madly abuse the power which you have over me: go to, go to. The man who does not bridle himself resembles the wheel which rolls down the steep: who can stop its course? it springs from rock to rock till it is shivered. Faustus, I would willingly have permitted the babe to grow up and commit sin, for hell is now deprived both of him and his mother. Yes, Faustus, she endeavoured to preserve him from the scorching flames with her arms, the flesh of which was already consumed by the flames.

Faustus.—Thou drivest it home to my very heart.—(*Hiding his face in his mantle, which he wet with his tears.*)

The desire of avenging the virtuous and the innocent upon the wicked now began to cool in the heart of Faustus. He, however, comforted his spirit, tormented by the last spectacle, with the thought of the mother and the suckling being preserved from hell. Besides this, his hot blood, his eagerness for pleasure, his desire for change,

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and finally his doubts, did not permit any sensation to make a lasting impression upon his heart. As he was attracted by every new object, his feelings, therefore, burnt like sky-rockets, which, for a moment, illumine the darkness of the night, and then suddenly disappear. The good meal and the noble wines which he met with in the next city where they arrived, soon chased away all his melancholy fancies; and, as the grand fair was being held there at that time, Faustus and the devil, after they had dined, went into the market-place to see the crowd.

They now found themselves in a strange city. There lived in one of the convents a young monk, who had, by means of a heated imagination, succeeded in so powerfully convincing himself of the force of religious faith, that he believed he should be able to remove mountains, and to prove himself a new apostle in deeds and miracles, if once his soul received the true inspiration, and the spirit of God worked its way through him. Besides this, he imbibed all the follies and quackeries which others had ejected, a circumstance in which visionaries entirely differ from philosophers. The young monk, like every theorist who is inspired with the importance of his subject, was a fiery orator; he thereby soon won over the minds of the simple, especially of the women, who are easily caught by any warm and impassioned appeal. His imagination, however, quickly formed for him another magic wand; for as he, on account of his alliance with the highest of all beings, had a high opinion of

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man, he formed the design of physiognomically dissecting this masterpiece of creation, this favourite of heaven, and of allotting to him his interior qualities by means of his exterior appearance. Men of his character so frequently deceive themselves, that it is impossible to say whether some remaining spark of understanding had whispered to him that this new delusion would give a fresh polish to the old one, and that more pious souls would come to him than ever, in order to be told so many wondrous things about their faces. As he had only seen the four walls of his cell, his penitents and people of his own caste, and as he was as ignorant in regard to mankind, the world, and true science, as men of sanguine imaginations usually are, it may be concluded that fancy alone excited him to this scheme. His words and his writings operated prodigiously upon the minds of all those who would much rather be confused than think clearly. This is the case with the greater part of mankind ; and, as the hours of life glide away very pleasantly when self-love is tickled, it was impossible that he should be without disciples, for he flattered everybody. Our monk did not confine his researches to man alone, for he descended to the more ignoble beasts of the earth, allotted to them their qualities by examining their faces and the structure of their bodies, and imagined that he had made a wonderful discovery when he proved—from the mighty claws, the teeth, and the aspect of the lion, and from the tender, light fabric of the hare—why

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the lion was not a hare, and the hare a lion. He was strangely surprised that he had succeeded in pointing out so clearly the appropriate and unalterable signs of brute nature, and to be able to apply them to man, although society has so much accustomed the latter to mask his features, that they are rarely to be seen in their primitive state. Not satisfied with these triumphs, our monk descended even into the kingdoms of the dead, tore skulls from the graves, and the bones of animals from the muck-heaps; and showed his visitors why the dead were dead; and, from their bones, how it was impossible that they should be otherwise than dead. In a word, he proved clearly, and unanswerably, that death never yet came without a cause.

The devil was well aware of the general infatuation, and perceived that, while he and Faustus sat at dinner in the common apartment, some of the company, and even the innkeeper himself, were surveying them with the utmost attention, and were communicating to each other, in whispers, the result of their observations, and showing the profiles which they had secretly taken. The fame of the wonderful monk had long since reached the ears of Faustus, but he had hitherto paid so little attention to it, that he now hardly knew what to make of these signs and whisperings. When they arrived in the market-place, they were surprised by a new and extraordinary spectacle. This resort was the true school for physiognomists. Every one there could single

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out his man, lay his visage upon the balance, and weigh out the powers of his mind. Some stood gazing at horses, asses, goats, swine, dogs, and sheep. Others held between their fingers spiders, butterflies, grasshoppers, and other insects; and endeavoured to ascertain what their instinct might be from an attentive survey of their exterior. Some were employed in judging, from the weight of jaw-bones, or the sharpness of teeth, to what animals they belonged. But, when Faustus and the devil advanced among them, each man desisted from his occupations, and began to cry out, ‘What a nose! what eyes! what a searching glance! what a soft and beautiful curve of the chin! what strength! what intuition! what penetration! what a clean-made figure! what a vigorous and majestic gait! what strength of limb! how uniform and harmonious is his whole frame!’—‘I would give I know not what for the autographs of the gentlemen,’ said a weaver, ‘in order that I might judge, by their letters, of the quickness of their thoughts.’—The devil happening to knit his brows from impatience of this folly, one of the physiognomists instantly said, ‘The internal force of the lion, which the gentleman possesses, has been aroused by some external provocation, or some trifling thought.’

Faustus was laughing at all this, when suddenly a beautiful female countenance looked down upon him from a window, and cried, in sweet amazement, ‘Holy Catherine,—what a noble head! what soft and angelic pensiveness in the eyes!

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what a sweet and lovely physiognomy ! ’ These melodious words sunk into the heart of Faustus. He looked up to the window,—her eyes met his for a moment, ere she drew herself back. Faustus whispered to the devil, ‘ I will not quit this town till I have possessed that maiden. Voluptuousness beams with so pious a lustre from her eyes, that it seems to afford the true seasoning to sensuality.’ They had scarcely entered a side street, when one of the physiognomists came up and asked them very civilly for the physiognomy of their writing, assuring them that no stranger had hitherto ever refused him this favour, and he hoped and trusted that they would not.

He thereupon pulled out his album, and offered it to Faustus, at the same time producing pen and ink.

Faustus.—Not so fast, my friend ; one good turn deserves another. Tell me, first, who the maiden is that I this moment saw at the window of yonder house, and whose countenance is so celestial.

Physiognomist.—Ah, she is an angel in every sense of the word. Our illustrious master has often assured us, that her eyes are the very mirrors of chastity, her lovely mouth only formed to express the inspiration of a heart filled with heavenly ideas ; that her brow is the polished shield of virtue, against which all temptations, all earthly sin, will be shivered ; that her nose snuffs the odours of the fields of bliss ; and that she is the most perfect cast of ideal beauty that God has ever yet permitted to appear in the world.

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Faustus.—Truly, you have depicted her to me with more than earthly colours ; and now tell me her situation in life, and her name.

Physiognomist.—She is the daughter of a physician ; but, her father and mother being lately dead, she lives by herself on her own property. Her name is Angelica.

They then wrote some nonsensical lines in his album, and the physiognomist departed, delighted with his treasure.

Faustus.—Now tell me, devil, how this child of grace is to be come at. I am just inclined to see this monk's ideal beauty.

Devil.—By the high road to the human heart you will certainly meet her, for sooner or later all must fall in with it, however far their fancies may have caused them to stray from it.

Faustus.—What a delightful enjoyment it would be to fill so exalted an imagination as hers with images of pleasure !

Devil.—The monk has already had the start of you, and has so sharpened her feelings, and filled her little soul with so much vanity and self-conceit, and made her piety so carnal, that you have nothing else to do than give one audible tap at the gate of her heart, in order to be admitted. Let us now see to what lengths such delusions will lead a young woman.

Faustus.—And let it be done quickly.

The devil was perfectly willing to steal so pure a soul from heaven, and thereby to consummate more speedily the measure of Faustus's sins. He suddenly stood in the shape of an old man with

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a peep-show, and, giving Faustus the wink, he hurried away into the market-place. He raised his voice, and invited the people to come and see his curiosities. The populace flocked around him, footmen and chambermaids, wives and widows, boys and greybeards. The devil showed them all kinds of scenes, which he accompanied with pious explanations and moral sayings. Each person stepped back delighted from the peep-show, and charmed the bystanders with the recital of the witnessed wonders. The beautiful Angelica now looked out of her window ; and, hearing the devil descant in so pious a tone, she felt an irresistible desire to see the wonders of his box, and to bestow alms upon the devout old showman. The devil was sent for. Even he was struck by her wondrous beauty, her gentle manners, and her ingenuousness ; but he became only so much the more desirous to confuse her senses and accomplish her ruin. She placed her enthusiastic eye to the window of the box. The devil preluded with a few proverbs and wise saws, and unfolded to her view scenes of love, in which he led her fancy so adroitly from the spiritual to the carnal, that she was scarcely aware of the gradation. If she were about to turn away her eyes with shame, the offensive object changed itself at once into a sublime image, which again attracted her attention. Her cheeks glowed, and she believed herself gazing upon an unknown and enchanted world. The artful devil caused the figure of Faustus to appear in all these scenes. She saw him pursuing a

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shadow which resembled her own, and undertaking for its sake the greatest actions, and exposing himself to dangers of every description. When the devil had completely chained her attention, and perceived that she was highly curious to know wherefore the figure of Faustus was thus associated with her own, he changed the scene, and represented the parties in situations not to be misconstrued. Lightning does not so quickly glance through the darkness, as did these scenes flit before the eyes of the innocent maiden ; a moment is an age in comparison, and the poison was glowing in her breast before she was able to retreat. She started back ; and, with her hands before her eyes, rushed into her chamber, and sunk into the arms of Faustus, who took immediate advantage of the total absence of her senses. When she became aware of her fall, she hid her face and repulsed the miscreant. He laid costly jewels at her feet, but she spurned them away, and cried, ‘ Tremble, thou wretch ! the hand of the Avenger will one day fall heavily upon thee for this crime.’

The insensate rejoiced at his victory ; and went, without the least feeling of repentance, to the devil, who laughed at the affair, and yet more when he thought of its terrific consequences.

Faustus found himself here in his element. He flew from conquest to conquest, and made very little use of the power of the devil, but a great deal of his gold, which has some influence over the most devout minds. Angelica was become invisible, and all the endeavours of

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Faustus to see her once more were of no avail ; but he soon forgot her in the tumult of his pleasures. Reading by chance some of the manuscript publications of the monk, he was irritated by the self-conceit and ignorance of the author. He proposed to the devil to play him a trick, and with that intention they both went to the convent. As they were exceedingly well dressed, and appeared to be persons of distinction, they were received by the young monk in the most cordial and friendly manner. His eyes had scarcely met those of the devil, when he became so agitated by his physiognomy, that, forgetting all the forms of politeness, he shook him violently by the hand ; and, going to some distance, he looked at him first full in the face, and then in profile. He then cried out :

‘ Ha ! who art thou, most mighty one ? Yes, you can do what you like ! And what you wish you can also do : your physiognomy tells me this, therefore it is not necessary for me to know you. Never have I been more perfectly convinced of the truth of my science than at this moment.—Who can behold such a human visage without interest, without admiration ? Who cannot perceive in that nose, original greatness ; in that eye, penetration, strength, and expression ? ’

He felt his forehead, and then continued :

‘ Permit me, with my measure, to ascertain the height of your brow ? Yes, I see unshaken courage in that forehead ; as clearly as I do steadfast friendship, fidelity, love of God and

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man, in those lips. What a nobleness in the whole!—Thy face is the physiognomy of an extraordinary man who thinks deeply, who holds fast to whatever he undertakes, works, flies, triumphs—finds few men in whom he will confide, but many who will rely on him.

‘Ah! if a common mortal had such a brow, such a mouth, such a nose, or even such hair,—what would become of physiognomy!’

‘Perhaps there is not a man existing whom thy countenance would not by turns allure and repel. What infantine simplicity! What heroic grandeur! Few mortals can be so well known and so little known as yourself.

‘Eagle, lion, destroyer, reformer of mankind, move on—move on, and reclaim men from their blindness; share with them the intellectual strength which nature has given thee, and announce thyself to all as I have just announced thee to thyself.’

Faustus crouched his teeth while the monk was saying all these noble things about the devil’s countenance. The devil, turning coolly to the physiognomist, said:

‘And what is thy opinion of that gentleman? tell me what he is.’

Monk.—Great, bold, mighty, powerful, soft, and mild; but thou, his companion, art greater, bolder, mightier, more powerful, more soft, more mild.—(Then looking at Faustus, he exclaimed :) Mighty pupil of a mightier man, if thy spirit and thy heart could entirely catch his greatness, thou wouldst still be merely reflecting

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the rays of his glory. But seat thyself, and let me take thy shadow.

Faustus, more and more enraged to see how infinitely the monk rated him below the devil, now burst forth :

‘ Shadows, yes indeed shadows only, hast thou seen. How darest thou thus judge and measure the human race ? Hast thou seen men ? Where, and how ? Thou hast merely seen their shadows, which thou adornest with the tinsel of thy crazed imagination, and givest them out as the true forms. Tell me what kind of human beings thou hast seen. Were they not sectaries, fanatics, visionaries, the very offscourings of human nature ? Were they not vain devotees, young wives who have impotent husbands, and widows who have sleepless nights ? Were they not authors eager to have every mark and pimple on their insignificant features turned into a sign and prognostication of genius ? Were they not grandees, whose brilliant stations rendered their physiognomies imposing to thine eye ? Thou seest that I know thy customers and have read thy book.’

Devil.—Bravo, Faustus ! let me now put in a word, and tell his reverence a few mortifying truths. Brother monk, thou hast formed in thy solitary cell a phantom of perfection, and wouldst fain thrust it into people’s heads, which, when there, poisons the brain, as the gangrene corrupts all the flesh around it. There were men long ago who ventured to judge of the interior of their fellow-creatures from the outside, but

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there was some difference between them and thee. They had travelled over a considerable part of the earth ; experience had made them grey ; they had lived and conversed with men, visited all the lurking-holes of vice and iniquity, roved from the palace to the cot, crept into the caves of savages, and thus knew what belonged to a well-organized man, and what he could do with his faculties. But shalt thou—swollen with prejudices, pent up in a convent like a toad in the hollow of an oak—pretend to have a clear idea of that which even they barely understood ?

The monk stood between these two as between two volcanoes in eruption ; he crossed his hands humbly upon his breast, and cried, ‘Have mercy !’

The devil continued :

‘Among the many impudent follies which I observed in thy book, was an attempt to draw the devil’s portrait. It is now high time for him to appear to thee, in order that thou mayst correct the likeness. Look at me, and for once thou shalt be able to say thou hast seen an object in its proper form.’

The devil then appeared to him in the most frightful of infernal figures ; but he rolled a thick mist before the eyes of Faustus, in order that he might not blast his sight. The monk fell to the earth ; and the devil, resuming all his former loveliness, exclaimed :

‘Now thou mayst paint the devil in his proper colours, provided thou hast strength. Thou wouldst often be thus overcome if thou

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didst in reality see the interior of those whom thou makest angels.'

Faustus.—Persist in thy folly ; communicate it to others ; and, by thy extravagances, render religion disgusting to reasonable people. Thou canst not further more efficaciously the interests of the devil. Farewell !

The monk had lost his senses through terror ; but he still continued writing, notwithstanding his madness ; and his readers never once perceived his derangement, so much did his new books resemble his old ones.

Faustus was delighted with this adventure ; but, becoming weary of the town, he quitted it, the next morning, with the devil, and took the road to France.

CHAPTER IV

France in the Reign of Louis XI.—Interview of the Devil and Faustus with Father Vesois—Loves of Madame de Monserau—Faustus and the French Widow—The Fata, Supper—Arrival of Faustus and the Devil at Paris—Execution of the Duke of Nemours—Faustus and the Avaricious Father—Infanticide recommended by a Priest—Horrible Death of the Miser, and Seduction of his Daughter—Trial of a Humane Surgeon and Ungrateful Murderer—Anatomical Cruelties—Prisons of Paris—Bishop of Verdun's Cages—Perillus, the Tyrant Philaris, and the Brazen Bull—Atrocious Character of Louis XI.—The Hermit of Calabria—Faustus and the Devil visit England—Cruelties of Richard, Duke of Gloucester—The Devil's Portraiture of the English Character—Arrival of Faustus and the Devil at Milan—Murder of the Duke Galeas Sforza—Florence—Spanish Auto-da-Fé—Pope Alexander VI.—Combat of a Papal General with one of his Officers, for a White Goat—Machinations of the Pope—Ancient and Modern Rome, and her Abominations—Cardinal Caesar Borgia—Licentious Entertainments at the Vatican—The Pope and his Illegitimates—Caesar Borgia and Michelotto—Stratagem to depose his Brother Francisco—Murder of the Latter—Faustus and the Lovely Lucretia—Vanity of Human Philosophy, and Sophistry of its Professors—Atrocious Plots and Excesses of Pope Alexander—His Sale of Indulgences—Amended Catalogue, with increased Prices—Murder of Alphonso of Aragon—Caesar Borgia's Letter to the Pope—Cardinal Orsini—Borgia's Triumphal Entry into Rome—Marriage of Lucretia—Lascivious Festivities—Consummation of Infamy—The Devil's Apostrophe thereon—Descent of the Pope into Hell, and Death of Caesar Borgia.

WHEN Faustus and the devil entered upon the fertile soil of France, it was groaning beneath the oppression of that cruel and cowardly tyrant, Louis the Eleventh, who was the first that ever

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styled himself 'The most Christian king.' The devil had determined not to give Faustus the slightest information beforehand concerning this prince. He had determined, by the most cruel experience, to drive him to despair, to make heaven odious to him, and then overwhelm him with the most frightful blow a mortal can receive who has rebelliously transgressed the bounds which a powerful hand has drawn around him.

The devil had learnt from one of his spies that the most Christian king was meditating a masterpiece of state-policy, or, in other words, was on the point of getting rid of his brother, the Duke de Berry, in order that a province which had been granted to him, might revert to the crown. The malicious fiend resolved to make Faustus a spectator of this horrid scene. They rode through a wood of oaks contiguous to a castle, and saw among the trees a Benedictine monk, who seemed to be telling his rosary. The devil rejoiced inwardly at this sight, for he read upon the countenance of the monk that he was imploring the mother of God to assist him in the great enterprise which his abbot had entrusted him with, and likewise to save him from all danger. This monk was Father Vesois, confessor of the king's brother. The devil did not disturb him in his pious meditations, but went on to the castle with Faustus. They were received with all the respect generally shown to persons of distinction who come to visit a prince. The duke passed his days here in the company of his beloved Monserau, thinking of no harm, and

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expecting no misfortune. His agreeable manners soon gained him the good-will of Faustus, who was delighted to see a scion of royalty think and act like a man ; for he had been accustomed to see with the German princes nothing but pride, coldness, and that foolish ceremony which is only intended to make visitors appear contemptible in their own eyes. Some days were very pleasantly spent in hunting and other amusements, and the prince gained more and more upon the heart of Faustus. The only thing that displeased him in the prince was, the weakness he displayed in regard to his confessor, the Benedictine. He loaded him with so much tenderness, and submitted with so much complaisance to his will, and the monk always looked so studiously devout, that Faustus could not conceive how a man, so frank himself, could prize such a hypocrite. The devil, however, soon let him into the secret, by informing him of the duke's connection with Monserau. His love for this fair lady was equalled by his fear of hell, and, Madame de Monserau having a husband still living, he was not altogether easy in respect to his amours with her. As he neither wished to renounce her, nor expose himself to eternal damnation, he greedily caught at the baits which the monks hang out in order to make themselves masters of the minds of men ; and, when the dread of hell tormented him too much, he allayed his fears by receiving absolution for his sins ; while he thought it impossible for him to be too grateful to a man who encouraged him to enjoy

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the present, and tranquillized him in respect to the future. 'Thou seest, O Faustus!' said the devil, 'what men have made of religion. It has often a share in the greatest crimes and horrors, but is nevertheless used by criminals to cajole and appease their rebellious consciences.'

The conduct of the prince, in this respect, did him little honour in the opinion of Faustus, who had long ago parted with his own conscience, and this last remark of the devil's operated strongly upon his mind; however, he permitted things to go on in their own way, and chiefly thought of passing his time pleasantly.

They were one evening at table in excellent humour; the devil was diverting the company with his pleasant stories, and Faustus was employed in saying soft things to a pretty French widow, who listened to him very complaisantly, when, all of a sudden, Death, in his most frightful shape, came to disturb the festival. The Benedictine caused a basket of extraordinarily large peaches, which he had been made a present of, to be brought in at dessert; and, selecting one of the finest, he offered it to the prince with a smiling and benignant air. The prince divided it with his beloved, and both ate of the peach without the slightest suspicion. They then rose from table, the monk gave his benediction to all, and hurried away. The devil was about to commence a new story, when Madame de Monserau uttered a loud shriek. Her lovely features were distorted, her lips became blue, and the paleness of death covered her countenance; the prince

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rushed to her assistance, but the terrible poison began likewise to operate upon him : he fell at her feet, and cried, ‘Listen, O Heaven ! my brother, my cruel brother, has assassinated me by the hand of that monster. He who forced his father to die of hunger, in order to avoid being poisoned, has now bribed the minister of God to poison me.’

Faustus ran out of the room to seize the confessor, but he had fled ; a troop of horse were waiting for him in the forest, and accompanied him in his flight. Faustus returned, but death had seized his victims, and they had ceased to struggle with him. Faustus and the devil instantly quitted the place.

Devil.—Well, Faustus, what think you of the deed committed by the Benedictine, in the name of the most Christian king ?

Faustus.—I am almost inclined to believe that our bodies are animated by hellish spirits, and that we are only their instruments.

Devil.—What a disgusting employment for an immortal spirit to have to animate such an ill-contrived machine. Although I am a haughty demon, yet, believe me, I would rather creep into a swine that wallows amid the mire, than into one of ye, who roll in all manner of vice, and yet have the confidence to call yourselves images of the Most High.

Faustus was silent, for the adventures he was every day compelled to witness, forced him, against his inclination, to believe in the moral worthlessness of man. They travelled forward,

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and found everywhere eye-blasting monuments of the cruelty of Louis the Eleventh. Faustus frequently made use of the devil's gold and treasure, to stop the bleeding wounds which the hand of the tyrant had inflicted.

At length they arrived at Paris. Upon entering the town they found everything in commotion. The people were rushing in crowds down one particular street; they followed the populace, and arrived before a scaffold covered with black cloth, and which communicated, by means of a door, with an adjoining building. Faustus asked what was the cause of all this, and he was told 'that the rich Duke of Nemours was just going to be executed':—'And for what?'—'The king has commanded it; there is a report, indeed, that he had hostile designs against the royal house, and that he intended to murder the dauphin; but, as he has only been tried in his dungeon, by judges named by the king, we know nothing for certain.'

'Say, rather,' exclaimed another of the bystanders, 'that it is his property which costs him his life; for our sovereign, in order to make us a great and celebrated nation, cuts off the heads of all our wealthy men, and would serve us in the same manner, if we were to find fault with his proceedings.'

The devil left the horses at the nearest inn, and then led Faustus through the crowd. They saw the duke, accompanied by his children, enter a chamber hung round with black, where a monk waited to receive his last confession. The father

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had his eyes fixed upon his sons, and could not look to heaven. After he had confessed himself, he laid his trembling hands upon the heads of the children, who were sobbing, and said, 'May the blessing of an unhappy father, who falls a victim to tyranny and avarice, be your safeguard through life;—but, alas, ye are the heirs of misfortune. Your rights and pretensions will infallibly doom you to long sufferings; ye are born for misery, and I must die in this conviction.' He wished to say something more, but the guards forced him to be silent, and hurried him out upon the scaffold.

The tyrannic king had given orders that the duke's children should be placed under the scaffold, so that the blood of their father might drop through the boards upon their white robes. The cries which the wretched parent uttered at the moment his darlings were torn from him, struck terror to the hearts of all around. Tristan alone, who was the executioner, and the king's most intimate friend, looked on with perfect coolness, and felt the sharpness of the axe. Faustus imagined that the groans of the unhappy parent would excite heaven to avenge outraged humanity. He lifted his tearful eyes towards the bright blue sky, which seemed to smile upon the horrid scene. For a moment he felt himself strongly tempted to command the devil to rescue the duke from the hands of the executioner, but his troubled and agitated mind was incapable of coming to any resolution. The duke fell upon his knees; he heard the shrieks and lamentations

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of his children who were beneath the scaffold ; his own infamous death no longer occupied his mind ; he felt, for the last time, and felt only, for these unfortunates ; big tears hung in his eyes—his lips trembled—the executioner gave the fatal blow—and the boiling blood of the father trickled down upon the trembling children. Bathed with paternal gore, they were then led upon the scaffold. They were shown the livid headless trunk, were made to kiss it, and then re-conducted to their prison, where they were chained up against the damp wall, so that whenever they took repose the whole weight of their bodies rested on the galling fetters. To increase their misery, their teeth were torn out from time to time.

Faustus, overwhelmed by the frightful scene he had witnessed, tottered back to the inn, and commanded the devil to annihilate the tyrant who thus made a sport of human suffering.

Devil.—I will not annihilate him, for that would be against the interest of hell ; and why should the devil put a stop to his cruelties when He whom men call their father and their protector, views them with patience. If I were to further the projects of thy blind rage, who would escape thy vengeance ?

Faustus.—Should I not be performing a noble part, if, like unto another Hercules, I were to roam the world, and purge its thrones of such monsters ?

Devil.—Short-sighted man, does not your own corrupt nature prove that you must have those

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kings, and would not new monsters arise out of their ashes. There would then be no end of murder, the people would be divided, and thousands would fall the victims of civil war. You see here millions of bipeds like yourself, who suffer a man like themselves to despoil them of their property, to flay them alive, and to murder them at his pleasure. Did not they witness the execution of this duke, who died innocent as any lamb? Did they not gaze with pleasure, mingled with agony and grief, upon the tragic spectacle? Does not that prove that they deserve their lot, and are unworthy of a better? Could they not crush the tyrant at a blow? If they have the power of relieving themselves in their own hands, wherefore should we pity their sufferings?

Faustus shortly afterwards became acquainted with a gentleman of sense and education, who had an excellent character for probity. Faustus and the devil pleased him so much, that he invited them to come and pass some days with him on his estate at a short distance from the city, where he lived with his family, which consisted of his wife and his daughter, who was about sixteen years old, and lovely as an angel. At the sight of this divine object, Faustus was like one enchanted, and felt, for the first time, the sweet torments of delicate love. He confided his sufferings to the devil, who instantly offered to assist him, and laughed at the pretended delicacy of his sentiments. Faustus owned that it was repugnant to his feelings to

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violate the laws of hospitality. The devil replied, ' Well, Faustus, if you wish to have the gentleman's consent to this little piece of pastime, I will engage to procure it. For what do you take him ? '

Faustus.—For an honest man.

Devil.—It is a great pity, O Faustus, that you are so liable to deception. And so you really believe him to be an honest man. I admit that all Paris is of the same opinion. What do you think he loves best in the world ?

Faustus.—His daughter.

Devil.—I know something which he loves more.

Faustus.—And what is that.

Devil.—Gold ; and you ought to have seen that long ago. But, since I have been obliged to open to thee the treasures of the earth, and thou hast had them at thy disposal, thou hast resembled the torrent which inundates the fields, caring very little where its waters flow, or where they are received. How much hast thou lost at play with this gentleman ?

Faustus.—Let them reckon who care more for the dross than I.

Devil.—He who tricked you can tell to a ducat.

Faustus.—Tricked !

Devil.—Yes, tricked you. He saw how little you cared for money, and has made a noble harvest out of you. Think not that the table of this miser would be so well provided, and that he would be so prodigal of the richest wines, and that thou wouldst see so many guests

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around him, provided thy gold did not work these miracles. At every moment he trembles lest we should leave his house. I see, by thy astonishment, that thou hast been a spendthrift all thy life, and that thou hast never felt this thirst for gold, which can extinguish all the desires of the heart, and even the most pressing wants of nature. Follow me, but tread softly.

They descended a staircase, went through several subterranean passages, and came at last to an iron door. The devil then said to Faustus : ‘ Look through the keyhole.’ Faustus perceived in a vault, illumined by the feeble light of a lamp, the gentleman seated by the side of a strong-box, in which were many sacks of money which he was looking at with tenderness. He then flung the money he had won from Faustus into another box, and wept because he saw there was not sufficient to fill it. The devil said softly to Faustus : ‘ For the sum which is wanting to fill that box, he will sell thee his daughter.’

Faustus was incredulous. The devil waxed wroth, and said impatiently :

‘ I will show thee that gold has such irresistible power over the minds of men, that even at this moment some fathers and mothers, belonging to the village, are in the neighbouring wood selling, for money, their babes and sucklings to the emissaries of the king, although they are well aware that the poor little things are destined to be slaughtered, in order that the king may drink their blood, with the foolish hope of renovating

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and refreshing the corrupt tide which flows in his own veins.

Faustus (with a shudder).—Then the world is worse than hell, and I shall quit it without regret. But I will be convinced with my own eyes before I credit anything so horrid.

They now went into the wood, and concealed themselves among the bushes, where they perceived the emissaries of the king in conference with some men and women, and the priest of the parish. Four little children were stretched upon the grass, one of them crying pitiably. The mother lifted it up and gave it the pap, in order to quiet it; whilst the others crept upon the ground, and played with the flowers. The emissaries counted money into the hands of the husbands; the priest had his share, and the children were delivered up. The echoes of the wood repeated for a long time the cries of the little wretches as they were carried away. The mothers groaned, but the men said to them, ‘Here is gold, let us go to the public-house and buy wine, which will give us strength to beget a fresh offspring. It is better that the king should eat the brats now they are young, than flay them when they are old, or tie them up in a sack and fling them into the Seine. It would have been much better for us, if we had been devoured by his father as soon as we were born.’

The priest comforted them and said :

‘That they had done a meritorious act, and one which was pleasing to the mother of God, to whom the king was entirely devoted. He

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added, that subjects were born for the king, and that, as he reigned upon earth in the place of God, he had a right to dispose of them according to his pleasure, and that they were bound to revere the slightest of his fancies as a sacred law.'

The peasants then went to the public-house, where they spent half the blood-money in drink, and kept the rest to pay the king's taxes.

The devil now looked at Faustus with an air of mockery, and said, 'Hast thou still doubts whether the gentleman will sell thee his daughter? Thou at least will not eat her.'

Faustus.—I swear by the black hell, which at this moment appears to me a paradise when compared with the earth, that I will henceforward give boundless scope to all my passions, and, by ravaging and destroying, believe that I am acting consonantly to the views of Him who has made man—such a monster. Fly and purchase me his daughter: she is doomed to destruction, as is everything that breathes.

This was exactly the disposition in which the devil had long been desirous to see Faustus, in order that he might precipitate him to the end of his career, and thereby ease himself of a grievous burthen, and cease to be the slave of a thing so contemptible as man was in his eyes. That very evening he began to sound the gentleman, and the next-day morning, whilst they walked together, he made proposals to him, and showed him gold and jewels, which the miser gazed at with rapture, but which, however, he

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would not take until he had made a parade of his virtue. At every objection the old hypocrite started, the devil augmented the sum, and at last he bade so high, that the gentleman accepted it, after much ceremony, laughing secretly at the madman who flung away his gold so foolishly. The contract was made, and the father led Faustus into the chamber of his daughter. The maiden was in the flower of her age, and Faustus soon seduced her; for, as he could prove that her fall was agreeable to her father, nature did the rest.

The father in the meantime went with his gold and a lamp to the vault where he kept his treasure, and which was known to none of his family. He was overjoyed in having obtained sufficient to fill his second strong-box. From fear of being followed, he closed the door hastily behind him, forgetting that it went with a spring lock, and that he had left the key on the outside. The lamp was extinguished by the wind of the door, and he found himself suddenly involved in profound darkness. The air of the vault was thick and damp, and he soon felt a difficulty in his respiration. He now first perceived that he had not the key with him, and death-like anguish shot coldly through his heart. He had still strength and instinct sufficient to find his box; he laid the gold in it, and staggered back to the door, where he considered whether he should cry out or not. He was cruelly agitated by the alternative of discovering his secret, or of making this vault his tomb. But his cries would have

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been to no purpose, for the cavern had no connection with the inhabited part of the house, and he had always so well chosen his time, that no one had ever yet seen him when he crept to the worship of his idol. After having for a long time struggled with himself, without coming to any resolution, the terrible images which assailed his imagination, joined to the thickness of the air, totally disordered his brain. He sunk to the earth, and rolling himself to the spot where his box stood, he hugged it in his arms, and became raving mad. He struggled with despair and death at the very moment Faustus was lying in the arms of his daughter, whose innocence he had bartered for gold. Some days after, when all the corners of the house had been closely searched, chance led a servant to the cavern; it was opened, and the unfortunate wretch was found lying a blue and ghastly corpse upon his dear-bought treasure. The devil informed Faustus, upon their return to Paris, of the event of this affair, and Faustus believed that, on this occasion, Providence had justified itself.

The devil had learnt that the parliament were about to decide upon a case so unexampled, and so disgraceful to humanity, that he thought it advisable that Faustus should hear it. The fact was this: a surgeon returning late one night to Paris, with his faithful servant, heard, not far from the highway, the groans and lamentations of a man. His heart led him to the spot, where he found a murderer broken alive upon the

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wheel, who conjured him, in the name of God, to put an end to his existence. The surgeon shuddered with horror and fright, but recovering himself, he thought whether it would not be possible for him to reset the bones of this wretch, and preserve his life. He spoke a few words to his servant, took the murderer from the wheel, and laid him gently in the chaise; he then carried him to his house, where he undertook his cure, which he at last accomplished. He had been informed that the parliament had offered a reward of one hundred louis d'or to any one who would discover the person who had taken the assassin from the wheel. He told the murderer of this when he sent him away, and, giving him money, he advised him not to stay in Paris. The very first thing which this monster did, was to go to the parliament and betray his benefactor, for the sake of the hundred louis d'or. The cheeks of the judges, which so seldom change colour, became pallid at this denunciation, for he informed them with the greatest effrontery, that he was the very assassin who, having been broken alive upon the place where he had committed the murder, had been saved by the compassion of the surgeon. The latter was sent for, and the devil conducted Faustus into the hall of justice, exactly at the moment he appeared. The attorney-general informed the surgeon of what he was accused; but the surgeon, being certain of his servant's fidelity, stoutly denied the charge. He was advised to confess, because a most convincing

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witness could be brought against him. He bade them produce him.—A side door opened, and the murderer stepped coolly into the court, and looking the surgeon full in the face, undauntedly repeated his accusation, without forgetting a single circumstance. The surgeon shrieked, ‘O monster! what can have urged thee to this horrible ingratitude?’

Murderer.—The hundred louis d’or which you told me of, when you sent me away. Did you think that I was satisfied with merely recovering the use of my limbs. I was broken alive on the wheel for a murder which I committed for ten crowns, and I was not fool enough to lose gaining a hundred louis without running any risk.

Surgeon.—Thou wretch, thy cries and groans touched my heart. I took thee down from the wheel, comforted thee, and bound up thy wounds. I fed thee with mine own hand, till thou couldst use thy shattered joints. I gave thee money, which thou canst not yet have spent. I discovered to thee, from regard to thy own safety, the reward which had been offered by the parliament; and I swear to thee, by the living God, that if thou hadst told me of thy devilish intention, I would have sold my last rag, and have furnished thee with the sum, in order that so horrible a piece of ingratitude might remain for ever unknown to the world.—Gentlemen, judge between me and him; I confess myself guilty.

President.—You have grievously offended justice, by endeavouring to preserve the life of

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him, whom the law, for the common safety, had condemned to die ; but, for this once, strict justice shall be silent, and humanity only shall sit in judgment. The hundred louis d'or shall be yours, and the murderer shall be again broken upon the wheel.

Faustus, who during the whole of this strange trial had been snorting like a madman, gave now such a thundering huzza, that the whole gallery echoed. The devil, who observed that the last impression was about to destroy the first, soon led him to another scene.

Some surgeons, doctors of medicine and naturalists, had formed a secret society, for the purpose of inquiring into the mechanism of the human body, and the effect of the soul upon matter. In order to satisfy their curiosity, they inveigled, under all sorts of pretences, poor men and women into a house at some distance from the city, the upper part of which was constructed in such a manner, that it was impossible to discover from without, what was going forward within. Having tied their victims with strong cords down upon a long table, and having placed a gag in their mouths, they would then remove their skin and their flesh, and would lay bare their muscles, their nerves, their hearts, and their brains. In order to come at what they sought, they fed the wretches with strengthening broths, and caused them to die slowly under the slashing of their knives and lancets. The devil knew that they intended this night to assemble, and said to Faustus, 'Thou hast seen

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a surgeon, who, for the sake of humanity, or for love of his art, cured an assassin whom justice had broken on the wheel. I will now show thee physicians, who, in pursuit of secrets which they will not discover, skin their fellow-creatures alive. Thou appearest incredulous,—follow me, and I will convince thee. We will represent two doctors.'

He led him to a solitary house. They entered the laboratory, which the rays of the sun never penetrated. Here they saw the physicians dissecting a miserable being, whose flesh quivered beneath their fratricidal hands, and whose bosom heaved with the most painful agony. They were so engaged with their object, that they never once perceived the devil and Faustus. The latter, feeling his nerves thrill with horror, rushed out, struck his forehead with his hand, and commanded the devil to tear down the house upon their heads, and bury them and their deed beneath its ruins.

Devil.—Why this rage, O Faustus? Dost thou not perceive that thou art acting in respect to the moral world, in the same manner as they act in regard to the physical world? They mangle the flesh of the living; and thou, by my destructive hand, exercisest thy fury upon the whole creation.

Faustus.—Outcast of hell, dost thou think my heart is made of stone? Dost thou think that I can see unmoved the torments of yon poor flayed and butchered wretch? But, if I can neither dry his tears, nor cure his wounds,

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I can avenge him, and put him out of pain. Away, away, do as I have bid thee, or dread my wrath.

The devil obeyed with pleasure : he shook the house to its foundation, and down it toppled with a hideous noise, and overwhelmed the wicked doctors. Faustus hurried to Paris, without attending to the look of wild exultation which the devil cast upon him.

Faustus having heard much talk of the prisons which the most Christian king had caused to be built, for the purpose of receiving those whom he dreaded, had a strong desire to see the interior of them. The devil willingly undertook to satisfy his curiosity, and although the guards were forbidden, under pain of death, to permit any strangers to enter these habitations of horror, yet the golden arguments which the devil used, procured him and his companion a ready admittance. They saw there cages of iron, in which it was impossible for a man to stand upright, or sit down, or place himself in any easy posture. The wretches, who were compelled to tenant these iron dwellings, had their limbs galled by large chains. The keeper said confidentially, that, when the king was in good health, he frequently walked in the gallery, in order to enjoy the song of his nightingales, for thus did he call these wretched victims. Faustus asked some of the unfortunates the cause of their captivity, and he heard stories which pierced him to the heart. At last coming to a cage wherein was a venerable-looking old man, he put the same

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question to him, and the prisoner answered in a plaintive tone :

‘Whoever you are, let my sad story serve you as a warning, never to assist a tyrant in his cruelties. You behold in me the Bishop of Verdun, who first gave to the king the idea of these horrible cages, and was the very first to be shut up in one of them after they were completed. Here have I, for fourteen years, done penance for my sins, praying daily to God to end my torments by death.’

Faustus.—Ha, ha. Your Excellence then, like another Perillus, has found a Philaris. Do you know that story ? You shake your head.—Well, I will tell it you.

‘This Perillus, who was neither a bishop nor a Christian, constructed a brazen bull, which he showed to the tyrant Philaris, as a masterpiece of invention, and assured him that it was constructed in such a manner, that, if His Majesty would shut up a man in it, and then heat it red hot, by a fire laid beneath it, the shrieks of the tormented man would exactly resemble the bellowings of a bull, which would doubtless afford His Majesty great pleasure. “My dear Perillus,” said the tyrant, “I am much indebted to you, but it is proper for the artist to prove his own work.” He then made Perillus creep into the beast’s belly, and when the fire was laid beneath it, he did in reality bellow like a bull. Thus did Philaris, a thousand years ago, play very much the same part with Perillus, which the most Christian king has

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been playing with you, most reverend Bishop of Verdun.'

Bishop.—I wish I had heard this story twenty years ago, I should then have taken warning from it.

Faustus.—You see that history may sometimes be useful, even to a bishop. I weep for the fate of your companions in misery, but I laugh at yours.

Faustus wished now to see this king, whose horrible deeds had so heated his imagination, that he could hardly represent him to himself under a human figure. The devil told him that it would be impossible for them, in their present forms, to enter the castle of Plessis du Parc, where cowardice and fear kept the tyrant a prisoner. He added, that no one, with the exception of some necessary domestics, the physician, the confessor, and one or two astrologers, could enter without a particular order.

Faustus.—Then let us assume other figures and dresses.

Devil.—Good, I will instantly remove two of his guards, and we will do their duty. This is a very excellent time to see the tyrant. The fear of death is already avenging upon his cowardly spirit the thousands whom he has slaughtered. Day and night he only thinks of putting off the moment which is to terminate his existence, and death seems to him more hideous every second. I will make you a witness of his torments.

The devil instantly put his project into execution, and they found themselves standing

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sentinels in the interior of the castle, where reigned the mournful silence of the tomb. Thither had he, before whom millions trembled, banished himself, in order to escape from the vengeance of the relations of the murdered. Although he could thus fly from the sight of his subjects, he could not escape the cutting remorse of his own heart, nor the pains of his emaciated body. In vain did he implore heaven to grant him health and repose; in vain did he attempt to bribe it by presents to saints, to priests, and to churches; in vain did he cover himself with relics from all parts of the world,—that frightful sentence, *thou shalt die*, seemed always ringing in his ears. He scarcely ventured to move out of his chamber, lest he should find an assassin in one of those whom he might meet. If anguish drove him into the free air, he went armed with lance and dagger, just as if he had strength to use either. Four hundred guards watched day and night around the stronghold of the half-dead monster; three times every hour did their hoarse calls, echoing from post to post, break the mournful stillness, and remind the tyrant of the flight of time. All around his castle, gibbets were erected, and the hangman, Tristan, his only true friend, went about the country every day, and returned at night with fresh victims, in order, by their execution, to diminish the fears of the tyrant, who, from time to time, would walk in an apartment, which was only separated from the torture-room by a thin partition. There he listened to the groans and shrieks of the wretches

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on the rack, and found, in the sufferings of others, a slight alleviation to his own. Wearing on his hat a leaden image of the mother of God, his pretended protectress, he drank of the blood of murdered sucklings, and allowed himself to be tormented by his physician, whom he allowed ten thousand crowns a month.

This was the wretch whom Faustus saw, and his heart rejoiced when he contemplated the paleness of his cheeks, and the furrows which anguish and despair had graven on his brow. He was on the point of leaving this abode of monotonous horror, when the devil whispered him to remain until the next day, and he would see a singular spectacle. The king had heard that a hermit lived in Calabria, who was honoured as a saint through all Sicily. This fool had, from his fourteenth to his fortieth year, dwelt upon a naked rock, where, exposed to the rains and tempests of heaven, he martyred his body by stripes and fasting, and refused his mind all cultivation. But, the rays of sanctity concealing his stupidity, he soon saw the prince and the peasant at his feet. Louis had requested the King of Sicily to send him this animal, because he hoped to be cured by him. The hermit was now on the road, and, as he brought with him the holy oil of Rheims, to anoint the tyrant's body, the latter imagined that all his disorders would soon vanish, and he should become young again. The happy day arrived, the Calabrian boor approached the castle, the king received him at the gate, fell at his feet, and asked him

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for life and health. The Calabrian played his part in so ridiculous a manner, that Faustus could not avoid laughing aloud at the farce. Tristan and his myrmidons were advancing to seize him, and he would doubtlessly have paid for laughing with his life, had not the devil rescued him from their claws, and flown away with him. When they arrived at Paris, Faustus said :

‘ Is it by this contemptible, superstitious, tottering object, that the bold sons of France allow themselves to be enslaved ? He is a mere skeleton in purple, who can scarcely cough out of his asthmatic throat the desire to live, and yet they tremble before him, as if he were a giant, whose terrible arms could encircle the whole earth. When the lion, enfeebled by age, lies languishing in his den, the most insignificant beasts of the forest are not afraid of him, but approach and mock the fallen tyrant.

Devil.—It is this which chiefly distinguishes the king of men from the king of beasts ? The latter is only formidable as long as he can use his own strength ; but the former, who binds the strength of his slaves to his will, is as powerful when lying on the bed of sickness, as when, in the vigour of health, he stands at the head of his armies. Are you not now convinced that men are only guided by folly, which dooms them to be slaves ? Break their chains to-day, and they would forge themselves others to-morrow ! Do what you can, they will always go on in the same eternal circle, and are condemned for ever to seize the shadow for the reality.

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The devil having shown Faustus all that was remarkable in and about the capital of France, took him to Calais, and, crossing the Channel, they arrived in London, at the very moment that hideous abortion, the Duke of Gloucester, made himself protector of the kingdom, and was endeavouring to take away the crown from the children of his brother, the late king. He had removed the father by means of poison, and had already persuaded the queen (who, upon the first discovery of his projects, had fled for refuge, with her children, to Westminster Abbey) to deliver up to him the youthful heir of the throne, together with his brother York. Faustus was present when Doctor Shaw, by the command of the protector, informed the astonished people from the pulpit, that the yet living mother of the duke and the deceased king had admitted various lovers to her bed; that the late king was the offspring of adultery; and that no one of the royal line, except the protector, could boast of a legitimate birth. He saw those noblemen executed who would not accede to the execrable plot; and the devil conducted him into the tower, at the very moment when Tyrrell and his assistant murdered the lawful king and his brother, and buried them beneath the threshold of the dungeon. He was a witness of the base submission of the parliament, and of the coronation of the frightful tyrant. He witnessed the negotiation of the queen to support the murderer of her sons in his usurped throne, by giving him the hand of her eldest daughter, in

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order that she herself might still retain a shadow of sovereignty, although at the same time she had entered into a secret alliance with the Duke of Richmond, who was destined to be her avenger. Faustus felt himself so irritated, that not all the charms of the blooming Englishwomen could keep him any longer in this cursed isle, which he quitted with hatred and disgust, for neither in Germany nor in France had he seen crimes committed with so much coolness and impunity. When they were on the point of embarking, the devil said to him :

‘ These people will groan for a time beneath the yoke of despotism, they will then sacrifice one of their kings upon the scaffold of freedom, in order that they may sell themselves to his successors for gold and titles. In hell there is very little respect paid to these gloomy islanders, who would suck the marrow from all the putrid carcases in the universe, if they thought to find gold in the bones. They boast of their morality, and despise all other nations, yet if you were to place what you call virtue in one scale, and vice, with twopence, in the other, they would forget their morality, and pocket the money. They talk of their honour and integrity, but never enter into a treaty, but with a firm resolution of breaking it, as soon as a farthing is to be gained by so doing. After death, they inhabit the most pestilential marsh of the kingdom of darkness, and their souls are scourged without mercy. None of the other damned will have any communication with them. If the inhabi-

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tants of the Continent could do without sugar and coffee, the sons of proud England would soon return to the state in which they were when Julius Caesar, Canute of Denmark, or William the Conqueror, did them the honour to invade their island.'

Faustus.—For a devil, thou knowest history passably well.

Hereupon he led him to Milan, where they saw the Duke Galeas Sforza murdered on St. Stephen's Day in the cathedral. Faustus previously heard the assassins loudly beseeching St. Stephen and St. Ambrose to inspire them with the courage necessary for so noble a deed.

In Florence, the seat of the muses, they saw the nephew of the great Cosmo, the father of his country, murdered in the church of Santa Reparata, at the altar, just at the moment when the priest raised the Host in his hands; for the Archbishop of Florence, Salviati, had informed the murderers, that this was to be the signal. He had been bribed to assist in this enterprise by the pope, who was determined to annihilate the Medicis, in order to rule sole sovereign in Italy.

In the north of Europe they saw wild barbarians, and drunken ruffians, murdering and pillaging like the more civilized Europeans. In Spain they found upon the throne deceit and hypocrisy, wearing the mask of religion. They saw, at an auto-da-fé, men and women immolated in the flames to the mild God of the Christians; and they heard the Grand Inquisitor, Torque-

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mada, boast to Ferdinand and Isabella that, since the establishment of the holy tribunal, it had tried eighty thousand suspected persons, and had burnt six thousand convicted heretics. When Faustus first saw the ladies and cavaliers assembled in the grand square, dressed in their richest habits, he imagined that he had come just in time for some joyous festival ; but, when he heard the condemned wretches howling and lamenting in the midst of a mob of monks, who were praising God, he was convinced that religion, when misused, makes man the most execrable monster on the earth. He, however, began to imagine that all these horrors were the necessary consequences of man's nature, who is an animal that must either tear his fellow-creatures to pieces, or be torn to pieces by them.

The devil, perceiving that Faustus was amazed and confounded by these scenes, said to him :

‘Thou seest how all the courts of Europe resemble each other in wickedness and crime. Let us now go to Rome, and see whether the ecclesiastical government goes on better.’

The malicious Leviathan flattered himself that Alexander the Sixth, who wore at that time the triple crown, and held in his hands the keys of heaven and of hell, would give the finishing blow to the harassed spirit of Faustus, and would enable him to return to hell with his victim. For a long time he had been weary of staying on the earth, for, although he had in the course of many thousand years so often traversed it, he still saw merely the same beings and the same

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actions. From this we may learn, that there is something so annoying in uniformity, that even the wild horrors of Satan's hall are to be preferred to it.

On the way to Rome, they passed by two hostile armies, encamped face to face. The one was commanded by Malatesta of Rimini, the other by a papal general. The crafty Alexander was now endeavouring, either by poisoning, secret assassination, or open war, to deprive all the Italian noblemen of their property, in order that he might convert their castles and domains into principalities for his bastards. He began with the weakest, and had despatched this little army to eject Malatesta from his fief of Rimini. Faustus and the devil, riding along the road, perceived, upon an eminence contiguous to the papal camp, two men, magnificently dressed, engaged in a furious combat. Moved by curiosity, Faustus advanced to the spot, the devil followed him, and they perceived, by the rage of the antagonists, that nothing less than the death of one of them would end the struggle. But what seemed to Faustus most extraordinary was a milk-white goat, adorned with ribbons of various colours, which a page seemed to hold as the prize of victory, as he stood, with the utmost coolness, near the two raging warriors. Many cavaliers had assembled upon the height, and awaited the issue of the affair. Faustus approached one of them, and asked, with his German simplicity, whether the gentlemen were fighting for that handsome goat? He had observed that the two

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champions, whenever they paused to take breath, looked at the goat with much tenderness, and each seemed, according to knightly custom, to entreat it to assist him in his danger. The Italian, turning to Faustus, coolly answered, 'Yes, certainly, and I hope our general will punish with death the audacious knight who dared to remove from his tent the handsomest goat in the world, at the time he was gone to reconnoitre the enemy's camp.' Faustus stepped back, shook his head, and scarcely knew whether he was dreaming or awake. The devil let him remain for some time in this perplexity : he then took him aside, and whispered certain things in his ear, which made Faustus blush, and which would soil our pages. The duel in the meantime went on as hot as ever, until the sword of the papal general found an opening in the knight's mail, and laid him wallowing in blood upon the ground. He yielded up his soul amidst curses and imprecations, and took, with his last look, a tender farewell of the pretty animal. The general was congratulated by the surrounders, and the page delivered him the goat. He called it 'his dearest, his best beloved,' and loaded it with the most tender caresses.

Faustus departed from the place of combat, and was hesitating between a desire to laugh and a feeling of disgust, when the devil said to him :

'This duel has made thee acquainted with the papal general, but he who commands the hostile army does not deserve thy attention less ; the

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one has risked his life for love of a white goat, and the other has already poisoned and strangled, with his own hand, in order that he might get possession of their property, two of his wives, sprung from the best families in Italy. He is now on the point of marrying a third, and she will, in all probability, experience the same fate. —Both of these personages are otherwise very religious men, attend processions, make vows to heaven, and implore it for assistance. For which side do you think it will now declare ? ’

Faustus gave the devil a wild look, and left the malicious question unanswered ; but the devil, who wished to punish him for having formerly boasted of the moral worth of man, failed not to make some bitter jokes upon the amours of the papal general and the conjugal tenderness of Malatesta of Rimini.

The sight of Rome and its majestic ruins, over which the mighty spirit of the ancient Romans seemed yet to hover, filled Faustus with wonder, and, as he was well acquainted with the history of those lords of the ancient world, the remembrance of their heroic actions elevated his soul to a pitch of enthusiasm. But the modern inhabitants of this celebrated city soon inspired him with very different sentiments. By the devil’s advice, they announced themselves as German noblemen, whom curiosity to see the magnificence of Rome had brought there. But their retinue, their pomp, and their demeanour, caused a suspicion to be entertained that they were of more consequence than they pretended

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to be. Friars, matrons, pimps, quacks, and harlequins flocked to them, as soon as the noise of their arrival had echoed through all the haunts of those who get their livelihood by administering to the crimes and the weaknesses of men. They offered them their sisters, their daughters, their wives, and their relations, and depicted their charms and their attractions with such fiery eloquence, that Faustus, besieged on every side, knew not which to prefer. As these wretches uttered the most religious maxims in the same breath with the most stimulant descriptions of voluptuousness, Faustus imagined himself authorized in believing that they merely made use of religion to appease and tranquillize the cry of nature inwardly, revolted by their shameful deeds and wickedness.

The next day after their arrival, he and the devil were invited to dinner by the Cardinal Caesar Borgia, one of the numerous bastards of the pope ; he received them in the most splendid manner, and promised to introduce them to His Holiness. They went on horseback, attended by numerous servants, to the Vatican, and Faustus and the devil kissed the toe of the pope :—Faustus performed this act of devotion with all the fervour of a good Christian Catholic, but the devil muttered to himself, ‘ If Alexander knew who I am, I should, most probably, see him at my own feet.’ After the usual ceremonies were over, the pope invited them into his private apartments, where he spoke to them very freely, and made him acquainted with his other bastards,

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the famous Lucretia, Francisco Borgia, Duke of Candia, etc.

The pope found the society of the handsome and well-made Leviathan so much to his liking, that, from the first interview, he showed him particular favour, which grew at length, as we shall see, to the closest intimacy. Faustus attached himself to Cardinal Borgia, who gave him such a lascivious description of the pleasures and enjoyments of Rome, that he hardly knew whether he was in the Vatican or in the temple of Venus. The cardinal made him more nearly acquainted with his sister, who was married to Alphonso of Aragon. This syren displayed so much voluptuousness and sensuality, in a form and face so attractive and charming, that Faustus stood before her like one enchanted, and glowed with a desire to receive from her the gift of loving mercy.

Faustus and the devil went one evening to the Vatican to see a play, which astonished Faustus more than anything he had as yet seen at the papal court. It was the *Mandragola* which was represented. The noble Machiavel had composed this licentious and satirical piece, in order to lay before the eyes of the court of Rome a striking picture of the licentious corruption of the clergy, and to prove that that was the sole cause of the dissolute lives of the laity. But he deceived himself in his honourable design; the *Mandragola* was applauded, not on account of its morality, which was not understood, but of its licentiousness. Faustus heard the pope and

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the cardinals, the nuns and the ladies, praising certain things, which, in his opinion, the most dissolute of the Roman emperors would not have permitted upon the theatre. But real scenes yet more abominable soon put an end to his astonishment, and he perceived that the actions of Alexander, and his children, infinitely surpassed all that which the annals of the human race had hitherto consigned to infamy and abhorrence. Lucretia, whom his rich presents pleased yet more than his fine face and vigorous form, soon initiated him into the mysteries of pleasure, and he felt, in her arms, that the papal court had secrets of which the rest of the Christian world had not the slightest idea. By this intimate connection with her, he discovered her incestuous intercourse with her two brothers, the cardinal and Francisco; and, having surprised her one day with the pope her father, he perceived that not content with sharing her favours with her two brothers, she also granted them to His Holiness. The only one whom she treated ill was Alphonso, who had the honour to be her spouse. Faustus now guessed the cause of the implacable hatred which the cardinal entertained against his brother Francisco; it arose from jealousy at his sister's preferring the latter to himself, and he often swore to take a bloody vengeance upon his brother.

It was the custom of Faustus, after having the whole day wallowed in all the shameful pleasures of the court and city, to pester the devil's ears with complaints of the wickedness of men. He

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was shocked at their crimes, although he himself had neither strength nor desire to resist any of his inclinations. He generally concluded his sermons by saying, 'How could such a monster ever have been elected pope?'

The devil, who perfectly knew how that event had been brought about (for one of the princes of hell had been at the election), would tell him :

'How Alexander bought up the votes of the cardinals by magnificent promises, and, being called upon after his installation to fulfil them, he either banished, or caused to be privately assassinated, all those who had any claims upon him.'

Faustus.—I can easily conceive that the cardinals were sufficiently corrupt to make him pope ; but how the people can submit to his decrees is beyond my comprehension.

Devil.—The Romans are perfectly content with him. He protects the populace, and ravages and pillages the great. Can they wish for a better pope than one who sanctifies their crimes by his own example ; and who, besides the indulgences he distributes, proves by his actions that men have no reason to be terrified at any crime ?

The pope having, at a consistorial court, elevated his eldest bastard, Francisco, to the dignity of general of the papal see, the cardinal instantly formed the Christian resolution of putting his brother out of the way, and thereby opening a more extensive field to his own ambition. Vanosa, his mother, had informed him, that the pope intended to raise a throne for Francisco upon the

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ruin of the Italian princes, and through him, as his eldest born, execute all the projects which he had formed for the prosperity and aggrandizement of his family. The cardinal, who had always certain assassins in his pay, sent for his faithful Dom Michelotto, and thus addressed him :

‘ Brave and honest Michelotto, five years have already passed since the accession of my father to the papal chair, and I am not yet what I might have been, had I acted with less delicacy and more prudence. He first made me an archbishop, and now I am become a cardinal ; but what is that for a spirit which burns with a desire to distinguish itself, and which aspires to glory ? My revenues scarcely supply me with absolute necessities, and it is impossible for me to reward, according to the wish of my heart, those friends who have rendered me essential services. Art thou not, O Michelotto, a striking example of it thyself ? Have I been able to acquit myself towards thee in the manner which my obligations to thee demand ? But shall we always languish in this shameful inactivity, and shall we wait till fortune or chance do something for those who will do nothing for themselves ? Dost thou think that the monotonous life I lead in the conclave and in the church was intended for a spirit like mine ? Am I born for all these ridiculous and superstitious ceremonies ? If nature had not had the foolish caprice to bring my brother into the world before me, would not all those situations, all those honours, by which

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men are alone enabled to perform great actions, have fallen to my lot? Does my brother know how to profit by the advantages which the pope and blind Fortune fling in his way? Let me once occupy his place, and my name shall soon resound through all Europe. Nature stamped me for a hero, and him for a priest; therefore I must seek to repair the negligence of Fortune, if I wish to fulfil my destiny. Compare him and me, and who will say we are sprung from the same father? But be he my brother,—and it little matters; for the man who wishes to rise above the rest should forget tenderness and relationship—those puny bonds of nature, and should not hesitate to dip his hands in the blood of any one whose existence may be an obstacle to his noble views. It is thus that all great men act; it is thus that the founder of immortal Rome acted. In order that Rome might arrive at the height of grandeur to which his genius wished to carry it, he did not hesitate to stab his brother; and, in order that Caesar Borgia may attain immortality, his brother Francisco must bleed beneath thy knife, most courageous Michelotto. Yes, for although it would be easy for me, in the darkness of the night, to assassinate him myself, and remain unsuspected, I reserve for thee this deed, in order that thou mayst have a greater right to share with me my grandeur and my future fortunes. To-morrow I shall go to Naples to assist, in quality of legate, at the coronation of the king. Vanosa, my mother, who, between you and me, is weary of seeing her

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enterprising Caesar a cardinal, gives this evening a supper to myself, my brother, and a few friends. Francisco will go late at night to visit a concubine whom he and I mutually caress, and I ill know Michelotto if ever he finds his way back to his palace. My name is Caesar, and I will be all or nothing.'

Michelotto grasped the cardinal's hand, thanked him for his confidence, assured him of his fidelity, and went away in order to get some of his companions to assist him in the affair.

Faustus and the devil were also invited to that supper. Gaiety reigned among the guests. The good-natured Francisco loaded his brother with caresses, which, however, did not shake his resolution. When they rose from table, Caesar took leave of his mother, and said he must now go to the pope and receive his orders for Naples. The two brothers walked with each other a little way, followed by Faustus and the devil. Francisco soon took leave of his brother, having first told him where he was going. The cardinal, with a smiling air, wished him much pleasure, and, hurrying to the Vatican, he finished his business there, and then went to the rendezvous, where he found Michelotto and his ruffians, whom he directed how to proceed. Faustus had not the slightest suspicion of what was going forward, but the devil, who knew when the horrible drama was to conclude, transported him to the banks of the Tiber at the very moment Michelotto and his assistants flung into the stream the corpse of the murdered Francisco. Faustus would have

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attacked the assassins, though he was still ignorant who their victim was ; but the devil prevented him, and said :

‘ Do not approach, keep thyself quiet, and let none of those people see thee ; they swarm so at Rome, and at the Vatican, that thou wouldst not be safe, even at my side, if they were to perceive that thou didst observe them. The murdered man, whom they have flung into the water, is Francisco Borgia, Duke of Candia ; his murderer is his brother, and what thou seest now is only the prelude to actions which will astonish hell itself and make it tremble.’

He then discovered to him the whole of the plot, and repeated to him the cardinal’s conversation with Michelotto. Faustus replied, with more coolness than the devil expected :

‘ Their deeds will not astonish me however infamous they may be, for what else can we expect from a family where the father lives in incest with his daughter, and the brothers with their sister ? But henceforth I will never suffer any one to boast in my presence of the moral worth of man, for, in comparison with man, especially if he be a priest, the worst devil which flounders in the marshes of hell is innocent as an angel. O why was I not born in happy Arabia, where I might have passed my solitary existence, with a palm-tree for my shelter, and with nature for my god ? ’

The body of Francisco being found in the Tiber, his assassination was soon noised about Rome and through all Italy. The pope was so

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afflicted at the intelligence, that he abandoned himself to the most frightful despair, and remained three days without eating or drinking; but he did not forget to offer immense rewards for the discovery of the murderers. His daughter, who guessed from whence the blow came, gave her mother intelligence of the severe intentions of the pope, and Vanosa, at dead of night, went to the Vatican. The devil who, in quality of favourite, had remained alone with His Holiness whilst his affliction was at its height, hastened away upon the appearance of Vanosa, and, having found Faustus, who was consoling the lovely Lucretia, he led him to the door of the pope's apartment, where they heard the following dialogue :

‘ A fratricide, a cardinal,—and thou, mother of them both, dost tell me this with as much coolness, as if Caesar had merely poisoned one of the Colonnas or Orsinis. He has, in murdering his brother, destroyed his own fame, and has undermined the foundation of that monument of grandeur which I was about to raise.—But the monster shall not escape punishment; he shall feel my vengeance.’

Vanosa.—Roderico Borgia, thou hast shared the couch of my mother, thou hast seduced me, and wast the first that dishonoured Lucretia, my daughter and thine. Who can number all those whom thou hast secretly poisoned and assassinated; yet thou art not less a pope.—Rome trembles before thee, and all Christianity adores thee. Everything depends upon the situation

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in which men are when they commit crimes. I am the mother of both, Roderico, and I knew that Caesar would murder Francisco.

Pope.—Thou wretch.

Vanosa.—Am I. If I be, I have become so in thy school. It was right that the timorous and gentle Francisco should give place to the fiery, the enterprising Caesar, in order that the glittering hopes may be fulfilled, which thou didst confide to me upon thy elevation to the papal chair. Francisco was intended by nature to be a monk, my Caesar to be a conqueror, and I call him so already in prophetic spirit. Only he has power to annihilate the great and petty tyrants of Italy, and to win himself a crown. Make him standard-bearer to the papal see, and he will make the Borgias kings of the Italian realms. Is not this thy most ardent wish? All thy poisonings and murders will have been to no more purpose, if Caesar remains a cardinal, than they would have been if yon feeble driveller had lived. Only from Caesar can I expect protection, when thou art no more. He loves his mother, but the other boy neglected me, and only flattered thee, from whom he expected his greatness. Caesar feels that a woman like me, who could bring forth a hero, can likewise point out to him the way to immortal deeds. Brighten up, Roderico, and be wise, for know that the hand which murdered thy favourite, was directed by a daring spirit, which would not hesitate to take thy own life, wert thou to remove the veil which has been flung over this necessary deed.

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Pope.—The solidity of thy arguments restores me to myself, and thy eloquence exalts my soul, although it makes me shudder. Francisco is dead, Caesar lives,—let him live, and take his brother's place, since fate will have it so.

He rang the bell, caused refreshments to be brought up, and was in excellent spirits.

Francisco was forgotten, and the pope thought of nothing else than to open to the daring Caesar a wider field in which he might exercise his dangerous talents. The latter, in the meantime, crowned the King of Naples, with hands yet reeking with fraternal blood. He returned to Rome, and Faustus saw, with a malicious laugh, the cardinals, and the ambassadors of Spain and Venice, receive the fratricide, whom they knew for such, at the city gate, and then conduct him in triumph to the pope, who embraced him with great tenderness.

Vanosa laid aside her mourning, and celebrated the day of his return by a festival, at which appeared all the grandees of Rome. Caesar shortly afterwards changed his cardinal's hat for a helmet, and was with much pomp and magnificence consecrated Confalonier, or standard-bearer of the holy see.

The devil saw, with much pleasure, Faustus endeavouring by the wildest excesses, to escape the pangs by which his heart was now torn. He remarked how every new scene of horror he was doomed to witness, galled his soul, and that he was becoming more and more convinced that all what he saw or heard had its origin in the nature

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of man. The devil supported him in this idea, by sophisms, which later philosophers have worked up into systems. He ransacked the earth of its treasures, and showered gold and precious stones upon his victim; and Faustus, dishonouring the wives and daughters of Rome, destroyed the happiness of a thousand families, and believed that he could not sufficiently corrupt the human race, which, in his opinion, was doomed to misfortune and destruction. The lessons he had learnt from Lucretia, had long since poisoned his senses. All the sweet ties of humanity, which had so long fettered his heart, were now totally destroyed, and he imagined that he had discovered, in the providence of heaven, the hand of a despot, who caring very little for particular parts, only watches over the whole. He represented the world to himself as a stormy sea, on which the human race is cast, and is tossed here and there by the wind which drives this man upon a rock, where he is dashed to pieces, and blows the other happily to his haven. But what seemed to Faustus most incomprehensible, was, that the shipwrecked mariner should be punished in an after state, for not having guided his vessel better, when the rudder, which had been given him to shape his course by, was so weak, that any extraordinary billow could not fail to shatter it.

Alexander had determined upon taking the amusements of the chase at Ostia. He was accompanied to that place by a vast throng of cardinals, bishops, ladies, and nuns; which last,

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for certain reasons, were taken from their cloisters, and, by their beauty, rendered the cavalcade a truly glorious spectacle. The devil was constantly by the side of the pope, and Faustus and Lucretia were inseparable. Everybody abandoned himself at Ostia to the impulse of his animal nature, and in the course of a few days, excesses were committed there from which even Tiberius and Nero might have learnt something. Faustus had now an excellent opportunity of examining man in his nakedness, as the devil had expressively termed it; but what were all these scenes of wickedness, when compared with the plans which the pope, when wearied by the indulgence of his lusts, formed with his bastards, by way of relaxation, in the presence of Faustus and the devil. It was here determined, that Alphonso of Aragon, the husband of Lucretia, should be murdered, in order that they might give the King of France a proof that they were willing to break entirely with the King of Naples, and to assist the former in his usurpation of the crown of Sicily. Louis the Twelfth had already, with the approbation of Alexander, invaded Italy, and the Borgias thereby saw all their projects ripening. Lucretia entrusted this bloody deed to the management of her brother, and already considered herself as a widow. The plan of the ensuing campaign was then adjusted in a very expeditious manner, for it was merely to take possession of all the towns, castles, and domains of the noblemen of Italy, who were one and all of them to be

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murdered, together with their offspring and relations, in order that not a soul might remain alive who had the slightest claim upon the property, and who might therefore trouble the assassins with future conspiracies. In order to support the army in the interim, the pope and Caesar dictated to Lucretia a list of rich cardinals and prelates, who were to be poisoned successively, and their goods to be taken possession of, by the right of inheritance vested in the papal chair.

When this secret council was at an end, the members of it repaired to the common hall, where supper awaited them. The pope was so contented with his schemes, and the certainty of their accomplishment, that he committed, in his joy, the most shameful extravagances, and, by his example, incited his guests to actions similar to what we have read of in the pages of Petronius Arbiter, and other writers of the same character. But he nevertheless did not entirely forget the cares of the state, for he suddenly asked those present, how the revenues of the papal see might be increased, so as to support its numerous army during the approaching campaign. After various projects, Ferrara di Modena, Bishop of Patria, Alexander's worthy minister, by whom he caused the benefices of the Church to be sold to the highest bidder, proposed that indulgences should be sold through Europe, under the pretence of an approaching war with the Turks, adding, like a true papal financier, 'that the foolish idea which men entertained of being able to wash away their sins by means of gold, was

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the surest source from which the income of a pope arose.'

Lucretia, who lay on the lap of her father, and played with Faustus's yellow locks, said with a smile :

' The present list of indulgences contains such insipid, antiquated, and absurd crimes, that it is impossible to turn it to much account. It was composed in stupid and barbarous times, and it is now highly necessary to make a new tariff of sin, for which Rome herself can furnish the most important articles.'

The company, hot with wine, and reeking from their abominations, eagerly caught hold of this sally of female wantonness ; and the pope commanded each one present to propose some particular sin, and to tax it, recommending them above all to choose those which were most in vogue, and which would consequently bring in the most.

Borgia.—Holy father, leave this to the cardinals and prelates, they are better versed in crime than any other people.

Ferrara di Modena sat down to fulfil the office of secretary.

A Cardinal.—Absolution to each and every priest, who commits fornication, let it be with whom it may, with a nun in or out of the circle of the cloister, with his blood-relation, or his spiritual daughter, with permission to perform all the duties of the Church, and to receive and hold new benefices, provided he pay into the papal treasury nine gold ducats.

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Pope.—Write down nine gold ducats, Bishop ; and then let us drink absolution to those priests who shall pay the sum.

Each guest filled his glass, and exclaimed in chorus, ‘ Absolutio ! Dispensatio ! ’

Pope.—Bishop Ferrara, write down :—For simple —, twelve ducats, for compound, fifteen, be it layman or priest. With this article only I expect to support my cavalry, and I foresee that the greater part of their pay will return to me.

Chorus.—Absolution and Dispensation to the simple and compound —.

A Nun.—Ha ! what means all this ? will no one think of us ? Holy father, have we alone no claim to your paternal favour ? I entreat you to let us tax also, in order that we may sin in peace.

Pope.—Right, my daughter, and you shall not be dealt with more hardly than the priests. Bishop, write down :—Absolution for each nun who shall commit carnal sin, be it with whom it may, with her brother, blood-relation, or confessor, within or out of the circle of the cloister ; with full capacity of assuming any conventual dignity, when called upon so to do, nine ducats.

Chorus.—Absolutio ! Dispensatio !

A Bishop.—Absolution and Dispensation to each priest who publicly keeps a mistress, five ducats.

Lucretia.—Absolution to each Christian who shall carnally know his mother, sister, or any other female relation, fifteen ducats.

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Chorus.—Absolutio ! Dispensatio !

Faustus, whom this scene had horribly mortified, on account of the triumph which it afforded the devil over him, but who, nevertheless, wished to have a hit at Borgia, exclaimed, with a voice of thunder :

‘ Absolution to any parricide, matricide, or fratricide, for three ducats.’

Pope.—Ho, ho, friend, what are you aiming at now ? will you tax murder lower than fornication, when the former drives a man out of the world, and the latter brings him in ?

Caesar Borgia.—Holy father, he does not wish, by too high a penalty, to deter men from the commission of murder.

Devil.—You are well aware, gentlemen, that the poor are incapable of receiving benefit from any of the above-named absolutions and dispensations. They indeed are unworthy of the sweet comforts of the Church, and must be damned without redemption.

Chorus (amidst shouts of laughter).—Damnation to him who has no money ! May the poor descend to hell without the comfort of the Church !

Caesar Borgia.—Whoever commits theft, be it sacrilege or not, shall have his soul secured from damnation, upon depositing in the papal treasury three parts of what he has stolen.

Chorus.—Absolution to all thieves, sacrilegious or not, provided they share their booty with the pope.

Pope.—Thou hast opened a rich mine, Caesar. Write that down, Bishop.

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Faustus.—Absolution to any one who shall practise magic, or enter into an alliance with the devil. How high shall I tax that, Father?

Pope.—My son, you will not, by this last article, enrich the papal treasury. The devil does not understand his own advantage, we call upon him in vain.

Faustus.—But provided that should so happen,—how high, I repeat?

Pope.—For rarity's sake, one hundred ducats.

Faustus.—Here they are, and now write me out an absolution, that I may be able to shake it in the face of the devil, provided I ever sell myself to him.

Chorus.—Absolution to him who shall sell himself to the devil.

Another Nun.—Most Reverend Bishop, since you are writing out the absolution for the magician, be so good as to furnish me with a paper likewise,—you know for what.—Here is my rosary; it is worth fifteen ducats. I shall have, therefore, something in bank until another absolution becomes necessary.

Ferrara wrote, and the pope signed his name beneath.

Devil.—Does Your Holiness imagine that Satan will pay any regard to these scraps of paper?

The Grand Inquisitor snatched his hand out of the bosom of an abbess, and screamed with stammering tongue:

'I smell heresy! Who is the atheist? Who has uttered that blasphemy?'

The pope pressed his forefinger softly upon

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the mouth of the devil, and said, ‘ Cavalier, these are state secrets ; handle them not, for if you do, I, myself, with all my authority, shall not be able to protect you.’

Every male in the assembly now opened his purse, either from a wish to pay his court to the pope, or to quiet his conscience. The bishop had so many applications, that he was soon obliged to call in other secretaries, to assist him in expediting absolutions. Each applicant took away his particular licence, and each sought and found an opportunity of using it during the remainder of the night. Never were sins committed with more quiet minds.

Ferrara di Modena, the next day, caused this tariff to be clean-copied ; he then sent it to the press,¹ and caused it to be secretly circulated throughout Christendom.

Caesar Borgia did not forget the promise which he had made to his sister. Alphonso of Aragon was murdered upon the steps of the Confalonier’s palace, at the moment he was about to enter, in order to be present at a play to which all the nobility of Rome had been invited, and which represented the victories of the great Caesar, whom Borgia intended henceforward to imitate, if not excel. This latter personage shortly after marched out of Rome with his army, and, at the end of a few months, the devil purloined from the pope’s pocket the following letter, which he gave Faustus to read :

¹ See *Taxae Cancellariae Apostolicae*, etc., printed at Rome and Paris.

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‘ REVEREND FATHER,—

‘ I kiss the feet of Your Holiness. Victory and Fortune have followed my steps, and I drag them behind my car like slaves. I hope now that Caesar is worthy of his name, for I also can say *Veni, Vidi, Vici*. The Duke of Urbino has fallen into the snare which I laid for him. By virtue of Your Holiness’s letter, I asked him for his artillery to fight your enemies with. Dazzled by the marks of friendship and affection which I showed him, and which flattered his self-love, he sent to me a gentleman with his consent in writing. Having thus a very decent pretence, I instantly despatched some thousands of men to Urbino, who, by my commands, took possession of that city, and of the whole duchy. The duke, unfortunately, escaped, but I revenged myself for his flight upon the powerful and dangerous family of Montefeltro, and annihilated their whole race. Vitellozzo was fool enough to join me with all his troops, near Camerino. I deceived Caesar di Varono, by promising him honourable conditions if he would evacuate Camerino, and I attacked the city at the very moment he was engaged in signing the articles of capitulation. I had hoped to have exterminated the whole family at once, but the father found means to elude me ; however, I strangled his wife, and cut the throats of his two sons, and I flatter myself that despair and grief will soon send the old fellow after them. I left Camerino, and despatched Paul Orsino, Vitellozzo, and Oliverotto, to Sinegaglia, with orders to take

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the town by storm, so that they might prepare their future grave with their own hands. When I saw them all in the net, I sent forward my trusty Michelotto and his associates, with directions to seize the fools when I should give the sign. I then put myself upon the march, and Orsino, Vitellozzo, and Oliverotto came to meet me, and pay me their respects. They had left all the troops behind them, according to my expectations. I received them with caresses, and went with them into the city ; and, at the very moment my people fell upon their straggling soldiers, Michelotto and his comrades each seized his man. Thus I made myself master of the domains and fortresses of those whom we deceived, by pretending to assist them in subduing their enemies. The following night I caused them to be slaughtered in their dungeons. Michelotto, to whom I entrusted this business, told me, with much laughter, that all the mercy Vitellozzo prayed for was, *that he might not be murdered until he had received, from Your Holiness, absolution for his sins*. Who now will tell me that it requires much art to make oneself master of the minds of men ? As soon as Your Holiness shall have put out of the way the Orsinis and the rest, I will send the Pagolas, the Duke of Gravina, and my other prisoners, to bear them company. If Carraccioli, general of the Venetians, whose lovely wife I seized, upon her journey, and who now sweetens my labour, should come to Rome with his *complaint*, send him Michelotto's brother to be his physician ; I hear that he is a turbulent

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hot-headed fellow, and therefore it will be as well to get rid of him. The tumult of arms has not made me forget my sister's widowhood ; the envoy of the eldest son of the Duke of Este is already on the way to marry her, in his name. We have already massacred the most dangerous of our foes ; if we can win over, or exterminate (which is almost the same thing) the houses of Este and Medici, who will then have the audacity to oppose the Borgias in Italy ? I kiss the feet of Your Holiness.

‘ CAESAR BORGIA,
‘ *Confalonier.*’

Faustus, after reading this letter, looked angrily to heaven, but the devil, without giving him time to moralize, led him to the Vatican, where they found the pope overjoyed at the success which had attended his weapons. He had already ordered the remaining Orsinis, Alvianis, Santa Croces, and the other cardinals and archbishops, to be arrested, and awaited the event with impatience. All Rome hastened to congratulate him. Those who were marked out for destruction were seized in the Vatican, conducted into different prisons, and privately executed, whilst the myrmidons of the pope plundered their palaces. The Cardinal Orsini alone was sent to the castle of Saint Angelo, and was permitted, for a few days, to be supplied with food from his mother's kitchen ; but the pope, having heard that he possessed a pearl, very precious on account of its extraordinary size, retracted

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this favour. The mother of the once mighty and flourishing Orsinis went to the Vatican, and offered the pope the pearl and two thousand crowns, if he would liberate her son ; when he seized the pearl and the money with one hand, and with the other gave the sign for the cardinal's execution.

When Caesar Borgia learnt that the pope had accomplished his design, he instantly commanded all his own prisoners to be assassinated ; and, entering Rome in triumph, shared with His Holiness and the other illegitimates, the booty he had brought with him, and, in return, received his dividend of the confiscated property of the murdered cardinals and ecclesiastics.

The marriage of Lucretia was soon afterwards celebrated with more than Asiatic pomp, and the Romans contributed to render it as brilliant as possible. The bells pealed from the churches ; the artillery thundered from St. Angelo ; there were bull-fights ; the most immoral and indecent comedies were performed ; and the dazzled populace shouted before the Vatican, ' Long live Pope Alexander ; long live Lucretia, Duchess of Este.' Faustus huzzaed with the best of them, and said to the devil, ' If these acclamations ascend to heaven with the groans of the assassinated, which will the Eternal believe ? ' The devil bowed himself to the earth, and was silent.

In order to crown the festivities of the marriage, Alexander and his daughter gave orders for a spectacle, which must for ever stand unparalleled in the annals of human infamy.

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The pope sat, with his daughter, upon a couch, in a vast illuminated hall. Faustus, the devil, and the others who had been invited to this scene, stood around them. Suddenly the doors opened, and in rushed fifty naked courtezans, more beautiful than the houris in Mahomet's paradise; and performed, to the voluptuous sound of flutes and other instruments, a dance which decency forbids us to describe, although it was a pope who designed the figures. When the dance was ended, His Holiness gave the signal for a combat which we are still less permitted to depicture, and he himself, holding the prize of victory in his hand, incited the combatants to do their utmost. The impartial Romans at length proclaimed Faustus to be the conqueror; Lucretia overwhelmed him with kisses, and crowned him with laurels, while the pope delivered to the vigorous German the prize, which was a golden goblet, on which Lucretia had caused to be engraven the school of pleasure. Faustus gave it the very next day to a Venetian monk, one of his most expert pimps, in whose possession the divine Arretino saw it a long time afterwards, and copied from it his most celebrated positions. Faustus paid so dear for this victory, that he exhausted with the last strength of his body the last strength of his soul. The devil, who now saw him perfectly ripe for his plan, loaded him with applause.

The pope, on the day of his daughter's marriage, had made an election of cardinals. He chose only the richest prelates for that dignity.

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Caesar Borgia, being in want of large sums of money for the next campaign, determined to send some of the newly-elected into the other world, at a festival which his father intended to give at one of his villas. The pope went in a coach, with his daughter, the devil, Faustus, Borgia, and the wife of the Venetian general, to the villa. In order to afford his daughter a new pleasure, he caused fifty mares to be brought into the courtyard, with as many Neapolitan stallions. The lovely Lucretia, inflamed by this spectacle, took Faustus into a private chamber, and soon found that his gold and his jewels had a much more durable value than himself. Borgia went with the Venetian into another chamber, and the pope remained alone with the devil. The figure of Leviathan had for a long time produced upon His Holiness a very particular effect, and, heated by what he had seen, he now made to the devil certain proposals, which the latter at first merely replied to with a wild laugh, but perceiving that His Holiness became more and more pressing, and that his high and ethereal person was in danger of being defiled by a base mortal, and above all by a pope, the black fury of hell awoke in his spirit, and, at this critical moment, he appeared under a form which no mortal eye had ever yet been able to sustain. The pope, who knew him immediately, uttered a cry of joy :

‘ Ah, ben venuto, Signor Diavolo ! You could not have come to me at a more seasonable time than the present ; I have long wished to see you,

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for I know perfectly well what a deal of use might be made of so powerful a spirit as yourself. Ha, ha, ha, you please me now much better than you did before, you rogue you. Come, be my friend, assume your former figure, and I will make you a cardinal, for you only can raise me at once to the height which I wish to attain. I entreat you to destroy my foes, procure me money, and drive the French out of Italy, since I have no further occasion for them. This to you will merely be the work of a moment, and you may then ask me for any reward you please. But by all means do not discover yourself to my son Caesar ; he is so great a wretch that I verily believe he would poison me, his father, in order to become, by thy help, King of Italy and pope at the same time.'

The devil, who had at first been a little mortified that his frightful exterior had produced no greater effect, was now unable to refrain from laughing, for what he saw and heard surpassed everything which had as yet come to the knowledge of hell. But, recovering himself, he said with a serious air :

'Pope Alexander, Satan once showed to the Son of the Eternal all the kingdoms of the world, and offered Him them, if He would fall down and worship him.'

Pope.—I understand you. He was a god, and wanted nothing ; had he been a man, and a pope, he would have done what I will now do.

He fell upon his knees, worshipped the devil, and kissed his feet.

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The devil stamped upon the floor, so that the whole villa trembled. Faustus and Lucretia, Caesar and the Venetian, saw through the door, which had been burst open by the shock, the pope kneeling with clasped hands before the frightful figure of the devil, who, at that moment, exclaimed with bitter scorn :

‘ ——— and the adoration of the devil ! I swear, by Satan, ruler of the kingdom of darkness, that a pope can descend to hell at no better moment of his life.’

He seized the trembling miscreant, strangled him, and gave his soul to an attendant spirit to be conveyed to hell. Borgia fell to the ground in an agony of terror, and the horrible spectacle brought upon him an illness which soon sent him after his father. The body of the pope, frightfully disfigured, was buried with much pomp, and his historians, who are not so well acquainted with his tragic end as I am, invented the story, which is partly founded on truth, that he and his son, having drank, by the cupbearer’s mistake, some poisoned wine, which had been intended for the cardinals, were thus caught in their own net.

CHAPTER V

Faustus's Consolation for his Crimes—Philosophy of Voltaire—Faustus's Portentous Dream—Apparition of his Father—Baseness and Ingratitude of Man—Flight of the Devil and Faustus to Mayence—Death of his Son, and Destruction of his Family—Retrospect of his Criminal Career—Accursed Destiny of Faustus, and Triumph of the Devil—Descent of Faustus into Hell.

THE horrible death of the pope, and the frightful figure of the devil, whom Faustus had hitherto only seen majestic and beautiful, made so strong an impression upon him, that he hastened from the villa to Rome, and, having packed up his things, instantly departed, with confused mind and beating heart. His spirit had become so weak from all that he had seen and heard, that he who once dared to defy the Eternal in thought scarcely ventured now to look the devil in the face, though he still had absolute dominion over him. Hatred and contempt for men, cruel doubt, indifference to everything which occurred around him, murmurings at the insufficiency of his moral and physical powers, were the rewards of his experience, and the fruits of his life ; but he yet consoled himself with the idea that what he had witnessed, authorized in him these gloomy sentiments, and confirmed him in the opinion, that there either existed on earth no connection between man and his Creator, or that, if any did exist, such connection ran so confusedly and

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equivocally through the labyrinth of life, that it was impossible for the eye of man to follow it. He yet flattered himself with the delusion, that his crimes, when added to the vast mass of earthly wickedness, would be like a drop of water falling into the ocean. The devil willingly permitted him to repose in this dream, in order that the blow he intended for him might fall with greater violence. Faustus resembled those men of the world who abandon themselves to their pleasures as long as their strength remains, without thinking of the consequences; and at length, worn out and dejected, cast a gloomy look on the world, and judge of the human race according to their own sad experience, without reflecting that they have only trodden the worst paths of life, and seen the worst part of the creation. In a word, he was on the point of becoming a philosopher of the species of Voltaire, who, whenever he found the *bad* always held it forth to public view, and, with unexampled industry always endeavoured to keep the *good* in the background.

Faustus was lying in a sweet morning slumber, on the frontiers of Italy, when a portentous dream depicted itself to his soul in the liveliest colours, and this dream was followed by a frightful apparition. He saw the Genius of man, whom he had once before seen. He saw him upon a vast and blooming island, surrounded by a stormy sea, wandering up and down, and looking very anxiously upon the raving billows. The ocean was covered with innumerable barks, in which

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men, aged and young, children, women, and maidens, of all the nations of the world, were struggling against the tempest, in order to reach the island. When they arrived there, their first care was to bring to land different building materials, which they flung together confusedly. After an immense number had gained the shore, the Genius marked out, upon the most elevated part of the island, the plan of a vast edifice, and each of the crowd, young and old, weak or strong, took, according to his or her strength, a piece from the mass of materials, and, directed by those whom the Genius had chosen, carried it, and deposited it at the proper place. All worked with pleasure, with courage, and without relaxation, and the fabric had already risen high above the ground, when they were suddenly attacked by numerous foes, who advanced out of a dark ambush, in three columns. At the head of each of these columns stood a particular general. The first bore a glittering crown upon his head ; on his brazen shield was written the word *Power*, and in his right hand he held a sceptre, which, like the rod of Mercury, had a snake and a scourge twisted round it. Before him went a hyena, holding in its bloody jaws a book, on the back of which was written *My Word*. His troops were armed with swords, spears, and other implements of destruction. The second column was commanded by a majestic matron, whose noble figure was clothed in a sacerdotal robe. On her right stood Superstition, a gloomy-eyed spectre, bearing in his hand a bow, formed from

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the bones of the dead, and on his back a quiver filled with poisoned arrows. On her left hovered a wild, fantastically clothed figure, called *Fanaticism*, bearing a blazing torch. These two phantoms, with menacing gestures and frightful grimaces, led the noble matron in chains, like a slavish prisoner. Before them went *Ambition*, whose head was adorned with a triple crown; in his hand was an episcopal staff, and on his mailed breast shone the word *Religion*. Fanaticism and Superstition waited, with the utmost impatience, until Religion should give them the signal to vent their fury, which they could scarcely restrain. The army was a confused and howling rabble, and each soldier carried a dagger and a flaming torch. The chief of the third column advanced with bold and haughty steps; he was clothed in the simple dress of the sages, and was called *Philosophy*. He bore in his hand, as did all his followers, a golden cup, filled with foaming and intoxicating liquor. These two last armies howled and screamed so frightfully, that even the bellowing of the waters and the roar of the tempest were no longer audible.

When the three columns arrived near the labourers, they united, by the direction of their generals, and attacked them furiously with their murderous weapons. The most courageous of the workmen flung away their implements of labour, and drew their swords, which hung at their belts, in order to drive their foes back. The others, in the meantime, endeavoured, with redoubled zeal, to complete the fabric they had

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begun. The Genius protected his brave warriors, and his industrious labourers, with a huge glittering shield, which was handed to him from the sky, but he could not cover the whole of the countless multitude. He saw with deep sorrow thousands of his people sink to the earth beneath the swords and poisoned darts of the adversaries. Many allowed themselves to be ensnared by the invitations and allurements of those who offered them the enchanted cup to refresh themselves with, and, in their intoxication, they soon destroyed the laborious work of their hands.

Those who bore torches made their way with their daggers, and hurled the torches into the unfinished edifice, and the flames, rearing up, threatened to reduce it to ashes. The Genius looked mournfully upon the slain, and on those who had been seduced by the deceitful beverage, but he encouraged the rest, and inspired them, by his firmness and his dignity, with strength and patience. They extinguished the flames, replaced what the others had overturned, and laboured, amid death and destruction, with so much zeal, that, in spite of the fury and malignity of their foes, they raised at length a vast and sublime temple. The Genius then healed the wounded, comforted the weary, praised the bold warriors, and conducted them all, amid songs of triumph, into the temple. The foes stood confounded at the enormous work, and, after they had in vain attempted to shatter its solidity, they retreated, with rage in their hearts. Faustus now found himself upon the island. The field

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around the majestic building was covered with dead bodies of all ages and of both sexes, and those who had tasted of the enchanted cup walked coolly among the corpses, disputed with each other, and laughed at and criticized the structure of the temple. Faustus went past them, and, as he approached the temple, he read over the entrance the following words : ‘ Mortal, if thou hast bravely struggled, and hast remained faithful, enter and learn to know thy noble destiny.’

At these words he felt his heart leap with joy, and he hoped to be now able to penetrate the obscurity which had so long tormented him. With bold and daring pace he ran up the lofty steps, and caught a glimpse of the interior of the edifice, which seemed filled with the roseate colours of morning. He heard the soft voice of the Genius, and was about to enter, but the gate of brass closed before him with a harsh sound, and he recoiled in terror. His desire to penetrate into the secrets of the temple was increased by the impossibility. All of a sudden he felt wings, and, rising high into the air, he precipitated himself furiously against the brazen gate, was hurled back, and started out of his sleep just as he was on the point of touching the ground. He opened his eyes in dismay.—A ghastly figure, wrapped in a winding sheet, drew back the curtains of his bed. He recognized the features of his old father, who, gazing upon him for a moment, said in a lamentable voice :

‘ Faustus, Faustus, never yet did father beget

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a more unfortunate son, and in this feeling I have just died. For ever,—ah, for ever,—must the gulf of damnation lie between thee and me.’

The portentous dream, and this horrible apparition, filled the soul of Faustus with affright. He sprang from his bed, and opened the window to inhale the fresh air. Before him lay the enormous Alps, whose tops were just gilded by the rising sun. He surveyed them for some time, and at last fell into a profound reverie. He trembled as he thought of his nocturnal vision, and was endeavouring to explain to himself its most prominent passages, when falling anew into his cruel doubts, he exclaimed :

‘ Whence came those monsters who attacked the industrious labourers ? By whom were they authorized to disturb and destroy them, while engaged in their noble occupation ? Who permitted it ? Was he who permitted it unable, or did he not wish, to hinder it ? And why did the Supreme Genius protect, and save only a part of them who were assailed by those cannibals ? Were some predestined to perish, in order that the others might triumph and taste repose ? Who then will dare to tell me that I am not one of those who are born with destruction for their lot ? What evil had those unfortunates committed, and why should those be esteemed criminal, who, pressed by a burning thirst, endeavoured to quench it, by tasting of the enchanted cup ? ’

Faustus wandered for a long time in a maze of doubt, but, remembering the apparition of his father, it brought back to his mind his so long

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forgotten family. He instantly determined to return to them, to become again a member of society, to resume his business, and to get rid of his hellish companion. He pursued his journey towards home like many others, who, mistaking the ardour of insensate youth for genius, enter upon the career of the world with high pretensions, and having quickly exhausted the little fire which their souls possess, soon find themselves a burden to their kindred and their friends, at the very place from whence they started. Faustus brooded over all this, while he rode silent and moody by the side of the devil.

The latter left him to his reflections, laughed inwardly at his resolution, and shortened the time with the sweet idea of soon being able to breathe the pleasant vapours of hell. He determined to have a bitter laugh at Satan, who had represented to him as a man of superior strength of mind this Faustus, whom he now saw completely dejected, even before he knew the horrors of his fate. He compared his present downcast and timid looks, with the haughty and bold glances he had cast upon him, when he first made him appear before his magic circle. His hatred against him increased, and he rejoiced in his black soul when he saw Worms lie before them, in the plain.

They rode towards the city, and when they were about half a mile distant from it, they perceived a gibbet, to which was suspended a tall slender youth. Faustus lifted up his eyes and gazed upon him. The evening wind blew freshly

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among his long hair, which half concealed his face, and swung his body to and fro. Faustus burst into tears at this spectacle, and cried with trembling voice :

‘ Poor youth,—hanging at the cursed tree before thou hadst reached the flower of life. What sin hast thou committed, which induced the tribunal of men to cut thee off so soon ?

Devil (in a solemn and impressive tone).—
Faustus, this is thy work.

Faustus.—My work !

Devil.—Thy work ! Look at him closer.—He is thy eldest son.

Faustus looked up, recognized him, and sunk from his horse.

Devil.—Cry and groan ! The hour approaches in which I must remove the thick veil from before thine eyes, and blow away, with a single breath, the labyrinth in which thou hast so long wandered at random ! I will fling light upon the moral world, and show thee how thou hast outraged it by each of thy actions ! I, a devil, will show thee what are the consequences when a worm like thyself dares to stop the wheel of so exact and so enormous a machine. Dost thou remember the youth whom I, at our departure from Mayence, saved from drowning by thy command ? I gave thee warning, but thou wouldst obey the rash impulse of thy heart ? If thou hadst permitted that miscreant to perish, thy son would not now be rotting on yon gibbet. He, on whose account thou didst change the order of things, insinuated himself, shortly after

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thy departure, into the society of thy young wife. The glitter of the gold, which we had left her in such abundance, attracted him much more than her youth and beauty. It was no difficult thing for him to win the affections of her who had been forsaken by thee ; and, in a short time, he gained such influence over her, that she delivered up herself, and all she possessed, to his will and control. Thy old father endeavoured to oppose his arbitrary sway, but the young man insulted him and beat him ; the poor old man sought an asylum in the workhouse, where he died a few days ago, of grief for thee and thy family. Thy son, having taken his grandfather's part, and threatened the life of his mother's seducer, was by him turned out of the house also. The boy wandered among the woods and wildernesses till he was half famished ! Arriving at length in this city, and being ashamed to beg, he stole a few pence from the poor-box in a church, in order to assuage his hunger ; but he committed this theft so artlessly, that several people perceived him, and the most worshipful magistrate, in consideration of his youth, sentenced him only to be hanged ; and he was hanged, although he protested, with tears, that for the last four days he had swallowed nothing but grass. Thy daughter is at Frankfort, where she prostitutes herself to any one who will pay her ; thy second son is in the service of a prelate, who uses boys in the same manner as the pope would have used me. The young man whom thou didst save from death, robbed thy wife

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not long ago of her last stiver ; thy friend, whom we preserved from beggary, refused thy old father the slightest assistance, and spurned thy children from his door, when they came to him for bread ; and I will now show thee thy family, in order that thou mayest see to what a state thou hast reduced them ! I will then bring thee here again, and hold reckoning with thee, for I am no longer thy slave,—thou art mine ; the worm of despair begins to gnaw within thee ; thou art no longer fit to live, and hell only is fit to receive thee.

The devil seized the wretched man, flew with him to Mayence, and showed him his wife and two youngest children, sitting at the gate of the Franciscan convent, in expectation of the disgusting remnant of the monks' supper. When the mother beheld Faustus, she screamed, ' O God, Faustus ! your father—— ' ; then covering her eyes with her hands, she fell into a swoon. The children ran to him, clung about him, and cried for bread.

Faustus.—Devil, decide upon my fate ; let it be more frightful than the heart of man can support or conceive, but supply these unfortunates with bread, and rescue them from misery and hunger.

Devil.—I have plundered for thee the earth of its treasures, thou hast sacrificed them to thy infamous pleasures, without once thinking of these wretches. Feel now thy folly ; thou hast spun the web of their destiny, and thy hungry, beggarly, miserable brood will transmit to their

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remotest posterity, the misery of which thou art the cause. Thou didst beget children, wherefore hast thou not been a father to them? Wherefore hast thou sought happiness where mortal never yet found it? Look at them once more. In hell thou shalt see them again, and they will there curse thee for the inheritance which thou didst entail upon them.

He tore him from his miserable family at the moment the wife was about to embrace his knees, and to ask his pardon. Faustus wished to comfort her, but the devil grasped him, and placed him once more beneath the gibbet at Worms.

Night sunk dark upon the earth. Faustus stood gazing on the remains of his unfortunate son; madness glowed in his brain, and he cried in the wild tone of despair:

‘Devil, let me bury this poor victim; take then my life, and bear me to hell, where I shall never again see men in flesh and bone! I have learnt to know them; I am disgusted with them, with their destination, with the world, and with life. Since one good action brings on my head such inexpressible evils, I have reason to believe that the wicked only have a right to happiness. If such be the order of things in this world, hurl me at once into hell. Its darkness is a thousand times preferable to the light of day.’

Devil.—Not so fast, Faustus. In the first place, I take away from thee thy mighty magic rod, and confine thee in the narrow circle which I draw around thee. Here shalt thou listen to

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me, and howl and tremble. I will unfold to thee the consequences of thy deeds, and will assassinate thee through downright despair.

‘Fool,—thou sayest thou hast learnt to know man! Where? How, and when, hast thou attained this knowledge? Hast thou ever sounded his nature? Hast thou separated from him that which he has acquired, and which is foreign to him? Hast thou distinguished that which proceeds from his heart, from that which is merely the effect of an imagination corrupted by art? Hast thou compared the wants and the desires resulting from his nature, with those which he owes to civilization? Hast thou considered man in his proper shape, where each of his movements bears the stamp of his inward disposition? *Thou hast taken the mask of society for his natural figure; and thou hast only known that man, whom his titles, his rank, his riches, his power, and his acquirements, have corrupted. Thou hast only known him who has sacrificed his nature to thy own idol,—to vanity.* Thou hast merely frequented palaces and courts, where men spurn away the unfortunate, and laugh at the complaints of the oppressed, whilst they are dissipating in revel, rout, and roar, that which they have robbed them of. Thou hast seen the sovereigns of the world, thou hast seen tyrants surrounded by their catamites, and their infamous courtezans; and thou hast seen priests who make use of religion as an instrument of oppression. Such are the men thou hast seen, and not him who groans under the heavy yoke, and

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comforts himself with the hope of futurity. Thou hast passed by, with disdain, the hut of the poor and simple man, who does not even know your artificial wants by name, who gains his bread by the sweat of his brow, shares it faithfully with his wife and children, and rejoices, at the last moment of his life, in having completed his long and laborious task. If thou hadst opened his door, thou wouldst not indeed have found a vain ideal of heroic and over-refined virtue, which is only the offspring of your vices and your crimes; but thou wouldst have seen a man, who, in quiet modesty, and resigned magnanimity, shows more force of soul, than do your renowned heroes in their bloody fields of battle, or your ministers in their perfidious cabinets! If it were not for these, and for your priests, and above all for your philosophers, the gates of hell would soon be closed. Canst thou say that thou knowest man, when thou hast only sought for him in the paths of vice and crime? Dost thou know thyself?—I will make your wounds yet deeper, and pour poison into them. But, if I had a thousand human tongues, and were to keep thee here confined for as many years, I should still be unable to enumerate to thee all the frightful consequences of thy actions and thy temerity. Know now the result of thy life, and remember, that I have scarcely fulfilled one of thy insensate desires without having forewarned thee to check it. It is by thy command that I have interrupted the course of things, and committed crimes, which I, myself, could

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scarcely have imagined ; so that, devil as I am, I am not so bad as thyself.

‘ Dost thou remember the nun Clara, and the voluptuous night which thou didst pass with her ? but how canst thou have forgotten her, since she so much delighted thee ! Listen now to the consequences. A short time after thy departure, the bishop, who was her friend and protector, died ; and, she having become a mother, was condemned, as an object of public horror, to be starved with her child in a dark dungeon. In her ravenous hunger, she fell upon the newly born, ate of thy flesh and her own, and prolonged her existence as long as there was a bone for her to gnaw. In what had she sinned ?—she who did not comprehend her crime, she who did not know, or even suspect, the author of her ignominy, and her frightful death. Feel now the result of one single moment of pleasure ; and tremble ! Hast thou not strengthened the delusion which condemned her ? Must not hell now bear the reproach of thy crime. Those people condemned the child as the spawn of Satan, and murdered the mother, under the idea that she had been possessed by him, and through this thy deed, thou hast bewildered their minds, and those of their posterity.

‘ Thou wast not more fortunate with the prince bishop. He caused, it is true, Hans Ruprecht to be buried, and provided for his family. He likewise, by the trick I played him, lost his fat, and became the most mild and merciful of princes ; but he so relaxed the band of social

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order, by his over-indulgence, that his subjects soon became a horde of drunkards, sluggards, ruffians, and highwaymen. The present bishop is obliged to be their executioner, and to disperse and destroy a hundred families, in order that the rest, terrified by their example, may again become humanized, and submit to the laws. The furies themselves could not do half the injury to these people, which those now do to whom the bishop has been obliged to entrust the sword of justice, and the power of vengeance.

‘ Doctor Robertus, the renowned champion of freedom, the man after thy own heart, was, from his earliest youth, an enemy to the minister, whom he hated on account of his talents. Envy and jealousy caused his independence of spirit ; and, if he had been in the situation of the other, he would have adopted, with pleasure, the most cruel principles of despotism, for which his wild and ferocious heart was only formed. The honest man was the minister ; Robertus was a monster, who would have set the whole world in a blaze, and has done it in part, in order to satisfy his boundless ambition. Thou didst oblige me to rescue him, and to furnish him with a large sum of money. He made such good use of his freedom, his gold, and his enthusiasm which his miraculous escape had caused among the people, that he soon succeeded in stirring up a dreadful rebellion. He armed the peasants ; they murdered the nobility, and desolated the whole land. The noble minister fell a victim

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to his revenge; and Robertus, the friend of liberty, the champion of the oppressed, is the author of the calamitous war of the peasants, which, by degrees, will spread over the whole of Germany, and will ravage it. Murders, assassinations, robberies, and sacrilege are now committed with impunity; and thy noble hero stands at the head of a furious rabble, and threatens to make Germany the cemetery of the human race. Satan himself could not have laboured more effectually for the destruction of mankind, than thou didst, when I was forced, by thee, to rescue this madman from the stroke of justice.

‘ Let us now return to the court of the German prince, where thou so audaciously didst make thyself the avenger of virtue and oppressed innocence. That prince and his favourite affected virtues which they did not possess; but their actions contributed to the good of the people, because both had sense enough to perceive that the happiness of the people constitutes that of the prince. Does the thirsty traveller know, or does he care, if the spring of which he drinks gushes out of the belly of a mountain filled with poison, provided he cools his hot blood without receiving any harm? That hypocrite displeased thee because he did not answer to thy preconceived high opinion, which thou, for certain reasons, didst wish to thrust upon me; and I was compelled to strangle him by thy orders. His infant son was destined to succeed him in the government. His tutors harassed and op-

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pressed the people, once happy under the dominion of his father, corrupted the heart and the mind of the future regent, enervated his body through early pleasure, rule him now he is come of age, and are his and his people's tyrants. Hadst thou not compelled me to murder the father, he would have brought up his son in his own maxims; he would have developed his faculties, and have made him a man fit to govern a nation. The numerous subjects who are now groaning beneath iron-handed oppression, and whose misery is all to be imputed to thee, would then have been the happiest in Germany. Let their tears, their despair, and the horrors of an approaching insurrection, reward thee for having rashly exercised the duty of a judge.

‘Madman! in obedience to thy command I burnt the castle of the fierce Wildgrave, with all its inhabitants, with his wife and his infant. What crime had they committed? It was a moment of delight to me! If the infant was consumed on the breast of the mother—it was thy work! If the Wildgrave attacked a neighbouring nobleman as the cause of the conflagration, set fire to his house, and ignominiously whipped him—it was thy work! Thousands have already fallen beneath their reciprocal vengeance, and tranquillity will not be restored to that part of Germany until the hostile families shall be completely exhausted and annihilated. And thus, poor worm, hast thou avenged the innocent; thou, who all thy life hast been wallow-

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ing in the grossest sensuality ; thou, who didst pull me out of hell merely to satiate thy lusts ! Groan and lament, but I will overwhelm thee with fresh horrors.

‘ By thy order I infused the poison of lust into the heart of the innocent Angelica, she who was the ornament of her sex and of the world. Thou didst enjoy her in the wild intoxication of thy senses, and the unfortunate scarcely knew what had happened to her. Shudder at the consequences ! I, who find pleasure in evil and destruction, think with pity and compassion on her end. She fled from her native place, and a feeling of shame forced her to conceal the state in which she found herself, and to which thou hadst reduced her. Alone, in solitude, and without help, amid agonizing throes and deadly pains, she became a mother. The child dropped from her womb, and died as soon as it saw the light of day. She, the wretched victim of thy momentary pleasure, was cast into prison, and publicly executed as an infanticide. Thou shouldst have seen her in the last moments of her life—thou shouldst have seen her pure blood spouting high into the air, when the sword of the executioner separated her lovely neck.’

Faustus gave a loud groan. Despair was raging in his heart.

Devil.—The daughter of the miser in France, whom thou didst seduce, and in whose bosom thou didst cause slumbering desire to awake, became shortly afterwards the mistress of the youthful king. She ruled him entirely, and, in

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order that he might not disturb her in her intercourse with another lover, she urged him to the disastrous expedition into Italy, and brought misfortunes upon France which many future reigns will not be able to heal. The flower of the French nobility, and the heroes of the kingdom, are rotting in the sun-scorched plains of Italy; and the king has returned home overwhelmed with shame and ignominy. Thus, wherever thou hast wandered, thou hast scattered around thee the seeds of misery, which have sprung up, and will bear fruit to all eternity.

‘Thou didst not pay attention to the look I gave thee, when I tore down the house upon the cruel physicians at Paris. I had previously told thee, that, by my destructive hand, thou didst mangle the moral world worse than they did the flesh of their fellow-creatures. Thou didst pay no attention to that look: hear now the cause of it. Those wretches deserved to perish beneath the ruins of their laboratory, but what evil had the poor people committed who lodged in the lower part of the house, and who were totally ignorant of what was going forward above their heads? Why should an innocent happy family be crushed along with those monsters? To satisfy thy blind vengeance I was forced to bury them beneath stones and tumbling timbers. Judge and avenger at the same time, thou hadst not thought of this. Consider now all the consequences of thy delirium and thy folly: cast thine eyes along the whole chain, extending to the remotest posterity, and then sink beneath the

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terrible survey. Did I not once tell thee that man is much more rash in his decisions and in his vengeance, than the devil is in the accomplishment of wickedness.'

Faustus opened his haggard eyes, and looked towards heaven.

Devil.—It is deaf to thee. Be proud of having lived a moment when thy atrocity was so great, that it almost made heaven forget the deeds of the devils themselves. I speak of that moment when thou didst command me to withdraw the veil which concealed the Almighty from thy sight. The angel whose charge it was to register thy sins, averted his face, and struck thy name from the book of life.

Faustus (springing up).—Cursed be thou—Cursed be myself—Cursed be the hour of my birth—Cursed be he who begot me—Cursed be the breast which I sucked.

Devil.—O the delightful moment! Precious reward of my toils. Hell rejoices at thy curses, and expects a yet more frightful one from thee. Fool,—wast thou not born free? Didst thou not bear in thy breast, like all who live in flesh, the instinct of good, as well as of evil? Why didst thou transgress, with so much temerity, the bounds which had been prescribed to thee? Why didst thou endeavour to try thy strength with and against Him who is not to be reached? Did not God create you in such a manner, that you were as much elevated above the devils as above the beasts of the earth? Did He not grant you the distinctive faculty of good and

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evil?—Were not your will and choice free?—We wretches are without choice, without will; we are the slaves of evil and of imperious necessity; constrained and condemned to all eternity to wish nothing but evil, we are the instruments of revenge and punishment upon you. Ye are kings of the creation, free beings, masters of your destiny, which ye fix yourselves; masters of the future, which only depends upon your actions. It is on account of these prerogatives that we detest you, and rejoice when by your follies, your impatience, and your crimes, you cease to be masters of yourselves. It is only in resignation, Faustus, that present or future happiness consists. Hadst thou remained what thou wast, and had not doubts, pride, vanity, and voluptuousness torn thee out of the happy and limited sphere for which thou wast born, thou mightest have followed an honourable employment, and have supported thy wife and children; and thy family, which is now sunk into the refuse of humanity, would have been blooming and prosperous; lamented by them, thou wouldst have died calmly on thy bed, and thy example would have guided thy posterity along the thorny path of life.

Faustus.—Ah, the greatest torment of the damned is, no doubt, to hear the devil preach penitence.

Devil.—It is pleasant enough that you force us to moralize; but, wretch, if the voice of truth and of penitence were to echo down from heaven, you would close your ears to it.

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Faustus.—Murder me at once, and do not kill me by thy prattling, which tears my heart without convincing my spirit. Pour out thy venom, and do not distil it upon me drop by drop. Devil, I am not to blame, if, having sown the seeds of good, bad has arisen from them. A good action has caused the ignominious death of my son, and a good action has precipitated my family into the most profound misery.

Devil.—Why dost thou boast to me of thy good deed? How does it deserve that name? I suppose because thou didst give me a command, which, by the by, did not cost thee much. To have made the action meritorious, thou shouldst have cast thyself into the water, and have saved the young man at the risk of thy life. I brought him to the shore and disappeared; he would have known thee, and, moved by gratitude, would probably have become the protector, instead of the destroyer, of thy family.

Faustus.—Thou canst torment me, devil; but thou canst not, from stupidity, or thou wilt not, from wickedness, dispel my doubts. Never have they torn my heart more venomously than at this moment, when I consider the miseries of my existence and of my after-destination. Is human life anything else than a tissue of crimes, torments, pains, hypocrisy, contradictions, and false virtues? What are free agency, choice, will, and that so much vaunted faculty of distinguishing good from evil, if the passions drown the feeble voice of reason, as the roar of the

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sea drowns the voice of the pilot whose vessel is about to be dashed against the rocks? Is it possible for man to destroy and root out of his breast the germ of evil which has been designedly introduced there by his Creator? I hate, more bitterly than ever, the world, my fellow-creatures, and myself. Destined to suffer, why was I born with the desire of being happy? Born for darkness, why was I filled with the desire of seeing light? Why had the slave the thirst for freedom? Why had the worm the wish to fly? Why had I a boundless imagination, the teeming mother of bold desires, daring wishes, and thoughts? Tear from my uncertain and doubtful soul the flesh which envelops it; destroy in it all remembrance of its ever having animated a human body; I wish to become henceforward one of you, and only to live in the desire of evil. Ah, devil, this is not so pleasant to thy ears as the hissing howling song of despair which thou didst expect. But loosen the enchantment which fetters me in this circle; and let me perform my last sad duty. I will not attempt to escape from thee; if I could, I would not; for the pain of hell cannot be greater than that which I now feel.

Devil.—Faustus, I am pleased with thy courage, and I would sooner hear what thou hast said than the wild shriek of despair. Be proud that the force of thy spirit has carried thee even to madness and blasphemy, for which the pain of hell awaits thee. Step out of thy circle, bury that unfortunate; thy part will then be played here,

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and thou must begin another, which will never end.

Faustus climbed the gibbet, and cut the rope from the neck of his son. He then bore him into a neighbouring field which the plough had lately turned up, and, scratching a grave with his hands, he buried the body of the unfortunate youth. He then returned to the devil, and said, in a wild tone :

‘The measure of my wretchedness is full ; break now the vase which can hold nothing more ; but I have yet courage to struggle with thee for my life. I will not perish like the slave who yields without resistance to the might of his master. Appear to me under whatever form thou wilt, and I will grapple thee. For freedom, for independence, I once drew thee out of hell ; on the verge of hell I will yet assert my right to both ; on the verge of the frightful gulf I will use my strength, and remember that I once saw thee tremble before my magic circle, when I threatened to scourge thee with my rod. The tears which thou seest in my eyes are tears of indignation, of hate, and of disgust. Not the devil, but my own heart, triumphs over me.’

Devil.—Insipid braggart. With this form I tear off the mask which belied my courage. Vengeance is at hand, and Leviathan is himself once more.

He stood in gigantic stature before him. His eyes glowed like full-laden thunder-clouds, which reflect the rays of the descending sun. The noise of his breath was like the rushing of the tempest-blast. The earth groaned beneath his iron feet.

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The storm rustled in his hair, which waved round his head like the tail round the threatening comet. Faustus lay before him like a worm ; for the horrible sight had deprived him of his senses and his strength. The devil uttered a contemptuous laugh, which hissed over the surface of the earth, and, seizing the trembling being, he tore him to pieces, as a capricious boy would tear an insect. He strewed the bloody members with fury and disgust about the field, and plunged with the soul into the depths of hell.

The devils were assembled round Satan, who was consulting with his princes concerning the punishments which should be inflicted upon Pope Alexander the Sixth. His crimes, and the last moments of his life, had been so unparalleled, that even the worst devils found themselves at a loss to allot him a punishment suitable to his deserts. The pope stood before his judges, who treated him as contemptuously as a tribunal of princes treats an accused person who has nothing else to recommend him than his being a man. All of a sudden Leviathan rushed triumphantly into the midst, held the soul of Faustus on high, and then hurled it with violence upon the table, saying :

‘ There you have Faustus ! ’

Hell received him with so loud a bellow of joy that the damned trembled in their pools : ‘ Welcome, Prince Leviathan ! There is Faustus ! There is Faustus ! ’

Satan.—Welcome, prince of hell ; welcome, Faustus, we have heard enough of you here.

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Leviathan.—There he is, Satan ; see him yourself. He has plagued me not a little, but he has been a good recruiter for hell, and I hope that thou art contented with my long sojourn upon earth. But I entreat thee, for many centuries to come, to send me no more on such errands, for I am quite weary of the human race. I must, however, acknowledge that this fellow did not badly support the last hour of his life, hard as it was ; but that arose, I suppose, from his having applied himself, in his youth, to that philosophy which thou hast taught mankind.

Satan.—I thank thee, Prince Leviathan, and I promise thee that thou shalt long continue with me among the sweet vapours of hell, and scourge the shades of the great princes of the earth for thy pastime.—Hem ! a fine fellow, and seems to have had quite enough of men and things. Despair, audacity, hate, rancour, agony, and pride have torn deep furrows in his soul. He looks even at us and hell without trembling. Faustus, art thou become dumb of a sudden ?

Faustus.—Not from fear, I assure thee. I have been bold to one much mightier than thyself, and therefore am I here.

Satan.—Hey—carry the saucy hound to the pool of the damned, and, after being soused therein, let him be well scourged by a legion of my most active pages, in order that he may become a little acquainted with the rules of hell.

A devil dragged Faustus to the pool,—the legion swarmed after him.

Leviathan (perceiving the pope).—Ah ! welcome

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to hell, Pope Alexander. I hope you no longer feel any desire to make a Ganymede of the devil.

Pope (sighing).—No, alas.

Satan.—Ha, ha, ha. This is now a good specimen of the men who at present ravage the earth; but let them once get to the new world, and they will make it a theatre of crimes which will put the old one to shame.

Pope.—Would that I could be there too.

Satan.—A wish truly worthy of a pope; but console thyself, thy countrymen will murder millions of men for their gold.

Pope.—What will men not do for gold?

Faustus came back with his hellish attendants.

Satan.—Well, Faustus, how do you like your bath, and those that rubbed you dry?

Faustus.—Maddening and intolerable thought, that the noble and the real part of man must expiate the sins of a body formed of clay.

The devils laughed till the vaults of hell echoed.

Satan.—Bravo, Faustus! I am convinced, from thy words and behaviour, that thou art too good for a man. I am, besides, much indebted to thee for having invented printing, that art which is so singularly useful to hell.

Pope.—What, a printer! and he gave himself out at my court for a gentleman, and slept with my daughter Lucretia!

Faustus.—Silence, proud Spaniard. I paid her richly, and thou wouldst have prostituted thyself to me for a like sum, if I had been one of thine own stamp. My noble invention will

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sow more good, and will be more profitable to the human race, than all the popes from St. Peter down to thyself.

Satan.—Thou art mistaken, Faustus. In the first place, men will rob thee of the honour of having invented this art.

Faustus.—That is worse than damnation.

Satan.—Observe now this man: he stands before me, the ruler of hell; has seen the pool of the damned; and holds everlasting torments as nothing, when compared with the loss of his fame and glory, those chimeras of his overheated brain.—In the second place, Faustus, the shades will descend by hundreds of thousands, will fall upon thee, and overwhelm thee with curses, for having converted the little stream, which poisoned the human mind, into a monstrous flood. I, who am the ruler of hell, and shall gain by it, am therefore thy debtor, and, if thou wilt curse the Eternal, who either could not, or would not, make thee better, thou shalt escape the torments of this place, and I will make thee a prince of my dark kingdom.

Pope.—Let me be the first to curse, O Satan; as a pope, I have an undoubted right to the precedence.

Satan.—Observe these men, ye devils, and see how they outdo ye. No, pope, thou didst it when thy lips kissed the feet of my Leviathan. Choose, Faustus.

Faustus stepped forward,—raging despair was engraven in frightful characters on his shadowy face.—He——! Who can express what he said?

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The devils trembled at his words, and were astonished at his audacity. Since hell first existed, no such stillness had reigned in the dark frightful kingdom, the abode of eternal misery. Faustus broke it, and required Satan to fulfil his promise.

Satan.—Fool ! how canst thou imagine that I, ruler of hell, will keep my word, as there is no example of a prince of earth ever having kept his word, when he got nothing by so doing ? If thou canst forget that thou art a man, forget not that thou standest before the devil. My fiendish subjects turned pale at thy temerity, thy horrid words made my firm and imperishable throne tremble, and I thought for a moment, that I had risked too much. Away, thy presence makes me uneasy, and thou art a proof that man can do more than the devil can bear. Drag him, ye fiends, into the most frightful corner of hell, let him there languish in solitude, and madden at the recollection of his deeds, and of this moment, which he can never atone for. Let no shade approach him.—Go, thou accursed, and hover alone and abandoned, in that land, where neither hope, comfort, nor sleep are found. Those doubts which have tormented thee in life, shall for ever gnaw thy soul, and no one shall ever explain to thee that mystery, the pursuit of which has brought thee here ! This is the most painful punishment of all to a philosopher like thee. Drag him away, I repeat, torture him. Seize that pope, and plunge him into the hottest pool, for their equals are not to be found in hell.

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After their departure, Satan said to himself, smiling :

‘When men wish to represent anything abominable, they paint the devil : let us, therefore, in revenge, when we wish to represent anything infamous, depict man ; and philosophers, popes, priests, conquerors, ministers, and authors shall serve us as models.’

THE
TALISMAN.

FROM THE RUSSIAN

OF

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

WITH OTHER PIECES.

ST. PETERSBURG.
PRINTED BY SCHULZ AND BENEZE.

1835.

ПЕЧАТАТЬ ПОЗВОЛЯЕТСЯ:

съ шѣмъ, чшобы, по напечатаніи, представлены были въ
Цензурный Комитетъ при экземпляра.

С. Пешербургъ 24-го Августа 1835 года.

Цензоръ Ф. Шармуа.

THE TALISMAN.

From the Russian of Pushkin.

WHERE fierce the surge with awful bellow
Doth ever lash the rocky wall ;
And where the Moon most brightly mellow
Doth beam when mists of evening fall ;
Where midst his harem's countless blisses
The Moslem spends his vital span,
A Sorceress there with gentle kisses
Presented me a Talisman.

And said : until thy latest minute
Preserve, preserve my Talisman ;
A secret power it holds within it—
'Twas love, true love the gift did plan.
From pest on land, or death on ocean,
When hurricanes its surface fan,
O object of my fond devotion !
Thou scap'st not by my Talisman.

The gem in Eastern mine which slumbers,
Or ruddy gold 'twill not bestow ;
'Twill not subdue the turban'd numbers,
Before the Prophet's shrine which bow ;
Nor high through air on friendly pinions
Can bear thee swift to home and clan,
From mournful climes and strange dominions—
From South to North—my Talisman.

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But oh ! when crafty eyes thy reason
With sorceries sudden seek to move,
And when in Night's mysterious season
Lips cling to thine, but not in love—
From proving then, dear youth, a booty
To those who falsely would trepan,
From new heart wounds, and lapse from duty,
Protect thee shall my Talisman.

THE MERMAID.

From the Russian of Pushkin.

CLOSE by a lake, begirt with forest,
To save his soul, a Monk intent,
In fasting, prayer and labours sorest
His days and nights, secluded, spent ;
A grave already to receive him
He fashion'd, stooping, with his spade,
And speedy, speedy death to give him,
Was all that of the Saints he pray'd.

As once in summer's time of beauty,
On bended knee, before his door,
To God he paid his fervent duty,
The woods grew more and more obscure :
Down o'er the lake a fog descended,
And slow the full moon, red as blood,
Midst threat'ning clouds up heaven wended—
Then gaz'd the Monk upon the flood.

He gaz'd, and, fear his mind surprising,
Himself no more the hermit knows :
He sees with foam the waters rising,
And then subsiding to repose,
And sudden, light as night-ghost wanders,
A female thence her form uprais'd,
Pale as the snow which winter squanders,
And on the bank herself she plac'd.

THE TALISMAN

She gazes on the hermit hoary,
And combs her long hair, tress by tress ;
The Monk he quakes, but on the glory
Looks wistful of her loveliness ;
Now becks with hand that winsome creature,
And now she noddeth with her head,
Then sudden, like a falling meteor,
She plunges in her watery bed.

No sleep that night the old man cheereth,
No prayer throughout next day he pray'd,
Still, still, against his wish, appeareth
Before him that mysterious maid.
Darkness again the wood investeth,
The moon midst clouds is seen to sail,
And once more on the margin resteth
The maiden beautiful and pale.

With head she bow'd, with look she courted,
And kiss'd her hand repeatedly,
Splash'd with the water, gaily sported,
And wept and laugh'd like infancy—
She names the Monk, with tones heart-urging
Exclaims ' O Monk, come, come to me ! '
Then sudden midst the waters merging
All, all is in tranquillity.

On the third night the hermit fated
Beside those shores of sorcery,
Sat and the damsel fair awaited,
And dark the woods began to be—
The beams of morn the night mists scatter,
No Monk is seen then, well-a-day !
And only, only in the water
The lasses view'd his beard of grey.

ANCIENT RUSSIAN SONG.

I

THE windel-straw nor grass so shook and trembled;
As the good and gallant stripling shook and
trembled ;
A linen shirt so fine his frame invested,
O'er the shirt was drawn a bright pelisse of
scarlet ;
The sleeves of that pelisse depended backward,
The lappets of its front were button'd backward,
And were spotted with the blood of unbelievers ;
See the good and gallant stripling reeling goeth,
From his eyeballs hot and briny tears distilling ;
On his bended bow his figure he supporteth,
Till his bended bow has lost its goodly gilding ;
Not a single soul the stripling good encounter'd,
Till encounter'd he the mother dear who bore
him :
O my boy, O my treasure, and my darling !
By what mean hast thou render'd thee so drunken,
To the clay that thou bowest down thy figure,
And the grass and the windel-straws art grasping ?
To his mother thus the gallant youth made answer :
'Twas not I, O mother dear, who made me drunken,
But the Sultan of the Turks has made me drunken
With three potent, various potations ;
The first of them his keenly cutting sabre ;
The next of them his never failing jav'lin ;
The third of them his pistol's leaden bullet.

THE TALISMAN

II

O rustle not, ye verdant oaken branches !
Whilst I tell the gallant stripling's tale of daring ;
When this morn they led the gallant youth to
judgment
Before the dread tribunal of the grand Tsar,
Then our Tsar and Gosudar began to question :
Tell me, tell me, little lad, and peasant bantling !
Who assisted thee to ravage and to plunder ;
I trow thou hadst full many wicked comrades.
I 'll tell thee, Tsar ! our country's hope and glory,
I 'll tell thee all the truth, without a falsehood :
Thou must know that I had comrades, four in
number ;
Of my comrades four the first was gloomy
midnight ;
The second was a steely dudgeon dagger ;
The third it was a swift and speedy courser ;
The fourth of my companions was a bent bow ;
My messengers were furnace-harden'd arrows.
Replied the Tsar, our country's hope and glory :
Of a truth, thou little lad, and peasant's bantling !
In thieving thou art skill'd and giving answers ;
For thy answers and thy thieving I 'll reward thee
With a house upon the windy plain constructed
Of two pillars high, surmounted by a cross-beam.

ANCIENT RUSSIAN SONG

III

O thou field of my delight so fair and verdant !
Thou scene of all my happiness and pleasure !
O how charmingly Nature hath array'd thee
With the soft green grass and juicy clover,
And with corn-flowers blooming and luxuriant.
One thing there is alone, that doth deform thee ;
In the midst of thee, O field, so fair and verdant !
A clump of bushes stands—a clump of hazels,
And upon the bushes' top—upon the hazels,
Upon their very top there sits an eagle,
Compress'd within his claw he holds a raven,
And its hot blood he sprinkles on the dry ground ;
And beneath the bushes' clump—beneath the
hazels,
Lies void of life the good and gallant stripling ;
All wounded, pierc'd and mangled is his body.
As the little, tiny swallow or the chaffinch,
Round their warm and cosey nest are seen to
hover,
So hovers there the mother dear who bore him ;
And aye she weeps, as flows a river's water ;
His sister weeps as flows a streamlet's water ;
His youthful wife, as falls the dew from heaven—
The Sun, arising, dries the dew of heaven.

ANCIENT BALLAD.

From the Malo Russian.

FROM the wood a sound is gliding,
Vapours dense the plain are hiding,
How yon Dame her son is chiding.
'Son, away! nor longer tarry!
Would the Turks thee off would carry!'
'Ha! the Turkmen know and heed me;
Coursers good the Turkmen breed me.'

From the wood a sound is gliding,
Vapours dense the plain are hiding,
Still that Dame her son is chiding:
'Hence, begone! nor longer tarry!
Would the Horde¹ thee off would carry!'
'Ha! the Horde has learnt to prize me;
'Tis the Horde with gold supplies me.'

Brings his horse his eldest sister,
And the next his arms, which glister,
Whilst the third, with childish prattle,
Cries, 'When wilt return from battle?'
'Fill thy hand with sands, my blossom!
Sow them on the rock's rude bosom,

¹ The Tartar Horde,—generally known by the appellation of 'The Golden,' which, centuries since, was the dreaded and terrible scourge of Southern Russia.

ANCIENT BALLAD

Night and morning stroll to view them,
With thy briny tears bedew them,
And when they shall sprout in glory
I 'll return me from the foray.'

From the wood a sound is gliding,
Vapours dense the plain are hiding,
Cries the Dame in anxious measure :
' Stay, I 'll wash thy head, my treasure ! '
' Me shall wash the rains which splash me,
Me shall comb the thorns which gash me,
Me shall dry the winds which lash me.'

THE RENEGADE.

From the Polish of Mickiewicz.

Now pay ye the heed that is fitting,
Whilst I sing ye the Iran adventure ;
The Pasha on sofa was sitting
In his harem's glorious centre.

Greek sang and Tcherkass for his pleasure,
And Kergeesian captive is dancing ;
In the eyes of the first heaven's azure,
And in those black of Eblis is glancing.

But the Pasha's attention is failing,
O'er his visage his fair turban stealeth ;
From tchebouk ¹ he sleep is inhaling
Whilst around him sweet vapours he dealeth.

What rumour without is there breeding ?
Ye fair ranks asunder why wend ye ?
Kyslar Aga,² a strange captive leading,
Cometh forward and crieth, ' Efendy !

' Whose face has the power when present
Midst the stars in divan which do muster,
Which amidst the gems of night's crescent
Has the blaze of Aldebaran's lustre.

¹ Turkish pipe.

² Keeper of the women.

THE RENEGADE

‘Glance nearer, bright star ! I have tiding,
Glad tiding, behold how in duty
From far Lehistan the wind, gliding,
Has brought this fresh tribute of beauty.

‘In the Padishaw’s garden there bloometh,
In proud Istambul, no such blossom ;
From the wintry regions she cometh
Whose memory so lives in thy bosom.’

Then the gauzes removes he which shade her,
At her beauty all wonder intensely ;
One moment the Pasha survey’d her,
And, dropping his tchebouk, without sense lay.

His turban has fallen from his forehead,
To assist him the bystanders started—
His mouth foams, his face blackens horrid—
See the Renegade’s soul has departed.

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